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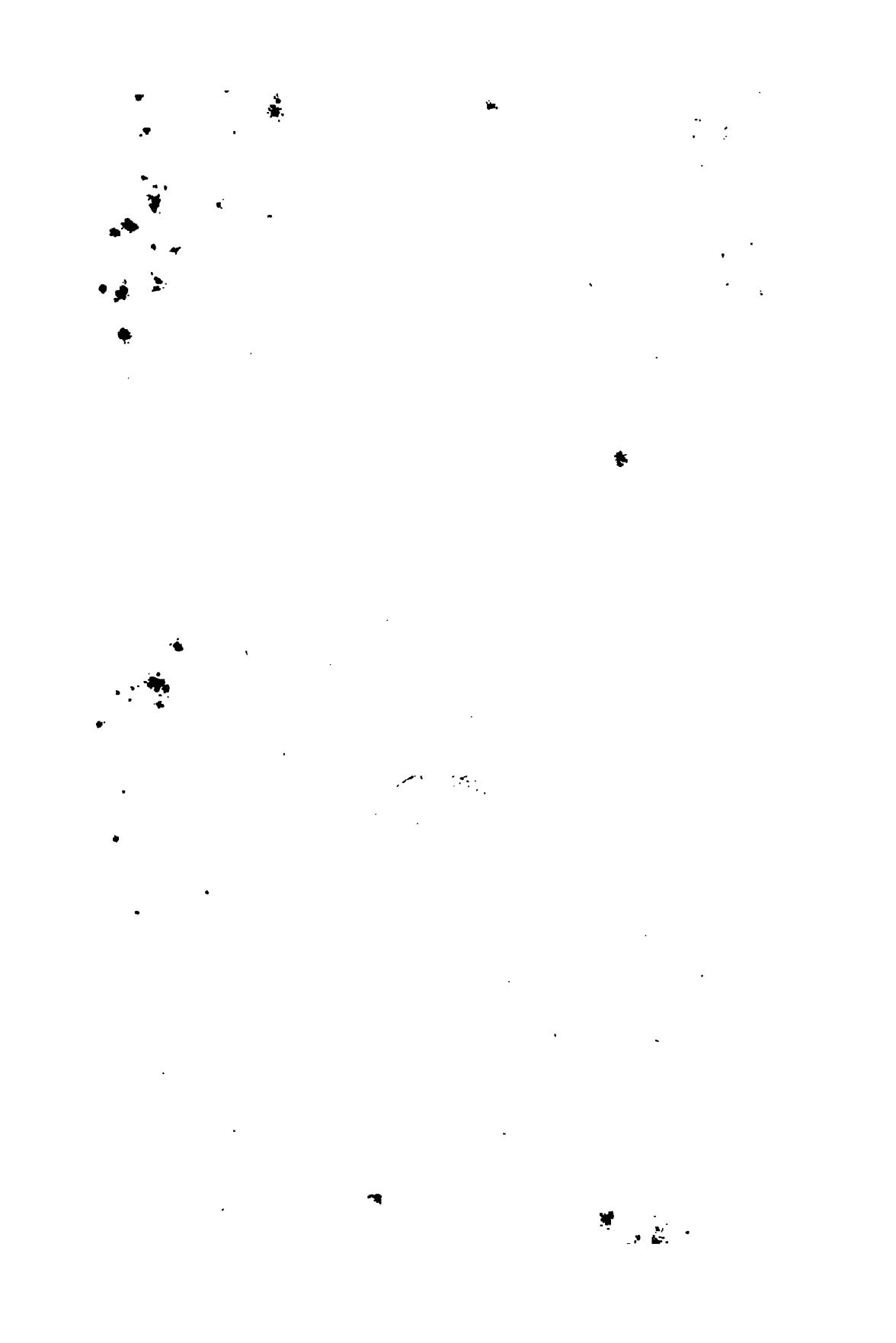
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SAVAGE
AND CIVILIZED
RUSSIA





SAVAGE AND CIVILIZED RUSSIA.

BY

W. R.



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P R E F A C E.

IN presenting this volume to English readers, the author gladly acknowledges the primary assistance obtained from almost every available source of information, on Russian affairs, within his reach: nearly fifty separate authors having been diligently searched for materials germane to the various topics treated.

To the talented authors, Mr Schuyler, Mr Mac Gahan, Captain Burnaby, and Mr Michell, his acknowledgments are especially due for quotations on the occupation of Turkestan, some of which have appeared in public reviews. Their works are beyond all praise.

The earlier chapters are principally derived from Russian sources. The life of *IVAN THE TERRIBLE* contains a literal translation of selected portions from *KARAMSIN, "THE RUSSIAN LIVY."*

Russia has had her stages in development—savagery, subjection, triumph, and aggression. But no handy book is now extant embracing these questions. The necessary information is scattered over so vast a field of English and foreign literature as to be practically inaccessible to the busy reader of to-day.

That this work may be found to fill up a manifest gap is the earnest desire of the writer. The subject is full of an abiding interest. Russia, on her war path, may one day be confronted by the power of England to arrest her march.

February 1, 1877.



CHAPTER I.

ANTIQUITY OF THE RUSSIANS.

THAT vast part of Europe, and of Asia, known to-day under the name of Russia, was peopled from all antiquity in its temperate climate; but its savage people, plunged in the thick darkness of a profound ignorance, signalized their existence by no precise historical monuments. We may except some of the tombs inscribed with ancient Hebrew, written by individuals of the dispersed Jews. But the history of Russia commences really with the sons of Japheth. Rōsh¹ was one of his descendants. And from the earliest times of profane history this name has been preserved. Perhaps above a thousand years before our era, the entrance into the Bosphorus and the terrors of the Black Sea, so called from its storms, had been explored by the Argonauts, and sung by Orpheus. In that song already the name of the Caucasus appeared: the Palus Mœotides or Sea of Azof, the Caspian and the Cimmerian Taurus, with its everlasting clouds and impenetrable mists, where it was said the sun never shone, and profound night reigned supreme.

Cimmerian (or Crimean) darkness had passed into a proverb. Yet the Homeric genius peopled this country with inhabitants who lived only on the dew and the sweet juices of flowers! where passion and tempests were unknown, and where they passed their innocent lives in the joys of a sweet repose, and who, when too old to enjoy these delights, precipitated themselves into the waves. But 500 B.C. the Greeks began to colonize the coasts of the Black Sea, built a city at the mouth

¹ See note at end of chapter.

of the Dnieper, called the "Happy," where, in the reign of Trajan, its inhabitants still delighted in the writings of Plato, knew the Iliad by heart, and sang the verses of Homer in their battles. A hundred years before Cyrus they were driven from their country by the Scythians, who themselves were forced by invaders from the East to the banks of the Danube and the Don. There they resisted the forces of Darius. These Scythians were Kirghiz and Calmucks, whose chief glory was their liberty, and their only science to harass an enemy, or to avoid him adroitly. But yet they permitted Greek colonists, and from them they were impregnated with the first seeds of civilization. Then there came a race formed of the mingled blood of the astute Greek and the savage Scythian, who began to cultivate corn-fields and commerce. So that, at the same time, the Scythians were both nomadic and agricultural. And not far from the mouth of the Dnieper, the tombs of their kings have been discovered. During the age when Herodotus wrote, he described two races, the Androphages and Melanchlenes, who lived near each other about 600 miles to the north of the Black Sea: and said that these peoples lived on human flesh; and that in the winter they always covered themselves with the skins of wolves: that the Scythians were part of the Royal Horde; and beyond the stony mountains (the Ural) a people with flattened noses surprised the caravans of merchants from the Black Sea.

The fable of dragons or griffins guarding the golden treasures doubtless referred to the hideous Calmucks who protected the mines of Siberia.

Herodotus tells us also that these barbarians lavished gold upon their helmets and girdles, harness and horses; but that they had only weapons of copper, and no silver; that the Russian Scythian inhabited immense plains, unwooded, and that the air was filled with light feathers (snow-flakes). He mentions also the Dnieper, the Bug, the Don, and the Dniester, as well as the Pruth (under their Greek names); he also tells us that, in general, Scythia is renowned for its immense navigable rivers, abounding with fish, and bordered by prairies—rivers exceeding the Nile in extent. He also relates that the Greeks called the whole of Russia in Europe and Asia, Scythia, *i. e.* all

the Northern countries; just as they did the Southern, Ethiopia; the whole of the West, Celtic; and the East, India.

Their manners were peculiar. "They drank the blood of their enemies, tanned their skins for clothing, used their skulls as drinking bowls, and under the form of a glaive or sword they adored the god of war."

At last the mixed people of Ancient Russia and the surrounding hordes took the name of Sarmatians in the first century, and these inhabited the whole region from Germany to the Caspian Sea, and from the Black to the White Sea. The Romans, after a few centuries, no longer blushed to purchase of the Sarmatians, with gold, their friendly alliance. It was these people who gave the fatal signal for establishing barbarism on the ruins of Roman civilization. Russia for many ages was the battle-field of swarming nations, wave after wave inundating and devastating its lands; the Goths, Vandals, Huns, or Tartars, each worse than its predecessor. During all these long ages of bloodshed and victory, the original people, "Slaves" by descent, were, more or less, mingled with their various conquerors. But they kept one pure distinction. All these fought against them mounted, carried their families on carts, and lived in tents: whilst the Slaves fought on foot, built wooden houses, and were renowned for fleetness of foot. It is not surprising that, under these successive wars and rivers stained with blood, Southern Russia became one vast desert, offering but a sad and miserable spectacle of ruin and depopulation. The Sarmatians lost their name, confused with the leavings of so many invading hordes. The Bulgarians, having their city destroyed, migrated from the East of the Volga and the Ural mountains, to seek refuge on the Southern banks of the Danube. These people, called Ougres, hitherto unknown to the Greeks, in 474, began to threaten Constantinople itself. But even then the Slaves were still preserved, and they appear on the stage of history with *éclat*. They tested their valour under Attila.

The grand and patient spirit of the Slaves, when habituated to war, is seen in the answer of Lauritas, one of their chiefs, to Baian, the Khan of the conquering Avars: "Who can ravish our liberty? We are accustomed to conquer countries, and not

to cede our own to enemies. Such will be our thought so long as swords and brave men exist upon the earth." But in the end they were compelled to furnish an army, and the Khan sacrificed them ruthlessly as "forlorn hopes" in his audacious siege of Constantinople in 626. This Baian, however, demanded fresh troops from the Northern Slaves. Their ambassadors returned carrying harps and lutes, declaring they had been five months on the journey. They asserted that in their northern country iron was unknown, they were ignorant of the art of war, and were only impassioned with the love of music, and that they led a life of peace and tranquillity. He admired their high stature, the sweetness of their manners and the strength of their bodies, treated them with kind hospitality, furnished them with means of returning home in safety, and accepted their excuses, as dwelling at too immense a distance to prove effectual allies. Historians agree that in the far North these Slaves dwelt happily on the shores of the Baltic, protected from the barbaric horrors of successive desolations bursting from the Eastern Tartar steppes.

Novgorod, it is said, was built before the Christian era by the Slaves, and Kieff also. Subsequently they built Izborsk, Polotsk, Smolensk, Lubisch, and Tchernigoff. The Fins, more ancient still than the Slaves, had abandoned all to their conquerors—in Sweden and Norway to the Goths, and in Russia to the Slaves. "Never seeking safety," says Tacitus, "except in misery; they possess neither horses, arms, nor houses; they feed on herbs, clothe themselves with skins, and protect themselves from the air under the interlaced branches of trees." Before the time of Rurik, the Russian peoples lived separated, with no bond of union, and were totally unable to make great conquests, or ensure internal peace, among so many rival communities.

But while no impression had been made in Russia or Scythia, New Bulgaria, as it might with propriety have been called, began to feel the benign influence of the Christian religion. Formosus went into Bulgaria as a legate from Pope Nicholas, in order to complete the christianization of the people, and to correct the errors learned from their first teachers.

The name of the Bulgarians, a race, next to the Huns, the most terrible and most hateful to the invaded Europeans, was known in the West as early as the reign of Theodoric the Ostrogoth. They had dwelt in Asia on the shores of the Volga or Boulgar, and either gave that river their name or derived it from the river. The Teutonic tribes had gradually yielded to the Christian yoke. The fierce Northmen pouring from the havens and lakes of the Baltic regions, fully though rudely armed in their piratical vessels, alone resisted their sway. For three centuries scarcely any impression had been made either on the Bulgarians of the Volga or on the "Sclaves of Russia." A national calamity, a zealous monk and pious princess, opened the gates of this heathen land.

New Bulgaria, near the Danube, had a king Bagoris whose sister had fallen in childhood into the hands of the Greek Emperor. Two monks, Cyril and Methodius, together with the restored princess, united to convert the people. Methodius skilfully painted the torments of the damned. Bagoris was horror-struck and was converted. His subjects refused to follow his example. He was baptized by night. The rebels preferred their national gods, surrounded the palace and prepared a new king. Bagoris with the Cross painted on his breast and a few attendants issued forth unarmed to meet them. This sight, so full of kingly courage, struck the rebels with panic. All fled. The king, notwithstanding his conversion, put to death all the rebellious nobles, not even sparing infants. Cyril (Constantine), an erudite scholar, learned in Greek, Latin, Sclavonian, Armenian and the Khazavian languages, invented their alphabet and translated for the Bulgarian the Scriptures into Sclavonian. Cyril had spent a long time on the north shore of the Euxine, bent on the conversion of the Khazars: and for the same purpose passed into Moravia. The king of Bulgaria sent 106 questions on discipline, ceremony and manners to the Pope, who replied with great prudence. Instead of enchantments and auguries and having fortunate days they were to make votive offerings in the churches, and they were not to put to death soldiers, before battle, for neglect of their arms or horses.

The Bulgarian king ate alone. Not even his wife was allowed to sit down in his presence. The warriors took an oath upon their naked swords driven into the ground: and in many parts this weapon was worshipped.

The great Russian historian¹ eloquently declares that “notwithstanding the enlightened careers of Rome and Greece, the history of Russia yields in interest neither in its facts, portraits, or progress, to those of these polished ancients.” “Such are the exploits of Sviatoslaf, the horrible invasion of Bati, the dash and audacity of Dmitri, the fall of Novgorod, the taking of Kasan, the triumph of civic virtues during the interregnum, the shades of Oleg and the son of Igor, floating majestically across the veil which covers the cradle of Russia, the valiant Nitislaf as horrible in combat as he was condescending in peace, the brave yet unfortunate Nevsky,—that the lightest touches and the least trait of these grand characters ought to fill both the heart and the imagination with emotion. The reign of Ivan III. is a treasure of history. I know not a sovereign more worthy of being placed at the pinnacle of the Temple of Memory. The rays of his glory illuminate the cradle of Peter the Great. Between these two monarchs appears Ivan IV. called THE TERRIBLE; Godounof equally meriting his good and bad fortune; the false Dimitri, that extraordinary man; all followed by a phalanx of intrepid patriots; the wise Alexis, the father of that Emperor to whom Europe has given the name of ‘the Great.’ It would seem as though all modern history should remain unspoken, if that of Russia is not worthy to fix the general attention of the world.”

“I come to my labours. I abstain from nothing and I invent nothing. I have sought my expressions in my spirit, and historic monuments have alone inspired my thoughts. I have sought the soul and the life of these histories in the dust of the old chronicles.”

The significant history of this mighty people from the cradle to the throne of All the Russias, reveals the genius, spirit and temper of the nation, presented to us after so many

¹ Karamsin.

ages of enterprise, confusion, conquests and disasters; the contemplation of such a people, so indomitable, so superior to the accidents of climate and the catastrophes of invasion, cannot but shed a brilliant light upon its possible future. Karamsin's work of eleven volumes, translated into French under his special supervision, is full of thrilling interest, and if this *brochure* only succeeds in drawing attention to this immortal work, a great object will be fulfilled. The translators¹ thus speak of this author (page viii.).

"A man has appeared, who, endowed by nature with an ardent spirit, a brilliant imagination, modified by profound studies and experience, has plunged into his career, and has placed himself in the first rank of the most celebrated historians. He has consecrated fourteen years of his life to searching the old chronicles and national archives for the proof of the glorious antiquity of his country. Indeed the distinguished approval of his sovereign, the just appreciator of true talent, as well as the enthusiasm with which the whole Russian nation has received his work, have been the recompense for his labours."

Karamsin has quoted many authors, but his chief ancient authority is Nestor, surnamed the Father of Russian history, who lived in the tenth century at the monastery of Petchersky: who visited ancient temples, searched Byzantine chronicles, and conversed with the old men of Kieff, travellers and other natives of all parts of Russia, as well as consulted the registers preserved in the churches. His next is Basile, of the end of the eleventh century. The different classes of his authors are arranged under seven heads.

It seemed more convenient to compress the progress of Russia into as small a compass as possible for reference, and to add a few notes explanatory of some of the allusions in the text at the end of each chapter. The matter contained in Karamsin's grand history, as well as that in the numerous other works consulted, is so profuse, that the task of striking out a new path, amid such a forest of antiquity, for English readers, is one of some difficulty; the chief object kept in

¹ MM. St Thomas et Jeaffret, *Histoire de l'Empire de Russie, par M. Karamsin.* Paris, 1819.

view having been to display the genius of Russia for enterprise, success, and permanent occupation.

To fully comprehend the Russians one ought really to be a Russ. But a perfect despotism, such as that inaugurated by the great Peter, is so complete, thorough and penetrating, that it requires a great mental effort to grasp the idea in all its mystery: for mystery it must ever be to the free, where life, person and property are sacred. The following, translated from a foreign writer, well explains this point.

"It is always requisite to go back to Peter in order to understand Russia as it is. He discovered that the chiefs of his people were too independent, and too full of their own thoughts, to be apt ministers of his will. To remedy this, though endued with an active and sagacious mind, yet too narrow to appreciate the advantages of liberty, he imagined nothing could so well answer his purpose as being a grand master of arbitrary power, and a complete restraint which should succeed in dividing his various subjects so as to sever them entirely from the independence conferred by illustrious birth, rank or talent. He designed that the heir of the highest should serve in the lowest ranks, and that the son of the sod should be elevated by a nod to the highest distinctions. By this, every one entirely depended upon the smile of the Emperor. Each was elevated by the favour of his prince. Behold how Russia became a regiment of seventy million men: and this is the work of Peter the Great! He freed in one day the fetters of ages; in the eager desire to regenerate his people, he reckoned nature, history, character and life as an old song. He perceived with a rare sagacity, better than any predecessor, that whilst independent nobility subsisted, the despotism of a single man was only a fiction: he formed a new caricature of true nobility by transforming them into the creatures of his hand.

But the true spirit and genius of this founder of the modern Russian Empire is best illustrated by his own military code.

"The Christian soldier ought to be always ready to appear before God, without which he would not have the security necessary for the continual sacrifice which his country demands of him.

"All the estate lies in the Emperor; all must be done by him, absolute and despotic master, and he ought to give an account to God only. That is why every word injurious to his person, every judgment hostile to his actions or intentions, ought to be punished with death."

NOTE.

The earliest mention of the name Rōsh (o being long as in host) is in Genesis xlvi. 21. He is there mentioned with Muppim, Huppim and Ard. He is next mentioned in connection with Tobl and Mosk, but only in a subordinate sense: "The land of Magog and the chief ruler of Rōsh, Mosk and Tobl." Rōsh is in this passage a part of a general kingdom, including also Mosk and Tobl. The Russians have favourite terminations in "ki, ski and ow," and it is not difficult to recognize these words in "Russia," "Moscow," and "Tobolsk."

By a singular oversight, the English, French, German and Latin translators have, we find by comparison, entirely omitted the word Rōsh (Ezek. xxviii. 2), though found in the Hebrew and Septuagint (Greek) originals, both which preserve the name in Genesis xlvi. 21. Taking the name Mosk, it is a striking fact that the national and indigenous perfume of Russia has long been known by the same consonants m, s, k (musk); but even in the time of Herodotus these nations were mentioned as the Moskoi and *Tibarenoi*. The Moschi were a barbarous people, inhabiting the Moschian mountains between Iberia, Armenia and Colchis (Caucasus), the eastern part of the Black Sea. The Koran also gives the same name Rws. The original meaning of the word msk is the scattering abroad of seed; and certainly the Moskowites have preeminently exemplified the radical signification of this interesting word. It should be remembered that the original Hebrew gave only these consonant letters. The learned, full a thousand years after they were given in Ezekiel, laboured to recover the lost pronunciation, and inserted the vowels e, e (MeSHeCH). It was somewhat uncertain whether the SH here given was the soft S or the stronger SH, in which case it might have been, as stated, MSK.

In the Samaritan copy of the Scriptures this word is spelt two ways, Mosok and Mosk; whilst the Greek and Latin Vulgate give it *Mosok* and *Mosoch* respectively. It may be interesting to compare these verses containing Magog and Gog by quoting the translations:

English Version.

"Gog, the land of Magog, the chief prince of Meshech and Tubal."

Hebrew and Greek Versions.

"Gog, of the land of Magog, chief ruler of Rōsh, Meshek and Tobl." (Hebrew.)

"Gog and the land of Magog, the chief ruler of Rōsh, Mesakh and Thobel." (Greek.)

Now of this Magog the Ma denotes the place, so that Magog means really the place of Gog. Magog was the son of Japheth. "It is also the name of a

region, and a great and powerful people of the same name, inhabiting the extreme recesses of the North." "We are," says Gesenius, "to understand just the same nations as the Greeks comprised under the Scythians (Josephus), which term was a general description of the nomadic tribes of the North of Europe beyond the Black Sea." Horace particularly mentions them, as also do Pliny and Cicero, as *Scythians*.

On the whole, therefore, Gog appears to be a generic term, and to denote the chief ruler of the whole of the northern nations east and north of the Black Sea. The Romans appear to have had no other name for these nations than Scythians. In the Crimea, however, they were known as Taurians, who sacrificed what foreigners they could get hold of to their goddess Diana, as well as calves and bulls.

An able writer identifies the Russians with the descendants of the Assyrians, and the Turks with those of the Medes. The learned Michievicz, in his lectures at the University of Paris, has endeavoured to prove this point. A curious item of his illustrations is the adoration of a "human God." It appears that the name Nebuchadnezzar is nothing more than the Russian phrase "*There is no God but the Czar.*" Layard, Botta, Rawlinson, Hincks, and others, have, to their infinite surprise, discovered the Turkish language in the monuments of ancient times.

CHAPTER II.

THE RUSSIANS FROM RURIK (862) DOWN TO THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL (1855).

THE gigantic form of Russia rising from a little Duchy (named Muscovy), and creating for itself a South Russia, a West Russia, a Great Russia, and in the East a New Russia, extending through thirty degrees of latitude, and one hundred and forty of longitude, fills the mind with astonishment. This Empire, thus huge in its awful dimensions, seems to overshadow with its broad expanse the puny remnant of Western Europe. Still more amazing is the rapidity of its growth.

Combining with a subtle diplomacy, unlimited religious pretensions, a restless policy of encroachment, and uniting with all these a fanaticism which, of all other influences, has in all ages most despotically swayed the human spirit, the genius of Russia has started up from the prostration following the fall of Sebastopol like the fabled Phœnix resuscitated from its ashes.

To trace the gradual development in detail of this stern and unyielding Asiatic power, rarely known to give back the prey once seized, would far exceed the present scope of this short account.

In order, however, to give, cursorily, an insight into the Tartar influences, so wonderfully welded into the body politic, and so keenly directing the cruel sufferings to which the Russians have been schooled by the iron grasp of relentless and almost ever-returning tormentors, the Mongolian Calmucks,

more like demons than men;—it is necessary to glance briefly at the various leaders, chieftains, dukes, Tartar khans, princes, and emperors, who have combined to generate the spirit, and make up the sum total of modern Russian political life. This blending of Asiatic power and barbaric taste is truthfully displayed in the very pinnacles and architecture of the ancient capital of the nation.

At this early epoch of Russian development, several traits, peculiarly characteristic of the age, are highly interesting. In war the rights of the sovereign were limited by those of the soldiers. He could only take a certain part of booty. Russia lay entirely at the mercy of piratical adventurers from the shores of the Baltic. They divided the towns and villages at will among themselves. The people of the soil had simply to submit, and the new rulers everywhere took the name of princes, who soon after their arrival introduced the Scandinavian usages and laws; some of which were, that the father had a right to kill the murderer of his son, and that every one might kill a robber. These foreign leaders also introduced the art of war, standards and battalions, cavalry, vanguards, and taught the Russians how to seize towns, and to entrench themselves against an enemy; taught also navigation, so that the Greek fire alone saved Constantinople from the attack of Igor. The guard of Igor after his death took his name.

In the ninth century the Northmen, true pirates by trade, warriors and conquerors by the right of the strong arm and the daring soul, were ravaging nearly all Europe. Ascending the rapid Rhone, infesting even the Alps, spoiling even Saracen Sicily and disturbing even Charlemagne himself, overrunning the Mediterranean and disputing with the Saracens, the same audacious race equally ravaged the Northern seas; nothing was secure, even in the heart of a country. They seemed to defy, in their ill-formed barks, the wildest weather, the most dangerous shores, and the swiftest rivers. Their black sails flapped on every river. In Spain the worshippers of Odin encountered the followers of Mahomed. But these wild Arabs of the sea had no union. Castles or churches, bishops or counts, equally shared the fate of the cloister and the farm.

The churchmen thought these Northmen were God's instrument to punish the sins of the people, and gladly paid whatever black mail they chose to extort. Paris, even Paris fell, after its famous siege by these daring spirits, in 885. The followers of Rollo became Frenchmen, and ceased to be vulgar pagans.

At this epoch too, Novgorod was the great emporium of trade, where the natives of the Baltic shores came to buy rich stuffs, and to exchange the wares of their piracies. In spring-time also the Norwegian races assembled there to purchase slaves and rich furs, which they carried back in the autumn. Novgorod at this time received an immense number of carts loaded with honey and furs: then, the revenue of the prince. The Russians practised piracy equally with trading. Iron chains fixed near Stockholm (then Stockzund) were insufficient to bar their visits¹.

But the Greeks exacted from the Russians a treaty, in which it was stated, that no Russian should be allowed to trade unfurnished with a signed paper, attesting his pacific intentions. "The reason of this was, that many Russians, under the pretext of commerce, exercised their brigandage upon the Black Sea. They perceived then the necessity of distinguishing a corsair from a true merchant."

But thus early the Russians displayed a grand facility for imitating Greek luxury. Each prince modelled his court after Eastern magnificence; their wives, and even their children, had each their own court and suite, and occasionally they demanded from the emperor royal robes and crowns, which it was asserted were the handiwork of angels. They even dined off silver dishes, and hydromel was the very soul of their entertainment, notwithstanding at Kieff they already drank the wines of Greece, where the fashion of purple and rich dressing, borrowed from the Grecian court, had been established.

During the first century of Russian aggression, the territory had been spread to a much greater extent than that of any other European power. Starting from Novgorod, the Normans, having been invited by its helpless inhabitants totally

¹ Bayer, *Comment. de l'Acad.* t. x. p. 406.

unable to rule themselves or others, soon pressed their conquests north, east, south and west. These daring bands of adventurers, a brotherhood in arms, as they were much more civilized and educated than the barbarian Sclavs of the North, partook in all the sports of war, became chief functionaries, officers, ministers, and the most distinguished citizens of the infant kingdom, and formed the guard of the Prince and the grand Council of the State, without whom neither war nor alliance was decided upon. Even Igor could not make a treaty with the Greek Emperor without the sanction of this guard of boyards, all of whom swore fealty on the sacred hill. The general bulk of the Russian population, the base of which was Slave, were the obedient slaves of these haughty Varangians, who in their weakness, ignorance, and simplicity, found themselves totally unable to guide the destinies of the country, or control its incessant internal quarrels. Two years after his brothers died, Rurik united the several principalities into one, and thus founded the Russian monarchy under a feudal system. For nothing but the sword of the victor could control the passions or extort the obedience of the slavedom of the country.

Feuds however soon arose among the Normans; Ascold and Dir, offended with Rurik, betook themselves to the great southern districts and were accompanied by many of their adventurous race. They had little difficulty in subduing the feeble Slaves of the south, and soon established themselves at Kieff on the Dnieper. Trained in the northern seas, these men, brave and skilful, now took the name of Russians; and their warlike fame soon reached the ears of the Greek Ruler at the Bosphorus, against whom they had the conspicuous audacity to declare themselves as "enemies of the Greeks." Michael III., the Nero of his time, was absent. But he returned in haste, and for the first time found his citizens groaning with the very name of a Russian on their lips (Rios or Roos), whom the people called Scythians, descended as they thought from the fabulous mount Taurus, and the conquerors of so many neighbouring nations. Two hundred Russian boats approached. In consternation, the patriarch Photius seized the

robe of the holy virgin, guarded in the church of Blachern, and plunged it in the waves of the Bosphorus to arrest the hostile fleet. A miracle appeared. A mighty tempest arose. The fleet was scattered and Byzantium was this time saved¹. The miserable remnant of the Russian fleet returned to Kieff.

Brief History of Russian Development, from its Cradle to the Throne of All the Russias.

RURIK. 862. The Sclaves² of Novgorod send for rulers to govern their country, reduced to anarchy, from Scandinavia. Rurik and two brothers desert their country to settle in North Russia. These brothers bring a band of comrades called Varangians or Normans. Rurik leaves a son (1)

IGOR, four years old. Oleg is regent till 912.

OLEG was remarkable for the audacious stratagem by which he annexed Kieff. Taking the young Igor in his arms and a trusty band of armed adherents, concealed in his boats, they descended the Dnieper, under the guise of friends wishing to visit their kinsmen in the south. Arrived at the rendezvous, the unsuspecting chieftains of Kieff, thus entrapped with true Muscovite guile, were suddenly surrounded with armed men. "You," exclaimed Oleg, "are neither Princes nor a race of Princes. I am a Prince and this is Igor, the son of Rurik." At a signal instantly these friendly chiefs were slain on the spot. The inhabitants, totally taken by surprise and paralysed with consternation, threw open their gates to these treacherous visitors. *Kieff was thus OCCUPIED.* Oleg next attempted Constantinople with 80,000 men conveyed in boats along the coast

¹ KARAMSIN, vol. i. p. 147.

² KARAMSIN, p. 839, vol. i. The Sclaves reached to the Baltic Sea and lived in the neighbourhood of the Goths and Germans; one may give them the name either of Sarmatians or of Scythians. Gibbon says that towards the sixth century the Sclaves possessed 1600 villages in Russia and Poland. But these people were then called *slaves*, true serfs or slaves of the rulers as it is supposed by some; this hardly seems probable, as Procope mentions that in each of their invasions in Dalmatia the Slaves killed or made prisoners 200,000 men. Still we think they might have fought extremely well as slaves or serfs under able commanders.

of the Black Sea; but a chain forbade their entrance. Landing, they intimidated Leo, extorted not only huge treasure, but a treaty, the first Russian treaty on record. (2.)

913. IGOR mounted the throne. A second expedition with a much more numerous army failed. The Greek fire used by the defenders this time preserved the city. When advanced in years the insatiable rapacity of Igor's officers impelled him to try and extort increased tribute from the Drevlians. Succeeding in this, he sent a large part of his army home: the inhabitants fell upon the remainder and massacred Igor. The queen-mother Olga now became regent. At length the Drevlians, sought peace and friendship. She ensnared and destroyed their deputations. She next invited all the chief men of their State, pretending to listen to overtures of marriage with their chief prince. Ignorant of the fate of their predecessors they complied. These were also all put to death in secret. Next, pretending to accept the alliance, a great entertainment was proclaimed. All that came were also assassinated. Not yet gorged with blood, she next laid waste with fire and sword their country. One town, near which Igor had lost his life, resisted bravely. At length she promised mercy on condition of receiving all the pigeons in the town. To the tails of these birds she fixed lighted matches, which caused the birds to seek their native nests among the wooden roofs of the town, which were thus set on fire. The inhabitants were driven by the flames upon the swords of their enemies; none escaped. (3.)

969. SVIATOSLOF. A true Russian hero. Wholly warlike and fired with a devouring ambition for conquest, he disdained no hardships; slept without tent, in the open air, wrapped in a bearskin. As the son of Igor, he was the first Russian prince. He lived entirely on horseflesh or savage animals; roasted his own meat; inured himself to every kind of hardship: his saddle was his pillow, and he became the idol of his army. He lived for conquest alone, and burning with a fiery ambition to shed a new lustre upon the Russian army flew with youthful impetuosity to the field of honour. But he never profited by surprises. With the haughty pride of an ancient

hero he ever announced by ambassage "I march against you." In the time when barbarism spread over the whole Russian empire, he loved to comply with all the chivalrous rules of honour. He attacked and occupied (West) Bulgaria. John the new Greek Emperor sent ambassadors requiring him to evacuate. He refused, gathered an army of Bulgarians, Hungarians and others amounting to 300,000 men. But quite beaten by stratagem, by the skill and valour of the Greeks, he was at length defeated and slain in his retreat on the Dnieper. Russia was now divided among his three sons, Yaropolk at Kieff, Vladimir in Novgorod, and Oleg in the country of the Drevlians. Vladimir now made war on both his brothers. One was treacherously murdered, trusting in good faith to his plighted honour and hospitality. The other, Oleg, was slain in battle, not however unwept by Vladimir. Yaropolk had been betrayed by a partisan Blude. This man Vladimir also entertained, for three days loaded him with hospitalities, and then had him suddenly executed. Vladimir the pagan was signally devout: *sacrificed prisoners to his gods* and zealously embraced the Greek faith; forswore his idols, and relinquished six wives and eight hundred concubines. Introducing the Greek form of worship, he adopted many Greek arts and even utilized the Greek alphabet. He prevailed upon the dwellers at Kieff also to be baptized. "Dans ce grand jour," dit Nestor, "les cieux et la terre tressaillirent d'allégresse:" Vladimir was transported with ecstasy at the sight of so many Christians redeemed from idolatry. The altar of the true God replaced the pagodas of idols. In 983 he raised a church to the holy Virgin, built of stone by Greek architects. The new religion spread in Russia, but paganism still lingered. Vladimir enlightened his country: diffused a knowledge of the Bible, translated by Cyril and Methodius into the old Sclavonic language in the ninth century. This Grand Prince, after embracing Christianity, was inspired with an extraordinary tenderness and charity. He pardoned murderers, only imposing a fine. But at last, being remonstrated with by the pastors on account of the enormous increase of crime, he re-established capital punishment as it existed under Igor and Sviatoslof. During some years, a Norwegian prince

Olof was sheltered at the Court of Vladimir, and later, by its aid, became King of Norway. But in his old age this great prince was overwhelmed with misery and grief through the ambition of his numerous sons, who forgot the most sacred bonds, armed brother against brother. One of them rebelled against his parent. Yaroslaf refused the accustomed tribute due at Novgorod to his father, transported a large army of Normans: Vladimir died on the march to give them battle.

Prince Sviatopolk, an adopted nephew of Vladimir, divided his territories among his undutiful sons, exhorting them with his dying lips to live in peace and harmony. But the lust of loot and conquest again proved too strong for these fierce descendants. Intestine wars and commotions followed the race from generation to generation. Complete anarchy and confusion at length offered too tempting a bait to the voracious hordes outlying upon the eastern steppes. Kieff and Novgorod however had risen from this chaos of brotherly affection to become chief principalities, of which seventeen had been reduced to seven. At last Vladimir II. arose chief of all, from these long-smouldering ruins¹.

“This prince,” says our Russian historian, “whom the Church recognized as equal to the Apostles, has merited in history the name of ‘Great.’ It belongs to God alone and not to men, to know whether Vladimir was a real Christian from internal conviction, or whether he was not carried away with the ambition to become a relative and ally of a Greek Emperor. This prince, from the time that he was imbued with the highest philanthropy, so lately the worshipper of idols, who loved to taste the cruelties of his vengeance and the vile delights of an abandoned life—this prince, who to crown his wickedness had dipped his hands in his brother’s blood—trembled to shed that of criminals and the enemies of his country. His principal title to immortality is, without doubt, to have placed the Russian people upon the path of the true religion.”

KARAMSIN, Vol. I. p. 287.

¹ Called Monomaque. His crown, called the Bonnet of Monomaque, his gold chain, the imperial globe and sceptre, and other ancient ornaments, are still preserved in the Museum at Moscow, and used at coronations.

[“Yakut, in the 13th century, gives an account, which is preserved in three public libraries, Copenhagen, Oxford, and St Petersburg, particularly descriptive of the ancient Russians and Khozars.

‘The Russians are the neighbours of the Slavs and the Turcs; they have a particular language and religion; it is reported that their number is 100,000,000. They possess neither fields nor herds. The Slavs pillage them in their incursions; every father puts a sword in the hands of his new-born son, saying, You have no other inheritance but this steel to conquer with. Are suitors discontented with the sentence pronounced by their king? then he says to them, “Ah, well, decide your quarrel by the sword, the victor is he whose sword has the best steel.” This is written (A.D. 912 or 944).

‘Akhmet, son of Fotzlan, being sent from Bagdad A.D. 922, under the reign of Igor, by the Kaliph Muktidir to the king of the Slavs, has left a description of all that he saw during his journey. I am going to communicate to the readers of these memoirs what I have read with astonishment. I have seen, said he, the Russian merchants in one of the havens of the Volga; their bodies are red, they wear neither coats nor vests; the men throw on one side of their shoulders a thick garment, so that one of their arms remains free. Each one carries a hatchet, a long knife, and a very large sword of European make, without which they never stir. All the women carry, suspended to their bosom, a little case of iron, copper, silver, or gold, according to the richness of their husbands, to which is fastened a knife. They wear round the neck chains of gold or silver. A husband who owns 10,000 drachms, orders a wrought chain of gold for his wife, and for every other 10,000 drachms she is presented with another chain, so that the rich women carry many.

‘Their principal ornaments consist of false green pearls; the husbands give a drachm for a necklace of this kind. The Russians are the most “mal apropos” of all people, they never wash themselves! When they come from their country they cast anchor in the Volga, disembark and construct on the banks of the river large wooden houses, where they live ten or twenty

together; each has a large bench upon which he sits with his wife and the Slav which he wishes to sell. The author describes their peculiar behaviour who come to buy the Slavs.

‘Every morning a girl brings to her master a vessel full of water, in which he washes his person, hands, and hair, then she arranges his head with a comb, with attention¹. When he arrives at the haven, each Russian offers some bread, meat, onions, milk, cider to a great idol of wood surrounded by small idols; he then worships them, saying, Master, I have come a long way with so many Slavs and sable furs, &c., accept my presents. Then he places all that he has brought before the god, and he adds, Send to me a good merchant, very rich in all kinds of gold and silver. After which he goes away; but in case of bad success in his commerce, he comes back to his idol with new presents, and brings some even to the little idols, conjuring them to accord him their protection, and prostrates himself humbly before them. When he has found a good market, he says to himself, The god has favoured me, I must pay him my debt. Then he sacrifices some oxen and sheep, and distributes some of their flesh to the poor, deposits the remainder before the idols great and small; suspends to the first the heads of the victims, and, if during the night the dogs have devoured these viands, the Russian cries out, “The god wishes me well, he has eaten my presents.”

‘When any one of them is attacked with a malady, they construct for him at a distance a tent, where they place him with some bread and water. Never do they approach too near the sick; never speak to him, but every day one goes to see him, especially if he is poor or a Slav. If he recovers he returns to his friends; in case he dies, and if he is a free man, they burn him; if he is a Slav he is cast to the dogs and birds of prey.

‘They hang a robber or a brigand immediately on a high tree, where he remains till the weather causes him to fall to pieces.

‘Having been informed that they burn with singular ceremonies the bodies of their chieftains, I waited for an occasion to

¹ Many particulars are necessarily omitted in the translation.

be a witness, and I saw these ceremonies with my own eyes. They began by placing the dead in a grave, and wept over him for ten whole days, during which they made for him certain vestments. A poor man is generally burnt in a little boat. The possessions of a rich man are collected and divided into three portions; one for his relations, another is sold for making the vestments, the third to buy liquors for the day when a slave of the dead is to be killed and burnt upon the body of his master. They drink day and night so immoderately that many expire glass in hand.

‘At the death of a man of quality, his relations ask the slaves and his domestics, Which of you is willing to die for him? I will, replies one of them. They then ask the same question of the women slaves, and one of them gives the same answer. Then they appoint two women for her guard, to follow her about, and even wash her feet, while his relations are making the vestments for the dead and preparing for the funeral pyre. Nevertheless, the slave destined to die drinks, sings, and diverts himself.

‘When the day for combustion had arrived, I came to the river where the barque of the dead was secured, but it was no longer on the bank; it was placed on four posts, surrounded with great wooden idols in human form, around which they all marched round and round, the men pronouncing words I didn’t understand. The dead was in his grave at some distance; they then brought in the barque, a bench covered with cushions and Grecian stuffs. Immediately came an old hag, called the “angel of death,” who extended the body upon the bench; it is her duty to make all the vestments and preparations; and it is she who kills the slave. Then they draw the dead from his grave, also some cider and fruit, and the lute that had been deposited there. He wore the same clothes in which he died; the excessive cold of the earth had blackened the whole of his body, but the body was only altered in colour. They arrayed him in a shirt, boots, girdle, a camisole, and a silk coat ornamented with gold buttons, and a cap of marten skin. Immediately they placed him in the barque on the coverings, and they surrounded him with cushions, and placed before him

cider, fruit, aromatics, bread, meat, onions, and his weapons were deposited at his side. At last they brought him a dog divided into two parts, which were cast into the barque; two horses, two cows, a cock, a chicken, all underwent the same fate. Then the girl devoted to death began to march from one place to another: she entered into a chamber, where one of the relations of her master came to console and converse with her for the last time.

'It was a Friday, after dinner, they brought the girl to a kind of cage prepared for the ceremony; the men carried her in their arms; she looked at this cage pronouncing certain words; three times they let her down to the earth and raised her again; then they gave her a cock, whose head she cut off and cast it away; the others picked it up and threw it into the barque. I demanded the explanation of all this: the first time the interpreter told me, The girl has said, I see my father and mother; the second time, *Now I see all my relations are dead*; the third time, There is my master, who is in glory, in paradise, surrounded with men and *young people*; *he calls me, let me go to him*. They conduct her to the barque, where she takes off her bracelets, and gives them to the old hag, honoured with the name of the *angel of the dead*. Then she gives her golden anklets to two girls, who attend her under the name of the *daughters of the angel of death*. Immediately they carry her to a little cabin prepared at one end of the barque. The men, armed with bucklers and clubs, come and present to her some cider, that she drinks after having sung her requiem. The interpreter tells me that it is a sign that *she is taking leave of her friends*. They offer her some more cider, which she drinks, and she then sings a very long chant; but, all of a sudden, the hag compels her to drink more quickly, and to enter into the little cabin, where was laid the body of her master.

'At these words she became deadly pale; she could hardly force herself to enter, but she looked into the cabin; the hag seized her by the hair, and compelled her to enter with her.

'The men then began to beat loudly upon their shields, in order to prevent the other girls hearing the cries of their com-

panion, lest it should horrify them from dying some day for their own masters.

‘Six men having penetrated into the cabin, she was placed beside the dead; two of them took her by the legs, two others by the arms: *the angel of death* passed a running noose around her neck, and gave the strangling-cord to the two other men. The hag seized at the same instant a huge knife, and buried it in the bosom of the victim: she retired, and the men strangled her until the girl had rendered her last sigh.

‘Then appeared on the scene the nearest relation of the dead: he was nude, and with one hand he took a lighted brand and lit the funeral pyre; the rest came with flaming torches, and cast them on the dead. Quickly, the pile, the barque, the cabins, the body of the master and of his slave, which was in the barque, were all surrounded with flames, and there arose a tremendous wind which fanned them. It happened that near to me was a Russian talking with my interpreter. The Russian said, *You Arabs, you are fools, you bury a man that you have loved the most in the earth where he becomes a prey to worms; we, on the contrary, burn him in the twinkling of an eye, in order that he may fly at once to paradise.*

‘At these words, the Russians cried out laughing boisterously, saying, “*God*, wishing to prove that he loved the dead, has sent the wind to consume him more rapidly.” In effect, in less than an hour, the barque and the corpses were reduced to a cinder. At the very place where the barque had stood they raised upon the bank a kind of circular mound, in the midst of which they erected a column inscribed with the name of the dead, and of the Russian prince to whom he belonged.

‘The princes of Russia commonly have in their palace a choice guard of 400 warriors, of which many die with them, or sacrifice themselves on these occasions. Each warrior has a girl that waits on him, washes his head, brightens his shield, and serves other domestic purposes. These 400 men sit below the prince upon grand sofas ornamented with precious stones. Nearer to the prince are accommodated 40 of his favourite women who receive his attentions: when he wishes to ride on

horseback, they bring him his horse to the foot of his throne; and upon his return, he alights upon the same throne.

‘The prince has a lieutenant who commands his armies, makes war upon enemies, and represents him before his subjects.

‘Such are the details I have extracted, word for word, from the son of Fozlan: may the author be responsible for their authenticity; God knows the truth of it better than any person.’ Yet it is entirely conformable to everything that Nestor has related, as well as several other annalists, as regards the manners and customs of the Slavs and Slave Russians. We know that the women were burnt with their dead husbands. Oriental writers also assert that the peaceful Khozars were constrained to cede to the restless and turbulent Russians all the isles of the Volga where they sow buckwheat (du sarrazin).’ (Kukurouze, Herbelot, *Biblioth. Orient.* au mot *Rous*.)]

Vladimir, who had truly usurped the throne, wished to obliterate his crimes by a wise and benevolent government. He drove out from Russia a great number of Normans, who had become dangerous to the safety of the State. He founded the first schools and instituted courts of justice.

Amid so much internal anarchy nothing particularly worthy of record occurred till 1223, when wandering hordes of Mongol Tartars flocked to the borders of the Sea of Aral. Their leader Tuschi, one of the sons of the famous Zenghis Khan, conducted them to the Caspian Sea and the banks of the Dnieper. The Russians were completely routed near Kalka, which flows into the Sea of Azoff. Another horde, about 1236, attacked the Bulgarians. Devastation, fire and sword, sparing no man, were followed by the seizure of all the women, children, and old men, who were carried into captivity. The Tartars advanced to Vladimir, and again glutting their insatiable thirst for blood, pushed forward to Novgorod, and Kieff was similarly treated. For more than 200 years the Tartars reigned supreme in Russia. Vladimir, the chief principality, had Moscow for its central town.

1237, 8. Again was Russia overrun with fire and sword by the Tartar Batu Khan, some years before his invasion of

Poland and Silesia. Tartar tax-gatherers were established in the Russian cities as far north as Rostov and Jaroslavl, and for many years Russian princes as far as Novgorod paid homage to the Mongol khans in their court at Sarai. Their subjection to the khans was no trifle: at least a dozen Russian princes met their death at the hands of the Mongol executioner (Yule's *Notes to Transl. of the Book of Marco Polo*). This Batu was a khan of the Golden Horde and bore the name of Sain Khan, the Good Prince!! Of him Carpini says (in the Latin text), "He was kind to his men, was terribly feared by them, but was most cruel in battle, very sagacious and particularly most cunning in war. At Moscow he ordered a general massacre and required that the right ears only of the victims should be brought as proofs of its accomplishment: accordingly 270,000 right ears were exhibited. This unsparing Tartar Khan had carried war and desolation, assisted by his three sons, away from Kiptchak Tartary right through the Caucasus to Poland and Hungary, also killing princes in Bulgaria, and on the Volga and Kama.

1303—1328. Andrei Alexandrovitch, Prince of Moscow, having endeavoured to deprive his brother Daniel of Pereslavle, involved all Russia in the quarrel. But during these civil wars Andrei fortified Moscow, about 1304, with a deep ditch filled with water, a high rampart and a double wall defended by twelve towers, which once for all settled the independence of this dukedom¹.

Feeling the approach of death, Daniel turned monk; he was the first prince buried at Moscow².

1328. His son, Duke Ivan, was appointed by the Tartar Khan to the principality of Vladimir. Accustomed to live in Moscow and on good terms with its Metropolitan, he trans-

¹ Karamsin, Vol. iv. p. 148.

² This principality became White Russia. He had added to it that of Pereslavle. Novgorod became the capital of Great Russia, and Kieff was the capital of Little Russia. Into these three principal duchies did the seventeen principalities resolve themselves.

ferred his capital thither, fortified it with a wooden wall and a thrown-up bank of earth and stones¹. Trusted by the Khan, these doings were not much regarded by the Tartars.

1336. By a series of victories the Tartars at length retook Moscow, and slew Yury, the Grand Duke, who had gone imprudently to a marriage-feast at first instead of defending Moscow from the Tartars; pushing forward they occupied Novgorod and then Kieff.

These Tartar hordes then established themselves securely in the three princedoms. The Khan however before retiring placed on these thrones such as pleased him best by the magnificence of their presents. Torn, rent and disorganized for a long period, the aspect of Russian affairs remained unchanged. At length, in the year

1362, Dmitri, a Russian prince, son of Ivan, having impressed his brother chiefs with the advantage of conferring upon him a patronizing *protectorate* (the key to all Russian successes), persuaded the clergy to preach up a crusade against the thraldom of the Tartars. They, as usual, promised crowns of glory and other fine things to the slain in battle. By fortunate circumstances the Tartars were defeated on the Don. Gunpowder introduced.

In 1382 the Tartars took Moscow by treachery, and put the whole of its inhabitants to the sword without the slightest respect for age or sex. The most holy things were given to the flames. The Grand Duke, having fled, on his return found the town full of dead bodies. He offered a rouble for every 80 buried, and paid 300 roubles; so that 24,000 were thus interred, not including those who perished in the flames, were drowned in the Moskwa or driven in flocks as prisoners into slavery. "Besides the *images* and holy vessels," says Karamsin, "they took an enormous quantity of gold.....This populous capital formerly bubbled ('boiled') with riches and with fame. In one day her beauty perished; smoke, ashes, the earth covered with dead bodies, deserts and burned churches alone

¹ Stcherbatoff, Vol. III. p. 866.

remained¹." For a long time the city appeared almost bereft of inhabitants.

A comet², it was thought, predicted this dreadful invasion.

1383. Peace with Tartary. The town was rebuilt.

1389. Death of Dmitri. The Tartars usually retired after their devastations, and in this way the infant Russia from time to time resuscitated her exhausted forces. The son of Dmitri ascended the princely throne. But those everlasting Tartars were always returning on their wild horses to ruin, burn, slay, and devour, fired with an insatiable lust and implacable brutality. It was in a severe school, indeed, that Young Russia formed the early elements of her future empire. Now the great Tamerlane perpetrated new horrors, having once for all subdued in one mighty conquest the whole of the prowling hordes of the neighbouring steppes. The great principality of Vladimir had been called Moscow, whilst Kieff was under the Polish duke of Lithuania.

In 1390 a fresh fire consumed many thousand wooden houses.

In 1408 or 1409 again came the Tartar hordes. The Grand Duke fled with his wife and family, and he collected forces. But the citizens murmured. His aged brother Prince Vladimir encouraged the people. That the Tartars might not take *primeta* (or combustible materials) to the walls of the Kremlin, he ordered the suburbs to be fired. The people prayed in vain to be admitted to the Kremlin. The spectacle was dread and awful in the extreme. Universal consternation and cries of despair marked the torrents of destructive rivers of fire and smoke. Villains pillaged the houses untouched by fire; without the Tartars, within the burning flames. Horror and madness seized the frantic populace. However Edigi feared an *émeute* in his horde and decamped at last with enormous loot in money—3000 roubles³.

1438. Again appear those infernal Tartars, worse than the

¹ Vol. v. p. 84.

² Halley's comet.

³ A large sum in those days.

most savage savagery of American Indians. As usual the Grand Duke fled. The Tartars, after lying before the walls, departed, and burned Kolomna and many other places.

1445. In fear of the Tartars the country people had flocked to lodge in the Kremlin. But the dryness of the season gave unexpected violence to a fire. Three thousand perished in the flames, afraid of the open country. Not one wooden building was left. The Grand Duchess could not discover a single house to live in (Karamsin).

Innumerable fires, reckoning all we can, appear to have many times reduced this Moscow to ashes. A dreadfully severe earthquake was felt on the very day that the Khan of Tartary gave liberty to his prisoner, the Grand Duke Vassili Vasillievitch. Some lost their senses with terror, thinking the earth was opening her bosom to swallow Moscow.

In 1451 those restless Tartar marauders again attacked the fated Moscow, set fire to it in many places and entered through the flames, in the midst of which crowds went to the temple with cries and tears, supplicating aid. The Tartars, tired of watching the flames, and disheartened by the fighting of the defenders, again disappeared.

In 1470, and again in 1472, 1475, 1493 and 1547, immense fires nearly destroyed the town. Particularly the last, which exceeded all others in dire results. Wooden edifices disappeared, stone buildings were demolished, iron glowed red as in the forge, melted copper flowed. The roaring of the storm, the crackling of the fire, the cries of the people, from time to time were drowned by the explosions of gunpowder. Reports were generally believed that the city had been burnt by the enchantment of sorcerers. In 1568 and 1570 the plague reappeared. But alas! the Crimean Tartars now had their turn. In three hours three suburbs were burned: 100,000 perished, either by the flames or by the hands of the demon Tartars. Then it was that 23 persons of the British factory also perished¹.

Never was a town more combustible or so ravaged by

¹ Letter to Richard Uscombe, August, 1571.

diabolized humanity. It is a remarkable fact that the very word used by Xenophon, Mosun, denotes a wooden house or tower, and Mosunockoi, easily contracted to Moscoi, in his time denoted "an Asiatic race near the Black Sea, neighbours to the Colchians and Tibareni, living in wooden houses." Strabo also uses the same term. The Moskow¹ people, or Muscovites, have therefore been already characterized by their preference for wooden houses or huts for above 2000 years. The peasants to this day carry an axe, and are so skilful in its use that in a very short time they can put up a small wooden hut for the convenience of the traveller, where wood abounds.

Moscow, however, again rose to greater importance than ever and completely eclipsed Kieff, which proportionably declined. It is useless to detail the never-ending squabbles and wars waged for the next seventy years, and so the reader may pass on to

1462. Ivan Vasilivitch. He mastered Kazan in Tartary and was solemnly crowned about 1470, with a diadem said to be still used. Asiatic Bulgaria, and nearly all Lapland, submitted to his rule. Even the great rival city Novgorod, after a seven years' siege, yielded immense treasures. But after he had quitted the city he largely practised the custom still popular with the Russians. He deported thousands of the inhabitants to various parts of the empire, substituting for them people of his own principality, more attached to his person and reign. He even imprisoned all the German merchants, abolished the old municipal franchise and gave a blow to its trade from which it never recovered.

This prince more enlarged his dominions than any preceding duke. Marrying the sister of Duke Tver, which effectually lulled suspicion, he deposed his ducal brother-in-law under pretence of revenging his father, and thus took possession of the province. On the death of his wife he married Sophia, daughter of the expelled Thomas Palæologus. It was through her energetic representations that his spirit was roused to undertake his successful campaign against Kazan.

¹ The Russians call Moscow Moskua.

He also acquired, by the law of might over right, Livónia and Esthonia. He died in 1505.

1505. Vassilii Ivanovitch, called BASILIUS III.

1530. Kazan Tartar rebellion. 300,000 prisoners carried off by the Tartars from Moscow, most of whom they sent to the Crimea or sold to the Turks. Immense treasure captured. Basilius died

1533. IVAN IV., his son, commonly called THE TERRIBLE. He emancipated Russia from Tartaric thralldom, seized the west shores of the Caspian, the right bank of the Volga, and the city of Astrakan; inflicted summary vengeance on the conspiring inhabitants of Novgorod; executed "25000 of the conspirators"; accidentally formed commercial relations with England; annexed Astrakan¹, and was defeated by the Tartars in 1571, who beleaguered Moscow; 50 rods of the city-wall were blown up by a powder magazine; in the conflagration 120,000 Russians perished. Peace concluded with the Tartars in 1584.

About this time Constantine, Duke of Ostrog, had the ancient MSS. of the Holy Scriptures collated and revised, and at his own expense had the whole published in the Slavonian language—a dead letter to the Russ.

1584. The Czar Ivan IV. dies: in his latter days he had been worsted by the Tartars. His sons Feodor and Dmitri were, it was believed, got rid of by Boris, by means of assassination and poison. Thus ended the dynasty of Rurik the Varangian, which had lasted 700 years. Boris, through the influence of the Patriarch, is elected by the nobles to the sovereignty; Moscow was shortly desolated by a famine, the most dreadful recorded in history: parents are said to have eaten their children and the children their parents. A Jesuit monk pretended to be the young Dmitri whom Boris had caused to be assassinated; he retired to Poland, and so ingratiated himself with the king that he gained him over to his party; the Kossacks, oppressed

¹ The province of Astrakan is an immense territory about 1000 miles long, between the rivers Ural and Volga; the city of Astrakan being situated on one of the mouths of the latter.

by Boris, eagerly embraced his cause; Boris took poison 1605; his son Theodore was enthroned but soon dethroned, and the successful monk made his triumphant entry into Moscow with the utmost magnificence; the priests again excited the populace; an assault was made on the palace and the monk slain.

[The coronation of this Jesuit monk was perhaps the most daring and ingenious manoeuvre ever executed by this powerful order for creating their grand lever of conquest, *a State within a State*. They succeeded in insinuating a College at Moscow afterwards closed by Peter. Catharine II., however, was hospitable to them as a simple religious order. They extolled her to the skies. She protected them notwithstanding the dissolution of their order by Clement XIV. and preserved their posts in the government of White Russia, which afforded a safe asylum. In 1800 they officiated in St Petersburg, their general formed a College and began to make proselytes. They propagated the notion that science is unsuitable for military men, *i.e.* that 80,000 of the Russian nobility ought to be unlearned (learning was denounced as causing idleness, and destroying the impetuosity necessary for successful enterprise): and that the higher classes ought not to apply themselves to study: they interdicted Greek and German; they recommended Decorations. Their great apologist Count de Maistre declared it was impossible to find a substitute for this useful body. "This Society is the watch-dog which you must not dismiss: if you do not allow it to bite the thieves, that is your affair; but at least allow it to wander round your house and to awaken you before your doors are broken open, or they make entrance by the windows.....God is the author of this Society. It is God whom nations obey in the person of their sovereigns."

They pleaded that they owed their preservation to Russia, and therefore from gratitude, self-interest and necessity, they could have no other interest but that of the State! In order to combat the principles of the Reformation they adopted such unscrupulous and characteristic arguments as the following.

"All should shudder at the fundamental sophism of Europe—'We believe nothing but the Word of God.' What an abuse of words!...Are not the Holy Scriptures *Writings*? were they not traced with a *pen and a little black fluid*? Do *they* know what ought to be told to one man and hidden from another? Do not Leibnitz (the great mathematician) and his maid read the same words there? Can writing be anything but the portrait of a word and, if interrogated, must it not keep holy silence? If you attack or insult it, *can it defend itself in the absence of its father?*.....Let others then invoke as much as they please the *dumb word*. We laugh in peace at the false god."]

1613. The House of Romanoff was enthroned. The Russians had offered the Crown to several neighbouring potentates—to a son of the King of Poland, if he would adopt the Greek faith: refused. They turned to a son of Charles IX. of Sweden in vain. Next they pressed it on a young native Russian, aged sixteen, Mikhail Feodorovitch, of the House of Romanoff: a

family which was distantly related to their ancient Czars, and whose head was then Metropolitan or Bishop of Rostof. The clergy were here pre-eminently active; they pretended revelations from Heaven; they intrigued with all their might—a fine opportunity for aggrandizing the interest of their order. To cause the son of the Metropolitan to ascend the throne of Russia was to them a kind of ecclesiastical ecstasy. And they succeeded. Fortunately for Russia, this family, after such a huge series of confusion, ruin, and military disasters in Tartaric wars, was destined to raise the Russian throne to a glory of empire, a grandeur of extent, and a consolidation of power, unparalleled in the history of mankind.

But these magnificent results were the work of time and policy. The young Mikhail found party spirit run high: and though he inaugurated economy, alliances and commerce, it was left to his son Alexei to carry out these beneficial ideas. He died—after initiating mighty changes—in the year

1645. ALEXEI. Ambitious as Boris, imprudent so as to incur universal hatred, he totally neglected home policy, but connived at flagrant enormities in judicial cases. The populace rebelled, and to appease their wrath one of the most nefarious judges was executed. Alexei now patronized the Cossacks. The Polish clergy tried to impose Catholicism. He protected them as his subjects. He improved the Russian laws, and caused a standard Digest, called the *Uloshenié*, to be made, which long abrogated all other laws. He left his son Feodor heir to the Russian throne.

1676. FEODOR reigned but a short time, but he made a "happy despatch" of the ancestral pretensions of the quarrelsome Russian nobility, who continually squabbled on questions of precedence. He ordered all their written genealogies to be confided to him. He publicly consigned the whole collection to the flames. All nobility now could only flow from the throne. He died in the same year.

1682. PETER I., a half brother, should have succeeded, but this would have highly displeased the nobles, particularly

Galitzin the late prime minister, who had espoused the cause of Sophia, the sister of the brothers Feodor and Ivan, and a princess of the most insinuating address and eminent abilities. The qualities of this lady are quite a study. Exquisite in beauty, she enslaved the heart of the wise Galitzin. To reign was the chief desire of her heart. Thousands were slain in her contests with Peter's party. By false accusations she compassed the death of sixty nobles, plotted the death of Peter, her half brother; failing this she excluded him from the throne. "What a sea of blood seems," says Ker Porter, "to encompass her grave! I shuddered when I looked at the end of all this guilt—a stone bed of six feet square. Forty-six years terminated this career of ambition, murder, and incest: and all for what?—a throne¹!" Death ensued five years after the plot. Ivan was weak in body and mind. Peter was then only ten years old; Sophia and Galitzin ruled Russia. The plot thickened. Peter was now 17. He successfully lulled the suspicions of Sophia, fascinated his youthful companions, Gordon a Scotchman, and Lefort a Genoese, and secretly won over partisans. When too late, Sophia formed a plot for his assassination, but discovered in time she was banished to a nunnery. Peter now reigned supreme. Lefort and Gordon were ordered to levy new regiments on the European model. He learned the trade of a shipwright at Archangel, fitted up a workshop, despatched young Russians to European arsenals; relit the torch of war in Turkey, decoyed artillerists and engineers from the Dutch, provided transports, defeated the Turks by sea and land at Azof, and OCCUPIED it. To form a Black Sea fleet was now his most ardent desire. Russia was essentially an inland power. The ocean he felt was life, and the land death, to his far-reaching schemes. A UKASE commanded the patriarch, the nobility, clergy and merchants, to contribute funds to equip a navy. He sent young nobles on a European tour; and proclaimed a similar project for himself. At length, warring with Sweden, he obtained quiet possession of the Baltic. He made a triumphal entry into Moscow, the ostentatious vanity of which exceeded all similar exhibitions of pride. The Swedes ceded Livonia,

¹ *Sketches in Russia*, by Sir W. Ker Porter.

Esthonia, Ingria, part of Karelia, Vyborg, the isle of Osel, and all islands from Courland to Vybourg; for which he gave them back Finland. He erected an Observatory in St Petersburg, predicted eclipses, and so taught his subjects to consider such a phenomenon no longer ominous nor full of menace. He certainly diminished the barbarism of his subjects. Peter, as a reward of these enormous spoils of gratuitous war, received from the Senate the august title of Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias. He died in

1725. His benign, beloved and gentle consort, CATHARINE I., reigned two years, in which she found time to win the hearts of her people, and extended the Empire over Georgia. She recalled the exiles from Siberia, sent thither by Peter: the Kubinskian Tartars voluntarily offered their homage. She settled the crown on PETER II., the son of Alexei, then twelve years of age. Latterly she gave herself up to flagrant excesses, and was probably poisoned.

1727. Under the tutelage of Prince Menzikoff, whose daughter Catharine had decreed him to marry, the young Emperor was thus early left in the hands of unscrupulous designers.

Menzikoff, originally a pie-boy, had been raised by Peter to distinction, and was now a chief officer of State, but surrounded with enemies, who persuaded Peter to banish the minister and all his family to Siberia. Thus having cleared the ground, they persuaded this lad of tender years to take violent exercises unsuitable to his age, and to exhaust his unripened strength with hunting sports, and other athletic exercises. It is supposed that debility ensued, and small-pox rapidly finished his career in

1730. The Russian Senate and nobility, now setting aside the will of Peter I. and that of Catharine I., made ANNE, duchess of Courland, Empress. Her reign proved prosperous. In a new war she was induced to give up Azof and Moldavia to Turkey, and as a set-off for a loss of 100,000 men and vast sums of money, Russia gained the privilege of building a fortress on the Don! Anne died in 1740. Ivan the son of her niece was then

entitled by her will to the throne. But Elizabeth, Peter the First's daughter, was proclaimed in the night: the family of Mecklenburg were seized. All but Ivan were exiled to the mouth of the Dwina in the White Sea. His father died in prison. The youthful Emperor Ivan was imprisoned in the castle of Schlussenberg, and was there done to death in a cruel manner.

The Empress *ELIZABETH* began to reign in 1741. She was vain in the extreme, capricious and unjust. She abolished capital punishment, but retained a lingering death from the effects of torture. She had inscribed on her coins *Elizabeth the Clement*, yet she ordered two ladies of extraordinary beauty, guilty of no real crime (whatever was pretended), to be exposed almost naked, on a scaffold, to be subjected to the most inhuman infliction of the knout, and had their tongues cut out with every circumstance of the most outrageous barbarity. Beauty with her was an unpardonable crime. Abandoning herself to vice and every excess of intemperance, she was inflexibly severe to those who imitated her noble example. She was prodigal, pusillanimous, vindictive and inconstant. Elizabeth died a victim of cancer and excessive indulgence in Tokay. Her successor was Peter III., grandson of Peter I. by Anne. "His education was shamefully neglected. In childhood they treated him as a man, in manhood they amused him as a child." Catharine II. became Empress June 8, 1762.

1762. Grand Duke *PETER III.* ascended the throne. His chief amusement was buffoonery. He suffered himself to be persuaded that the Russians were fools and beasts, unworthy of his attention except to make them by means of the Prussian discipline good fighting machines. Honoured with a gifted and accomplished consort, Catharine Vorontzoff, of great beauty and in the prime of life, he loved a mistress one degree above an idiot. Three brothers, the nobles Orloff, gained over 8,000 men. Catharine making herself popular, compiled improved laws, privately circulated. All was ready. Revolt broke forth. Peter was imprisoned. Made to drink poison, he was in this state strangled in the most brutal manner.

Peter in a faint voice said to his murderers, the Princes Baratinski, and Orloff who had already thrown down the Emperor and was pressing upon his breast with both knees and firmly gripping his throat with his hand, "It was not enough then to prevent me reigning in Sweden, and deprive me of the crown of Russia, I must also be put to death." The unhappy monarch now struggling with the strength of despair, the two other assassins threw a napkin round his neck, and put an end to his life by suffocation.

"It is affirmed that on the very day on which it happened, while the Empress was beginning her dinner with much gaiety, an officer, supposed to be one of the assassins, entered the apartment precipitately, with his hair dishevelled, his face covered with sweat and dust, his clothes torn, and his countenance agitated with horror and dismay. On entering, his eyes, sparkling and confused, met those of the Empress. She arose in silence, went into a closet, whither he followed her. In a few moments afterwards she sent for Count Panin, the former Governor, whom she had already appointed her minister. They together devised the plan, as the least suspicious, of exposing the body of the murdered emperor three days to the public gaze. On the following day a manifesto was issued, that Peter had died of hemorrhoidal colic, and the brand-new empress appeared bathed in tears. The face of the dead was black and the neck excoriated. Notwithstanding these horrible marks, it was left for three days exposed to all the people, with only the ornaments of a Holstein officer." The unhappy Peter III. thus fell in 1762 in the 34th year of his age, having reigned only six months.

1762. CATHARINE II. The events of the reign of Catharine II. thickened so fast that it is here impossible to enumerate them. In 1764 she caused the assassination of the dethroned Czar Ivan. She declared in a manifesto that "he was put to death by the officers of his guard, alleging an attempted escape."

1766. A carousal was appointed for the nobility, the splendour of which outshone all former attempts of the kind. A thousand spectators were present.

1772. The Scotchman Grieg highly distinguished himself as an officer in the Russian army in a war against Turkey.

1775. By war, successfully maintained, the Crimea was wrested from Turkish rule.

1783. The Empress instituted schools with extraordinary vigour.

1784. Georgia annexed.

1790. Ismail surrendered its fortress with 42,000 Turks: 38,000 slain on the spot (the Turks do not often run away): 2,000 died of wounds: 9,000 were taken prisoners, and 265 pieces of cannon were captured, yet the Russians only lost, as they say, 1,850 killed and 2,450 wounded. The next year, after severe defeats of the Turks, the Russians acquired the country lying between the Bug and Dniester. Here we have a vivid example of the use Russia made of her Tartars. The fortress of Anapuas was taken by storm, when the garrison of 25,000 *men were all slain excepting the quarter given to 1,000* prisoners. The Turks had 80,000 men, but besides a numerous army the Russians had the hordes of *two Tartar Sultans*. We cannot discover what were the numbers of the hordes which accompanied them. Repnin, the Empress' very particular favourite, commanded the army.

1792. Catharine II. declared war against Poland. She could not forgive the new constitution which the Poles had elaborated for their political and social improvement. She could not endure the spectacle of a nation which she had destined to swell her dominions, rising, as it were from the grave of chaotic forces, to a new bright career of national manhood. Russia in the olden time had to record many a wound given by the valorous yet vainglorious Poles. They had burnt Moscow, which itself had once been merely a fief of their empire. Their very existence was a standing reproach to the portentous and magnificent empire now bursting into marvellous activity and life. Here, more than anywhere, the proud flourish of the trumpets of an ancient empire sounded harsh in the ears of the daring yet cautious genius of the Russian

nation. Poland, by its peculiar geographical position, if not conquered, could dominate from three cardinal points of the compass—north, south, and east.

The Empress sent into Poland two of her very best generals, Suwarroff and Fersen. Her troops entered Poland, and their atrocities will ever blot the pages of Russian aggression.

1795. "In this year, by treaty with England, Russia agreed to furnish Great Britain with 10,000 troops! and 2,000 horse in case of invasion!! whilst we engaged to send, if required, two seventy-four ships, six of sixty and four of fifty guns, with a complement of 4,560 men." (The British valour must have been in high honour indeed.) But the last important act of this imperial lady's reign consisted in attempting to take Derbend, an important city on the shores of the Caspian. But the Persians defeated the Russians. She died, leaving a son; infamy and wickedness stain her memory.

1796. PAUL I. in his 42nd year. In order to shew his filial respect to his father Peter III., he caused his corpse to be removed to the cathedral and to lie in state three days and nights, compelling his murderers to watch over it night and day. A dreadful mark of his justice, surely most terrible to the guilty. The Emperor Paul had many extravagances. During his visit to the dockyards he observed a fellow diligently caulking. "Admirably caulked," cried he, "you must be rewarded for this. Rise, rise, I confer on you the rank of Lieut.-General," and threw over the enraptured caulk several orders. "The poor man was made," says Ker Porter, "a Lieutenant-General, but unmade as a man, for reason deserted her throne. He seems perfectly happy decorated with stars and ribbons, in full military dress, and accosts every man of rank he meets as brother."

1799. Having entered into an alliance offensive and defensive with his Britannic Majesty, who agreed to pay Russia £44,000 per month, £58,929 towards equipping a Russian fleet, and £19,642 per month so long as this fleet should be under English command; Russia on her part engaged to furnish 17,500 troops, and artillery to match, six ships, five

frigates, and two transports, for carrying a British invading force ; yet wonderful to record, notwithstanding a Russian fleet actually joined us in Yarmouth Roads, Paul in the very next year openly repudiated his treaty and joined the great Northern coalition of Sweden, Denmark and Prussia against Great Britain. Insanity began to show itself in the Romanoff family. Paul—incessantly tormenting his army with military caprices, alternately honouring and humiliating the captive king of Poland, and saluting his coffin when dead, raising a statue to Suwaroff after he had caused that glorious Russian general to die broken-hearted—was haunted with a thousand mad caprices, and wore out the patience of friends and foes. Though he was clearly insane he was not deposed. In Asiatic nations, the bowstring, poison or the dagger seem to be the approved forms of getting rid of a troublesome emperor or sultan. Count Pahlen, governor of St Petersburg, with other men of rank, Zuboff and his brothers, resolved he should die. On the 11th of March, o. s., 1801, his assassins, gaining entrance by a staircase, cut down his faithful guard, and rushed into the apartment. He entrenched himself behind the chairs, and as they advanced knocked down one of the conspirators. A dreadful conflict now aroused the Empress, but a voice whispered instant death on the least alarm. The murderers having beaten him down, completed their work with a sash twisted twice round the naked neck of the Emperor. His son Alexander on ascending the throne extended his mercy to the murderers of his father ; Zuboff was merely ordered not to approach the palace, and the Governor Pahlen was quietly transferred to Riga !! It was this very Alexander who was fated to witness the dreadful conquests of Napoleon and the burning of Moscow in 1812. A sequel of the Tilsit, Russo-French plot.

1801. ALEXANDER, whilst cultivating the friendship of Great Britain, established a University in Lithuania, emancipated the Jews, league with England as against France ; levied 100,000 men ; assured the Porte of amicable intentions, fought at Eylau, surrendered 18,000 Russians and Prussians to the French at Dantzig ; and lost 30,000 Russians in the German campaign.

Turkey incited by France declared war against Russia, who now concluded an armistice with France. On the 25th June on the Niemen, Napoleon and Alexander concluded the infamous treaty of Tilsit (1807), which in its effects really sacrificed millions of human lives. Alexander now assumed the undignified and unworthy character of Napoleon's ally.

1811. Russia commenced a new war with Turkey. So true is it that a powerful and voracious State can never want pretexts for attack. But Napoleon was enraged with his brother emperor, and organized an invasion which ended in the final destruction of his immense armies, retreating from Moscow.

Leipsic finished French domination. Russia seizing her opportunity pushed to the forefront. At the Congress of Vienna, the duchy of Warsaw was secured as her share of the prey. She got four-fifths of the territory and three-fourths of the Polish population.

Russia might well now pause. Catharine II. had acquired the Crimea, Georgia, Bessarabia and part of Moldavia and other Turkish lands, Courland, and a large slice of Poland. Alexander vanquished in the Caucasus several tribes; absorbed Daghestan (East of the Black Sea). Finland and other parts were ceded in 1813; and also Napoleon's Grand Duchy of Warsaw: the total population of all these certainly exceeding 15 millions.

1815. The Foreign Policy of Alexander may be thus summarized.—

- (1) Suppression of revolutionary movements in Europe.
- (2) The prostration of Turkey to Russian power.
- (3) Sovereignty in the Levant.
- (4) Paving the way to India.

(5) The formation of the *Holy Alliance*—one of the first instances of a triple imperial conspiracy condescending to profane Christianity as a pretext for spoliation.

(6) The gradual isolation of Turkey as regards the rest of the European world: and a total dependence on Russian protection.

In foreign policy his great object was the extension of the Russian Empire by unscrupulous diplomacy, and when that failed, by war.

The most important affair to Englishmen is the design of Russia upon our Indian Empire. The elaborate system of intrigue amongst our continental neighbours was not however revealed till after Alexander's death. This Emperor actually projected the serf-freedom, patronised youthful education, and "missionary enterprise." But his latter end was completely miserable. Disappointment in policy, religious depression, terror of extermination of the whole royal family, which urged upon him incessant travel from place to place to avoid the dagger, the bullet or the poisoned cup, culminated in death at Taganrog, Sea of Azof, Dec. 1.

1825. His brother Constantine, after proclamation, declined the throne. NICHOLAS I. and his consort were crowned at Moscow. Duke Constantine Russianized Poland.

1826. Immediately war being declared against Persia she was compelled to sue for peace. Russia now secured Erivan and Wakshivan, and replenished her treasury with £8,000,000 sterling. The same year 150,000 Russians invaded Turkey: as also Asia. Paskievitch won Poti, now being transformed into a Black Sea Liverpool, which, when the railway is completed (if not already finished) to the Caspian, will form one more stage to Central India. In a single week he took Kars.

1829. In the spring 120,000 Russians again crossed the Danube. The remainder reaching the Balkans crossed them without opposition. Though weakened marvellously by sickness and fatigue, hundreds dying daily, Diebitsch adroitly managed to conceal his real condition from the Turk, who, had he known the exhaustion of his enemy, could easily have arrested his march over the Balkans; but the Russian commander astutely working upon the Turkish fears of a march to Constantinople, a treaty of peace was extorted, which further undermined the Turkish power to an enormous extent.

Russia exacted a war indemnity of £5,000,000, to be paid

by instalments, and secured the possession of the Principalities as a material guarantee for ten years. Not a single Mussulman was to remain there: fortresses, cities and lands as well as the mountains of the Caucasus were all surrendered.

1830. Nicholas crowned at Warsaw. Polish language abolished. Multitudes deported to Siberia, to the Caucasus, and enrolled in the army. A new Calendar, weights and measures imposed.

1840. Nicholas sent out an expedition against KHIVA.

1849. Fall of Hungary. Turkey manfully refused to give up Hungarian refugees. Nicholas threatened, but the British fleet appeared in the Dardanelles and he at once lowered his tone.

1853. Sinope Massacre: *Te Deum* commanded by the Emperor.

1854. Our fleet having been ordered into the Black Sea, sailing with that of France, the Russian ambassador closed his embassy in London. The war commenced.

1855. Sardinia joined the Allies. Fall of Sebastopol.

1855. March 2. Death of Nicholas I. Accession of ALEXANDER II. the present Emperor.

TABULAR LIST OF CHIEFTAINS, DUKES, CZARS, AND EMPERORS
OF RUSSIA, WITH THEIR DATES OF ACCESSION.

I. DUKES OR CHIEFS OF KIEFF.		A.D.	A.D.
Burik	861	Vasilii, or Basil III.	1389
Igor	878	Ivan, or John III.	1462
Sviatoslof	945	Vasilii, or Basil V.	1506
Yaropolk I.	972	IV. CZARS OF MOSCOVY.	
Vladimir the Great	980	Ivan, or John IV.	1534
Yaroslaf I.	1015	Vasilii, or Basil IV.	1425
Isiaslaf	1054	Feodor, or Theodore I.	1584
Vsevolod I.	1078	Boris Dodunof	1598
Sviatopolk	1093	Feodor, or Theodore II.	1605
Vladimir II.	1114	(six weeks)	
Malislaf, or Michael I.	1125	Dmitri (the Jesuit),	
Yaropolk II.	1132	pretended son of Ivan	
Viatcheslaf (eight days)	1138	IV.	
Isiaslaf II.	1146	Schouinsky, or Basil VI.	1605
Rostislaf, Isiaslaf III.	1164	Vladislaf (elected but re-	1610
Yury, Igor, or George I.	1155	fused the Crown)	
II. GRAND DUKES OF VLADIMIR.		Mikhail, or Michael (Ro-	
Andrew I., Michael II.	1157	manoff)	1613
Vsevolod III.	1177	Alexei	1645
Yury, Igor, or George II.	1213	Feodor, or Theodore III.	1676
Yaroslaf II.	1288	Ivan V. and Peter I. to-	1682
Saint Alexander Nevsky	1245	gether	
Yaroslaf III.	1268	V. EMPERORS OF RUSSIA.	
Vasilii, or Basil I.	1270	Peter I, the Great, alone	1696
Dmitri I.	1277	Catharine I.	1725
Daniel	1294	Peter II.	1727
Yury, Igor, or George III.	1303	Anne	1730
Michael III.	1305	Ivan VI.	1740
Vasilii, or Basil II.	1320	Elizabeth	1741
George III. restored	1325	Peter III. murdered (six	
III. GRAND DUKES OF MOSCOW.		months)	1762
Ivan, or John I.	1328	Catharine II.	1762
Simeon	1340	Paul I. murdered	1796
Ivan, or John II.	1353	Alexander I.	1801
Dmitri II.	1359	Nicholas I.	1825
		Alexander II. (the pre-	1855
		sent Emperor)	

NOTES TO CHAPTER II.

(1) Nestor, the grand foundation of early Russian history, says nothing of the discontent of the natives with the Scandinavian rulers invited by them. He tells us, however, that Rurik and his brothers Sineous and Trouvor were accompanied by numerous bands of armed Scandinavians, Normans or Varangians. The three brothers fixed themselves respectively at Novgorod, Bielo-Ozero' and Izborsk, Smolensk and Potolsk remaining independent. The message sent was this—by ambassadors:

“Our country is great and fertile, but under the empire of anarchy. Come and govern us and reign over us.”

Karamsin says modern historians pretend that the natives soon murmured against their new rulers, and that a certain Vadime called “the Brave” perished by the hands of Rurik. However it is curious to remark in the treaty of peace signed afterwards by his grandson Sviatoslof that above a dozen Norman or Scandinavian names of brothers-in-arms were attached to the treaty.

(2) It appears that the illustrious success of Rurik and his brothers attracted many other Normans to Russia. Oleg became acquainted with the delicious climate of Southern Russia and its other advantages, which attracted him to Kieff, where the princes Ascold and Dir had established themselves, his compatriots and equals in arms. Oleg therefore and a small band, concealing the bulk of his army, approached as false merchants, and thus succeeded by a *ruse* in murdering these princes. “The beauty of the site,” says Karamsin, “the easiness of boating on the Dnieper, and the facilities for either making war or commerce with many rich countries, such as the Crimea, Bulgaria, and even Constantinople, enchanted Oleg to that degree of ecstasy that he exclaimed, *Let Kieff be the mother of all Russian towns.*” Oleg, who had meditated only war, resolved to establish himself on the frontier, in order, says Karamsin, to have the power of promptly invading the strangers’ countries. He wished to terrify his neighbours instead of being frightened by them. He soon became the terror of those without and of rebels within his frontiers. He soon compelled the Drevlians to pay a heavy tribute—the furs of black martens. He united Novgorod to Kieff, and then attacked the Crimea. But the new capital of Russia (Kieff), while this Russian hero (as he is called) was floating his victorious flag on the Bug and the Dnieper, was startled by the appearance of the Ougres (ancestors of the Magyars of to-day)—their encampment is still called (says Nestor) Ougarskoi—who now spread themselves over Moldavia, Bessarabia and Wallachia. Oleg, however, did not hesitate till the day of his death to reign, long after Igor had attained his majority. Igor received at the hands of Oleg a wife called Olga, who was of a Norman family of a low order, living near Pskoff in a village, whom the young prince, engaged in the chase, first saw, and preferred her to all others, in spite of the low birth of her parents. This girl was destined to become one of the most remarkable characters of Russian history.

Kieff was destroyed under the attack of the Mongol Batu in 1204. A fatal hour for Kieff—the Russian mother of cities, magnificently placed on the banks of the Dnieper, with its white walls, its beautiful gardens, and its thirty churches, with their gilded cupolas, which gave it its pretty Tartar name, “Court of the Golden Heads.” It was the metropolitan city of old Russian princes, the seat of the chief patriarch of All Russia. It had latterly suffered much from internal Russian broils, it was now to be erased altogether. The terrible hosts of the enemy came on, and the noise of their carts, the murmurs of their herds of camels, oxen, and horses, and their own ferocious cries, drowned the voices of the inhabitants within. The attack continued night and day. Fugitives of all classes were collected on the flat roof of the great church, which gave way and overwhelmed a vast hecatomb in its ruins. The Mongols slaughtered all without mercy; the very bones were torn from the tombs and trampled under the horses' hoofs, as were the bones of Vladimir and the tomb of Olga¹.

(3) The peculiar subtlety with which Olga took so deep a revenge is well related by Nestor. She replied, when her hand was sought, “Your proposition is very agreeable. I cannot revive my husband. When my men come towards you (in your boats) order them to carry you on their shoulders.” At the instant Olga ordered a deep pit to be prepared. The next day the ambassadors said, “We will go neither on foot nor on horseback, but your men shall carry us on their shoulders.” According to their secret orders they precipitated them into the pit. The vindictive princess caused them to be buried alive. She sent fresh messengers, declaring that the Kievians would not let her depart without a very numerous guard of honour. The Drevlians sent the most illustrious chiefs and citizens, who were honoured with fêtes and baths. On pretext of sacrificing to her widowhood, she gathered them all together, intoxicated them with hydromel, and at a signal had every one of them massacred. Such was a pagan widow's revenge.

¹ *Histoire de l'Empire de Russie.*

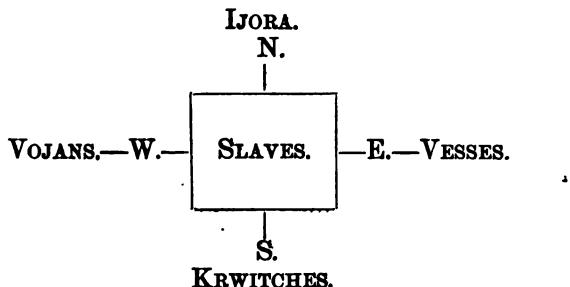
CHAPTER III.

TARTARDOM IN RUSSIA.

To form a true estimate of the Russians we must consider all the mighty influences which have affected their national existence. Though in the time of Herodotus they were recognized as Moschians, who lived to the north-east of the Black Sea, and as people remarkable for their national attachment to wooden huts, or houses, these mountains formed almost the only defiles through which south-eastern hordes could conveniently reach Europe. The Huns first appeared, crossing the Sea of Azof and the River Don. They swooped forward from the Chinese Wall and Manchu Tartary, and the country between the Irtish river and the Altaian mountains. These people built no cities or houses; they regarded a walled enclosure as only fit for a sepulchre, and never believed in, or trusted themselves to, the safety of a roof. So early as 100 A.D. the southern Huns drove out the northern, and projected them upon the Bashkirs, whence they were propelled forward again by the Alans and other continually increasing eastern hordes, until they took quiet possession of the Volga and the Don. Later, still further increased, they precipitated themselves upon the Goths, who had just then succeeded in the high cultivation of a fertile country. The king of the Goths fortified himself between the Pruth and the Danube (Roumania). But reduced to despair the Goths obtained leave to cultivate the waste lands of Thrace, and their celebrated bishop invented for them the Gothic alphabet. These barbarian incursions delivered England from the Romans, who withdrew to protect Rome.

Russia became the changing scene of many a nation often displaced by a new one. For two thousand years and more this vast country has at one time or another been overflowed by barbaric hordes. Some remained, others dispersed, whilst not a few formed alliances and sharpened the tame blood of hereditary serfs with the wild pulses of the roaming savages of the desert.

From a copy of a map drawn in the ninth century, it appears on inspection that at this time the Black Sea was called the Russian Sea; the Baltic, the Sea of the Varangians or Northmen; and that the Slaves existed only about Novgorod around Lac Hmen, near the Baltic.



And this district is about twice the size of the Crimea. The following cities are also on this map:

Cherson.	Rostof.
Kief.	Mourom on the Oka.
Potolsk.	Sarkel on the Don.
Smolensk.	The Grand City of Bulgaria
Novgorod.	on the Volga.
Atel, a town at the mouths of the Volga.	

The Caspian Sea was the Sea of the Khvalisses.

On this map Moscow did not exist. But as this city was destined to become the seat of empire and the scene of the most tremendous events in national histories, we shall here give an account of its foundation.

It is related that a Prince Georges, having punished with death, for want of respect, a rich noble dwelling on the banks

of the *Moskva*, was perfectly delighted with the situation, and gave to the lovely daughter of the decapitated lord his son André, prince of Vladimir, as husband. "Moscow," say the historians of those days, "was a third Rome, and there never will exist a fourth. The capital was built just where the head of a murdered man was found! the foundations are equally ensanguined, this new city gives its name to an immense empire." It was called during a long period Koutchkavo (d'Etienne Koutcho being the name of the former lord of the soil and owner of the village). The Russians loved Kieff as the birthplace of their empire. They gave it a gate of gold. In 1169, "the vanquishers of this renowned fortress forgot they were Russians." André gave Kieff to his brother Gleb, though nothing remained of its magnificent buildings, monasteries, and churches, but smoking ruins encumbered with the dead. They seized all the precious images, sacred ornaments, books, and even the bells. The *naïf* annalist justifies all this by the statement that the Kievians thus expiated some false dogmas admitted by their metropolitan Constantine.

During more than 200 years Russia was torn indeed with civil wars, and the inroads of foreign enemies; but this was, alas! a golden age compared with the times about to follow. The country was sprinkled with the blood and tears of many generations. In 1224 Russia heard the dread name of the Tartars. The moment was arriving when unparalleled disasters (destroyed armies, provinces trampled under the Mongol hoof, ruin and devastation) were about to culminate in a grandeur of tragedies, and epochs of massacres, unknown elsewhere in the history of mankind. Turn we now to a description of these dreadful agents of domination and destruction.

"From the fourteenth century robbers had been punished with the gallows. The Russian used blows only in the heat of dispute. It was the Tartar yoke that introduced among us corporal punishment, branding for robbery, and the infliction of the *knout* for political offences. How could the disgrace of flagellation be of any avail where branded men still remained in society? Our ancient history presented much greater crimes than the mere ferocity of princes and people. For the

sentiments of oppression, fear and hatred, stamped upon the manners of the age a dark and fierce expression. The actual character of the Russians retained some of the stains which soiled the Mongol barbarians. The Tartars were called by us 'THE IMPURE.' We regarded them as enemies both impious and odious; and in spite of the vile slavery into which they plunged us, we perceived the superiority of our civil existence: and the Russians, when once free, developed rather a European than an Asiatic character. Still we remained contemptible in the eyes of Europe, because for two hundred and fifty years we remained stationary¹."

At this time Russia was a very paradise for hunters. Abounding in fallow-deer and game on the wing, the earth was covered with forests thick and impenetrable, and a general tranquillity reigned in the deepest solitudes, so favourable to the increase of game: even in the eleventh century, wild horses, buffaloes, wild boars and stags, wandered in Southern Russia; but towards the fifteenth, the castor, the goat, and the elk, enjoyed their full liberty in the North. Innumerable flocks of swans visited the rivers and lakes. But Russia, newly and thinly inhabited, a constant prey to sanguinary wars, famine and pestilence, was only rich in these brute gifts of Nature. "Yet the merchants belonging to the Golden Horde, fixed at Moscow, Tver, and Rostof, brought the precious products of Asia, in exchange for rich furs and falcons². On their part, the Russians sold to the Mongols the fabrics of Germany at Kazan, which had taken the place of the ancient capital of the Bulgarians, then destroyed, and Kazan had become the grand mart of the Eastern and Western worlds. We paid most exactly our tribute to the Tartar Khan of the Horde." (Marco Polo, the Venetian traveller, speaks of *Glacial* Russia and the banks of the Caspian Sea, where, he says, the people have a beautiful figure and a white complexion, and that their country was rich in mines and silver.)

"We paid for each village a certain tribute, but our com-

¹ *Histoire de l'Empire de Russie.*

² This fact perhaps in some measure reconciled the Russians to their Tartardom.

merce with the horde repaid us all that was sent. In fact, we became richer for this connection. Yet, as silver was scarce, the Russians had recourse to pieces of skins, skins of martens, and complete squirrels, as money. And, since the Mongols had separated us from the rest of Europe, the Western monarchs ceased to contract alliances with us, yet the Moscovites learned, in course of time, through merchants coming from Germany, of new European inventions, such as gunpowder for cannon and the invention of paper, which they then began to use instead of parchment."

Well, in 1433, an archbishop of Novgorod actually erected a palace of stone, built by German artists, with thirty doors, ornamented with paintings and a clock¹. Kieff however, that ancient seat of the Moscovites, embellished with the *chef-d'œuvre* of Byzantine art, and enlivened by the affluence of the Italian, German, and Greek merchant princes, in the 15th century, greatly surpassed Moscow. Kieff was readily reached from Constantinople, and the Greek language was indispensable to its merchants. The exploits of Alexander the Great, the heroes of antiquity, and "The Riches of the Indies," were favourite Greek studies, and especially the "Arabian Nights continued." Kieff was the nursing mother of the Russians.

The origin and progress of the Tartars is now worth attention.

A comparatively small horde of Chinese Tartars dwelt in the north of China, but about the middle of the 12th century they began to be notorious. A young chief, brought up by his mother in the simplicity of pastoral life, was about to astonish the world as a new hero—subjugate millions of men, and overwhelm the most illustrious monarchies. His successes spread in all directions; "God," said he, "gives the whole world to Temoutchin, and its master ought to receive the name of Zenghis Khan," which means, Grand Khan. The whole of the Eastern regions poured forth their myriads at his orders. Thibet itself recognized his sway. The celebrated "Garden of the East," now called Turkistan, at once fell an easy prey to his attacks. This country, so distinguished from the most ancient

¹ KARAMBIN, v. 486.

times for its fertile plains, its rich mines, beautiful forests, limpid waters, and the civilization and the prodigious population of its cities, was converted almost into a desert. It was there that Bokhara had the grand school for the Mahometan youth.

There, Sarmacand contained its hundred thousand soldiers, and an enormous quantity of elephants; and there, Khiva revelled in its eastern glories and Asiatic riches.

For nearly three years these ferocious Tartar executioners ravaged the whole country from the Sea of Aral to the Indus, so that for the next six hundred years the country could not reach its former flourishing state.

Mahomet the Second, who had reigned there under the title of the second Alexander the Great, retired to a small isle in the Caspian Sea, to expire, overwhelmed with rage and despair. The Mongols penetrated through the Caucasus by a clever *ruise* and reached the Sea of Azof, subduing all the nations along their route. Many flew to Kieff with their wives, animals, and riches, and they gave to the Russian princes many kinds of presents and beautiful slaves, saying, "They have taken our country, to-morrow they will take yours." At these words the Russians groaned with affright, and demanded who these unknown warriors could be. (1223.)

They said they were the TARTARS, and in their superstition they believed that these were the very people¹ vanquished by Gideon, 1200 B.C., and that they were about to appear in Europe to conquer the whole world, as heralds of the day of doom.

The valorous prince Galitch burned with warlike ardour to measure his strength with these new enemies.

The Russians gathered a considerable army at the isle of the Normans² on the Dnieper. Suddenly appeared the Tartar

¹ "The Children of the East" ... "They left no sustenance for Israel, neither sheep, nor ox, nor ass. For they came up with their cattle and their tents, and they came as grasshoppers for multitude; for both they and their camels were without number; and they entered into the land to destroy it." Judges vi. 3—5. A concise description of this people to this day.

The distance of Palestine from the deserts inhabited by roving Tartars at this day is not nearly so great as they often delighted to travel on their nomadic excursions.

² Varangians, or Northmen of the Baltic.

ambassadors: "You march against us," said they; "we have done nothing to irritate you; we only come to punish our slaves and attendants. Become, then, our friends."

These moderate propositions appeared to the Russian princes either a *ruse* or a proof of timidity. They slew the ambassadors. The Tartars sent others asking, "Is it true that you have killed our deputies? Very well then, if you wish war you shall have it; we have done you no evil. God is the same for all peoples, it is He who shall decide our quarrels."

The Russian princes were astonished at this greatness of soul displayed by the Tartars.

Besieging the Russians at Kieff, without prospect of early success, the Tartars resorted to their usual treachery. The Russian princes consented to negotiate; the Tartars swore to execute faithfully their agreement, but put every Russian to the sword. They suffocated three princes under planks over which they celebrated a feast. The Tartars acted upon a national maxim, "that the vanquished can never be the friends of the conquerors." "The whole of the south of Russia trembled with affright, and the people, emitting profound groans and cries of grief, rushed into the temples: the heavens at this time heard their prayers."

The Tartars, finding no more resistance, retired towards the east. Then Russia breathed again; the frightful tempest was dissipated as quickly as it had arisen. "What then is this scourge which God in His anger has sent against Russia?" demanded the people, astonished. "Whence have come these terrible strangers? Where have they hidden themselves? Such secrets are known only to God and the people instructed in the art of reading books." Such was the first Tartar avalanche which fell upon Russia.

Ancient Poem. The Battle of Koulikof.

[At this epoch Russia was already enriched with many a song and well-loved legend, thanks to the lore buried in her monasteries. She had already long possessed the Song of Igor. Sophronime now celebrated the feats of Dmitri:—

Brave and bold are our warrior nobles : redoubtable are our Russian cavaliers : riding on swift coursers, impenetrably armed. Their shields glow with purple and their lances glitter with gold. Heavy are their cimeters. Polish are their daggers, and Italian skill furnishes them with quivers, Germany, with javelins. Well-known are all the windings of the Oka to our warriors. Eudoxia, the princess, sits at her window, locked fast in the palace with her ladies, the wives of the nobles. She follows with the piercing glance of her beautiful eyes, which shed floods of tears, the course of her well-beloved husband. She sits fondly gazing towards the south from her window, and with clasped hands she adjures the Most High :

“Great God, listen to the prayer of thy humble servant. Restore to my arms the Prince Dmitri, my well-beloved : restore him to me, radiant with glory, in the midst of his nobles. Lend him thy powerful arm to crush his enemies. Defend the Christians from the Infidels’ steel. Deign to save these brave warriors. It is in Thee alone, whose eye nothing escapes, that sorrowing Russia places her confidence. I have two sons, who have no other defence than their innocence. Who shall protect them from the cold raging blast and the burning heats of summer ? O my God ! let them again kiss their father, and reign in their day for long years to come...”

The illustrious captain watches the battle-field afar, watchman of the night, full of sagacity, Prince of Volhynia (he follows the grand Prince to foretel the fortune which awaits his country). In front is the camp of the Infidels, behind the Russians. The Prince listens, and hears loud cries and a confused tramp of mighty hosts, and the sharp calls of the trumpets : still further he hears the roars of ferocious beasts, and the hoarse croakings of ravens : immense flights of geese and swans disturb the air with flapping wings, which seem to announce a horrible tempest. “Now turn thee,” said the captain of the watch, “towards the camp of the Russians ; what hearest thou ?” “All is calm,” replied Dmitri ; “I perceive only the fires of heaven, which mingle their sparkling with the brilliant aurora.” The captain alights from his charger : he long lis-

tens—his ear upon the earth. Then he rises and keeps silence. “*Well, what now?*” demands the prince. “Ah,” replied the captain, “we shall have both good and bad fortune. Both armies groan: *one like a widow just bereaved, the other as a young virgin, whose plaintive voice resembles the sound of the shepherd’s flute. We shall triumph, O Dmitri, but, alas! victory will cost us dear.*” At these words the eyes of the Grand Prince filled with tears.

“ Yet still enveloped in a thick mist, the two armies join the battle. The Christian standards are unfurled. The chargers rest immovable under their riders: the sound of our trumpets is ringing clear. The Infidel clarions sound muffled. The earth groans, from the east to the sea, and from the west to the Danube. The trampled field of battle seems to fly under the hoofs of the horsemen. The waters inundate the countries. The fatal hour has struck. Each soldier plunges his spurs into his charger and dashes onward, crying, Great God, be favourable to the Christians! They combat, man to man, body to body. The warriors are fallen under the hoofs; and stifled in the mêlée. Sanguinary flashes leap from the clashing swords. Forests of spears are shattered in the shock of battle. Majestic, like waving trees swaying in the wind, our valorous soldiers bend towards the earth. O prodigy! The heaven opens above the legions of Dmitri, and above are seen, in the midst of a brilliant cloud, thousands of hands grasping glittering crowns ready for the conquerors.....Now from the ambuscade dart the concealed horsemen of Dmitri, and burst upon the Infidels, like falcons upon a flight of geese, or as panting guests rushing to the wedding-feast. Nothing resists their shock. The enemy flee, crying, “*Woe to thee Mamaï! thou wast in heaven. Lo, now thou art plunged into hell....*”¹]

The Russian princes as well as the people regarded the Tartar invasions as punishment for their sins.

Vasilii the blind, as he was called, during the last years of his life paid no tribute to the Tartars (1455), who were themselves torn with civil wars, yet they often tormented the

¹ Mamai was the name of the Khan of the Crim Tartars.

Russians by sending small hordes. Achmet, the Khan of the Great Horde, also led an army, which was defeated, and peace with Kazan was concluded.

Vasilii met his death in a manner which singularly depicts the barbarity of the Russian manners. In the mistaken idea that he was threatened with consumption, he had recourse to a heroic remedy, considered efficacious, and much in use, which consisted in scorching the whole of the body with burning amadou. Soon the sick man was covered with wounds, in which a mortal gangrene appeared.

As with medical so it was with political treatment of men's lives and bodies. Princes were slain and poisoned without hesitation or proof of crime. Not only the populace drowned and burnt to death, without formalities, every one they found guilty of any crime; not only the Russians treated their prisoners with the utmost barbarity; but the punishment decreed by law indicated the most refined cruelty. And it was exactly at this time, when the Tartars were losing their power in Russia, that their own national instrument of torture, *the Knout*, was adopted by the Russians. They condemned persons of the highest distinction to this torture who happened to be accused of crime against the state—a chastisement, says the Russian narrator, so vilifying to humanity.

[Ker Porter, when Russia was more obliging to inquisitive strangers than she is at present, was favoured with a precise explanation and exhibition of this Tartaric piece of devilry. We do not wish to horrify our readers with the uses to which this instrument has been applied politically by Russia, and give here merely the description of that English traveller.

The Governor of the Kremlin at Moscow was so good as to give Sir W. Ker Porter every facility. He accordingly describes the executioner and his instrument the knout. "A man of huge herculean aspect, of a dark sallow complexion, with a determined ferocious face and black and grisly beard. His wages, 10 roubles yearly (30 shillings). On an average he then had one victim a month.

"The knout is formed thus: its handle is of wood about a foot¹ in length, very strong and hard woven with leather. To

¹ Other writers say the handle is two feet long.

this is attached a stout and weighty thong, much longer than the handle, fastened in the manner of a flail. Next comes a well-dried strip of buffalo's hide much like pliable horn. This the executioner puts on the knout afresh every twenty lashes. Its shape is tapering to a point, being full a quarter of an inch thick and ~~very~~ long.

“Having adjusted this efficient part of the grand instrument of his vocation, he placed himself about four paces from where the supposed culprit was to stand, or kneel, and putting the thong fast between his legs, he drew it up behind him, and then seized the handle with both hands; and stepping two paces forward, raising the terrible machine over his head, he made a straight cut down, which fell on a thick board, making a hollow deep enough to bury your finger. If he knouts every individual with the same force he did the wood, each stroke must find the bone. It is considered an abomination to touch the knout, such is the horror it inspires.” (Porter, page 272.) The same writer seems to have indulged a vehement curiosity to witness the infliction of this instrument of torture upon a condemned criminal. “A wretch, who, goaded by the cruelty and penuriousness of his master, the Count of —, not only to himself, but to the rest of his slaves, of stolid features, possessing not one trait in his face capable of suggesting murder, meekness and harmlessness being unmistakeably pronounced in his physiognomy, this man was condemned to the *knout without mercy*, and exiled to Siberia if he survived the hellish ordeal. He was paraded by the police before the populace. At the place of execution, he was secured, neck, arms, body, and legs by straps, to a strong block of wood. This constrained him to bow forwards. The awful moment was at hand. The first, and each repeated stroke, tore the flesh from the bone. A few seconds interval. During the first twelve the sufferer roared most terribly: faint and sick the cry died away. Nothing soon was heard but the bloody splash of the knout...Oh, if God punished so, who could stand before his judgment-seat?...A full hour was occupied. More than two hundred strokes were given to him. Not the smallest spark of life seemed to remain. The executioner took the pale and lifeless body by the beard. An instrument with iron

teeth was placed below his temple. It was struck with the utmost force: and the pointed fangs driven into the flesh. The opposite temple and forehead received the same application. The parts thus pierced were then rubbed with gunpowder, to remain a perpetual brand. Still yet one more punishment was in store. The nose was deprived of both nostrils by pincers, like immense curling irons. The acuteness of this last torture, tearing the parts from his head in the most shocking manner, brought back sense to the torpid body. What was my horror to see the writhings of the poor mangled creature! He arose and walked to his prison by assistance. From whence, unless death supervened, to be conveyed immediately to Siberia!" (Ker Porter, *Travelling Sketches in Russia.*)

"In the time of the early Tsars the performers of this ancient rite were the objects of respect. The great Dukes of Muscovy frequently became *amateurs* in the performance. A permanent performer, when Letters and Humanity kissed each other, became difficult of engagement, and a law was passed to give an agreeable occupation as an inheritance to the last purchaser for ever. But assuredly the knout, as an estate, is by no means improvable.....In case the male progeny fails, the corporation of butchers are to be called upon instantly...Thus I have seen it...If your dreams be but half as much disturbed by the recital, as mine were by the sight, I have broken your rest for a night or two at least." (Ker Porter.)

The *Plitt* is now substituted for the knout. Rods also and sticks: rods are used for hundreds of strokes, sticks for scores; but the plitt can be made equally fatal, as also the rod. It is an instrument very similar to the knout, but not quite so heavy. It kills more slowly.

The knout is abolished; but the *plitt* is nearly as severe; and running the gauntlet, Siberian mines, or simple banishment to these intensely cold regions, where the mortality per annum is admitted to be great, are all still in force. The Rod, when several hundred strokes are administered, is almost as severe as human nature can survive, especially when inflicted upon bared female forms.

As the proceedings in the courts are carried on only in writing, which of necessity leads to venality, delay, gorging of the prisons, and innumerable vexations; there is with the bribing system, one law for the rich, and almost no law for the poor.]

The Mongol Tartars.

From 1223 to 1554 the Russians were ground down under Tartar yoke. It was then that Ivan IV., the Terrible, destroyed the power of the Kiptchaks or GOLDEN HORDE of the Kalmucks, pursued them to Kazan and Astrakan, and for ever annihilated the Tartar supremacy. Thenceforward the Kalmuck Tartars sank from being lords to tributaries. "Their physiognomy still bespeaks the Tartar blood. The strong line of their eye-bone is far more perpendicular than that of the Chinese. Hence we must suppose that if Zenghis Khan and the renowned Tamerlane resemble their descendants, that Venus here shewed her old enmity against the warlike in the person of her favourites, and while the one was blessed with the courage of Mars, the other was cursed with the aspect of Vulcan. So much for the Tartarian heroes¹."

In many parts of Russia the peculiar features of the mixture of the Tartar with the Russian blood are still plainly distinguishable.

The horror excited by the deeds of the Mongols gave rise to some strange beliefs respecting them. Vincent of Beauvais tells us that, before Batu invaded, he sacrificed to the demons. One lived in an idol, addressed him, and bade him march on hopefully, saying that he would send three spirits before him, against whom his enemies should not be able to stand. And that this came to pass, the three spirits being the spirit of discord, the spirit of distrust, and the spirit of fear. Ivo of Narbonne has this marvellous account: "that the Mongolian princes who had dogs' heads, ate the bodies of the dead, leaving only the bones for the vultures, which foul birds however despised and rejected these remnants." Von Hammer says:

¹ Sir W. Ker Porter.

“ We may enumerate their virtues by those of the animals of their ZODIAC, which ran thus:—mouse, ox, panther, hare, serpent, dragon, horse, sheep, ape, hen, dog, pig.

Thievish as *mice*,
Strong as *oxen*,
Fierce as *panthers*,
Cautious as *hares*,
Artful as *serpents*,
Frightful as *dragons*,

Mettlesome as *horses*,
Obedient as *sheep*,
Loving their offspring as *apes*,
Domestic as *hens*,
Faithful as *dogs*,
Unclean as *swine*.”

The manners of these Mongols almost pass belief. Ogotai, one of the greatest monarchs the world has ever seen, the son of Zenghis Khan, had heard that a khan of one of his tribes meant to marry their daughters to another tribe. Ogotai ordered all the girls married that year to be ranged in a row. Having picked out the fairest for his own harem, he sent the others to the public “establishments¹. ” The most peculiar part of the story is that none of the girls’ relations opposed the slightest obstacle to this odd arrangement. There were 4000 girls to be disposed of.

The Mongols took Khiva in 1220, fired its buildings with naphtha, sent 100,000 of the artizans into Tartary, opened the dykes of the Oxus and submerged the city; used all prisoners to serve the catapults on a huge platform, and made them bear the whole brunt of the fight; killed all the soldiers, and enslaved the women and children. A specimen of Mongol warfare is given as follows: “The Mongols had a chief killed before Nessa; they took it by catapults and storming. The inhabitants were all ordered to evacuate the city and lie down in pairs, they were then bound together with cords, and 70,000 were shot to death with arrows. At another place, Meru, called the king of the world, was besieged by the Mongols; after unsuccessful sorties the governor visited the camp, was loaded with presents, and asked to send the chiefs and his friends. They were all slaughtered. The Mongols entered, the people were

¹ *The History of the Mongols*, by Howorth, p. 160. London, 1876.

ordered to defile out, which took four days." One author says, "After the slaughter 1,300,000 corpses," and another, that "700,000, were counted." At another place, Nishapoor, the Mongols accumulated 3000 ballisters, 300 catapults, 700 machines for throwing naphtha, 2,500 loads of stones; 10,000 men led the storming party through a great many breaches. To prevent the living hiding among the dead, every head, of man, woman, and child, was cut off. According to Markhoud, 1,747,000 lost their lives in this massacre. At Herat, 1,600,000 people were destroyed. Zenghis Khan preserved several superstitions in his code of laws. It was forbidden to have a chair, to wash the hands in running water, and forbidden to wash clothes, which were to be used till worn out. Cooking utensils were denied ablution, and this custom still prevails among the Calmucks. Carpini says they would not touch fire with a knife, or take their food with it out of a kettle. In killing an animal it must be laid out on its back, the body opened and the heart torn out or squeezed with the hand: the Kalmucks still attribute this practice to Zenghis. Another rule was, that those who killed animals in the Mussulman way must be killed themselves. The Mongols were avaricious to the last degree, and only killed animals that were sick or wounded. "It may be," says Howorth, "that he and his followers tramped over the fairest portions of the earth with the faggot and the sword in their hands, forestalling terribly the day of doom.....His creed was to sweep away all cities, as the haunts of slavery and luxury, that his herds might freely feed upon grass whose green was free from dusty feet! It does make one hide his face in terror to read that 18,470,000 people perished in China and Tangut alone at the hands of Zinghis and his followers. The scourges of God seem inevitably to recur at intervals, to purge the world of the diseased and the decaying, the weak and the false, the worn out and the *blasé*, the fool and the knave. The pelican and the stork watch over the ruins of Mesopotamia, and a hundred other sites are witnesses of our conclusion; grim witnesses, too, of the truth that 'blood and iron' is neither a new creed nor invented by Zinghis Khan. It may be that in his hands we see the steel

more bright and keen, and that he did not hide his work under the fantastic guise that he was the champion of freedom or of some other fine-sounding pretence."

The Mongols were bound by no oath; and however solemnly sworn to the besieged, it was broken without scruple, and a general massacre ensued. They desired to leave no enemies behind. "They gloried in the slaughter of men: blood to them was spilt as freely as water. They employed lies and deception to delude their victims." Having laid waste a wide circle of country round their camp, they gave themselves up to excess and debauchery: waited upon by their young and beautiful captives, one of whom was chosen before his death by each warrior to be buried alive with him. As the hard and dangerous work was done by the prisoners and captives, the lordly Mongols easily kept up their strength in the most distant expeditions. The idea of happiness to this great Mongol chief was thus described: "The greatest pleasure is to vanquish your enemies, to chase them before you, to rob them of their wealth, to see those dear to them bathed in tears, to ride their horses, and to clasp to your bosom their wives and daughters¹."

The following account of the great Mongol winter-hunt is not without a significant interest. "It was more like a military expedition than anything else." Orders were given to the different tribes, a month's journey off, to extend themselves and form a huge ring, enclosing the prey: their human game was gradually driven into a kind of battue, enclosing, by felt hung on cords, a circuit of two or three leagues. The Khan first entered the ring with his wives and suite, who when tired of the slaughter retired to an eminence to watch the great chieftains' hunt. The whole concluded by a general rush of the troops at the remainder. When only a few old men were left they begged of the Mongols that their lives might be spared for another season. Eight days were generally consumed in this national sport, celebrated once a year.

The Mongols captured Herat, and for a whole week ceased not to kill, burn, and destroy, and it is said that 1,600,000

¹ H. H. Howorth, F.R.G.S. *History of the Mongols*, p. 110, 1876.

people were killed. The place was so entirely depopulated that it became a desert. The Mongols then retired. Soon afterwards they sent back 2000 troops to seek out and destroy any that had hidden, and so escaped the massacre. After their final departure, forty persons, the miserable remnant of the once teeming population, assembled in the great Mosque (Wolff, p. 94).

The great cause of their successes was the terror inspired by their brutal atrocities and universal slaughters. The provinces of Khorassan and Irak, after repeated Tartar invasions, did not contain one thousandth part of their old inhabitants¹; the population, the writer thought, would not reach its former numbers before the day of doom. Their savagery caused the Greeks to say "these Mongols had dogs' heads, and lived on human flesh."

Calmuck Tartars.

In the southern, and south-eastern parts of Russia, the inhabitants shew all the varieties of the Asiatic type, whether Turks, Persians, Indians, or Chinese; together with every shade and tint of complexion, and form of feature, which so sharply mark the different races of the Calmucks and Tartars. In 1768 the Calmucks extended from Astrachan to the lake Baikal: and defended a Russian frontier of 1500 miles, against the Kubans, Karakalpacs, Usbeks, and Kirghiz Tartars. The term Tartar was then used to denote the whole of the inhabitants who were not Christians, in Siberia, Kazan, and eastern Russia, up to Kamtschatka.

The Calmuck Tartars are some of the best disciplined troops in the Russian service. They sprang from the Huns, who overwhelmed the neighbouring nations of Russia, long after their ancestors had subverted the Roman Empire.

Their ancient seat, for ages, was Mongolia, and thence marching in battle array, they mingled with the races reaching to the Oural and Caspian, and in course of time, by association and cohabitation, lost their primæval characters; incor-

¹ *Pachymeres*, i. 87, quoted by H. H. Howorth, F.R.G.S.

porating themselves with Turkomans, Sarmatian and Scythian swarms, in the classical region of Ararat. After returning to subdue China, Bukaria, and Persia, by an ebbing flow of an immense westward wave, they found Russia divided against itself, an easy spoil. The Russians in vain groaned under this Calmuck Tartar oppression, till rescued finally by the arm of Ivan the Terrible. So sank the Tartar glories: they paid, instead of receiving, Russian tribute. In Ker Porter's time a corps of this ancient warrior horde passed before him in all their native aspect of dark ferocity.

Baskirs.

Anciently dwelling on the Kama, the Baskirs are a people that united with the Tartar hordes. The meaning of the term (Baskeer) is Wolf, so-called from their dexterity at plunder. It is said they are derived from Tartar blood. They live in the Ural mountains. Formerly roaming over southern Siberia, to avoid the tyranny of its khans, they settled on the Kazanian khanate, and preferred allegiance to the Tsar, Ivan II., and the reward of his protection. In 1770 they were 27,000 families, living in huts in winter, and tents in summer. Their language is a Tartar dialect, their religion Mahometan.

Another tribe of Russian horse are the Kirghizes, the ancient enemies of the Baskirs; yet under the firm protection of Russia they march against a common foe. Their territories extend from the Ural to the Caspian, and even far away to the east, almost to the wall of China. In appearance their countenance greatly resembles the dwellers in the Celestial Empire.

Ker Porter thus describes them. "As this strange people marched forward, I was struck by their appearance, so peculiar, grand, and picturesque. I seemed to be viewing the armies of Zinghis Khan, or Tamerlane!...The men were cased in shirts of mail, with shining helmets (surmounted with a spike), and armed with long pikes, adorned at the top with various coloured pennons. Their other weapons were swords, bows and arrows.

Their dexterity at shooting is amazing. This little army was led by two chiefs. A bright coat of mail covered their body to the middle of the thigh. A well-constructed helmet covered the head, accompanied by an ingenious protection for the neck. A scarlet kaftan hung from their shoulders down on the backs of the finest Persian horses I ever beheld. These and the leopard skins, shubrach, or saddle-covering, gave magnificence to their appearance."

"The Kirghises now marched past their ancient enemies the Bakshirs. This race once held the Chinese in awe. Their territories extend from the river Oural and the Caspian Sea to the great Wall of China."

The Cossacks of Zaporavia.

They consist of a mixed crowd of persons of all nations, who live in a singular sort of society, to which no women are admitted; they are a sort of male Amazons, who, at a particular season of the year, resort to certain islands of the Dnieper in their neighbourhood, where they rendezvous with the women dependent on them: on these occasions the union of the sexes is by no means regulated by those laws which prevail in other societies. The children born from these indiscriminate unions are left with their mothers till a certain age, at which the males are delivered to their fathers, and, like their fathers, become hunters and warriors, whilst the females remain with those of their own sex. All the Cossacks profess the Greek religion, and serve as irregulars in the Russian army¹.

The Cossacks have played a most important part in the fortunes of Russia. Wandering from the regions of the Caspian sea, and infesting the Black Sea, they subsisted by piracy, ravage, and plunder. Combining the qualities of seamen and soldiers, they became formidable enemies. Batori, king of Poland, attached them to his interests, and gave them land and privileges in the Ukraine. But his successors, less prudent, by attempting their subjugation lost their friendship: they fled in

¹ *An Account of Russia*, (by the Earl of M'Cartney), p. 33.

vast numbers to the banks of the Don and Volga. Still harassed by the imprudent Poles, they sought aid from Moscow. From that time forward they have continued most firmly attached to the Russian power. The sagacious Peter retained their faithful services on the lightest conditions—protection without tribute and election of their own Hetman, but readiness to serve when required. This was, of all other inducements, that which exactly suited the genius of these brilliant horsemen. Pagans under Poland, they are Christians under Russia.

Although their name comes to them from a Tartar tribe, which was to be found at the foot of the Caucasus a thousand years ago, the Cossacks are mainly of Russian blood, dashed indeed with that of Turks, Poles, Serbs and Tartars: they are members of the old faith, or Slavovirtze, belonging to the Greek and not the Russian Church. Peter abolished the Patriarchate, and neither persecution nor concession can make them conform to the Imperial State Church. They hold to ancient customs, not in religion only, but in all things. Great have been the services of the Cossacks from the time of Yermak. But even these may be pressed too far. Maurice Wagner, in his work on the Caucasus, utters a few words of warning to Europe in the name of a Slave writer:—“We Slaaves are bound to give to our brethren in the West a warning of the highest importance. The West is too oblivious of the North of Europe and Asia, the home of rapacious and destructive races. Let it not be supposed these nations have ceased to exist. Like clouds charged with storms, they are awaiting but the all-powerful command to advance and desolate Europe. Let it not be thought that the spirit which animated Attila, Zenghis Khan and Tamerlane, those scourges of mankind, is extinct¹.”

“In a night of storm I have seen a form, and the figure was a giant,
And his eye was bent on the Cossack’s tent, and his look was all defiant.
Kingly his crest—and towards the West with his battle-axe he pointed,
And the form I saw was ATTILA, of this earth the Scourge anointed.”

Deserters, outlaws, peasants flying from the tyranny of

¹ “The Emperor (Nicholas) is reported to say that the war is not yet begun in earnest, and that sooner or later we shall see him at the head of his armies scattering the nations before him like another Attila.” *The Times*, 1854.

their masters, brave and adventurous spirits of every sort, who could not find room for themselves in Russia, joined the tribes living on the Don, and made up the community which soon became known as the "Cossacks of the Don." The name really means in the Tartar-Turkish language a vagabond, and thus a partisan or guerilla. Kazok is another Russian name (Schuyler, p. 10).

Since these pages have been written, a striking confirmation of the potent action of the Tartar rule upon Russian life has been observed in the article by Professor Gregorieff of St Petersburg, some of which is here quoted from Schuyler.

"There was a time when orthodox Russia seemed thoroughly Tartar. Everything in it, except its religion, was permeated and impregnated with Tartardom. It was permeated and impregnated then by Tartardom in the same degree, if not more so, as it is now by the ideas of Western Europe; and as European ideas, which have already for a century and a half affected the higher and more influential classes of the Russian people, are the weaker as their influence extends to the lower and poorer classes, so especially the top and branches of the Russian tree, but the root and trunk less. And not only in externals—in dress, manners, and habits of life—did the Russian princes and *boyards*, the Russian officials and merchants imitate the Tartars; but everything—their feelings, their ideas, and their aspirations in the region of practical life were in the strongest way influenced by Tartardom. Our ancestors received this Tartar influence during 200 years—at first from an unwilling, but afterward from an habitual conformity to the tone, the manners and the morals that reigned at Sarai on the Volga, which in its time played in relation to us the same *rôle* that subsequently fell to the lot of Paris. Russia continued to seem Tartar even after the fall of the Golden Horde.

"During the continuance of the whole Moscow period, up to the very time of Peter the Great, the statecraft and the political management of the Russian Tsars and magnates continued to be in every respect Tartar; so that without an acquaintance with real Tartardom it is impossible correctly to understand and estimate many phases in Russian history.....

Thanks to having identified themselves in such a way with Tartardom, our ancestors succeeded in freeing themselves from the Tartar yoke. It was in consequence of their complete acquaintance with Tartardom that the rulers of Moscow were able to carry on their affairs in relation to it as skilfully as they did after the fall of the Golden Horde. The Tsars and their counsellors understood what they wanted,.....calling into their service those distinguished men of the Horde, who for some reason or other did not get on well at home. By means of these immigrants, who appeared accompanied by a greater or smaller number of followers, the Muscovite Grand Princes and Tsars obtained first an excellent military force, which they used against their enemies as well on the east as on the west of Russia; and secondly, an excellent support against their own selfish and disobediently disposed hereditary boyards.....If not in the first as usual, at least in the second generation, the Tartar immigrants into Russia became orthodox, and entering then into the flesh and blood of the Russian people, strengthened instead of weakened the empire, which was then in course of foundation. But as it was impossible to turn every useful and valuable Tartar into a Christian, and as the unavoidable perspective of becoming christianized in Russia might have served as a preventive to this permanent or temporary immigration, a clever method was found of getting out of this dilemma.

"There was founded within the boundaries of Russia a special Khanate, where the useful immigrants from the Horde might remain Mussulmans without injury to their true and faithful services to our political interests—the Khanate, or as it was called the Kingdom of Kasimof, which during two hundred years successfully performed the functions allotted to it."

The Mongols¹, or Mongol Tartars, were known to Chinese history (618—907). They used grass for saddles, pig-skins for beds, small pieces of wood for calendars, lived principally on fish, made clothes of fish-skins, wore caps of fox and badger skins. A Chinese account of the Royal house of the Mongols gives the legend, that its ancestor was a sky-blue wolf. This

¹ The Mongols derive their name from Mong, which denotes a bold, daring, brave man.

wolf married a white and savage bitch named Goa Masal. Goa means lady in Mongol. A child, whose hands and feet had been cut off in a massacre, having been nourished by a wolf, in remembrance of this they bore wolf-heads on their standards (Howorth). The Mongols are almost always named Tartars in the Russian accounts. There were many nations of them, and their immense territories went by the designation of Grand Tartary.

Cossack Superstition.

In the year 1714 the King of Persia sent a present to the Princess Sophia of an elephant which some Armenians had conducted from Astrakan, who related that the inhabitants there on its arrival had adored that animal, and that several hundreds of them worshipped it so much as to follow it along the road above a hundred miles¹.

"The Cham of the grim Tartars invaded Russia with 400,000 men, besieged the Imperial City of Mosco three months, burnt and spoiled the Country many hundred miles in compass and on his departure, he required Homage of the Emperour ; which was, That the Emperour of Russia should come forth of the city of Mosco on foot, attended by his Princes and Nobles of Russia, bare headed ; and that the Emperour should then bring Oats in his Cap; and present them to the Cham of Tartary his horse (he himself then sitting upon his horse-back), and to feed the horse out of his cap ; All which, for the saving of the lives of many thousands of his people, and utter devastation of his Empire, the Emperour performed, feeding the great Cham of Tartary's horse with Oats out of his own Cap or Colpack.

"This Homage being performed, the Cham of Tartary stroaked the Emperour of Russia three times on his face and beard, presented him with a Cymiter and a Bowe and Case of Arrows and so departed carrying many thousands Captive²."

¹ *Memoires pour servir à l'Histoire de l'Empire Russe.* Par un Ministre étranger. A La Haye, 1725. ² *Empire of Russia.* By J. F. 1684.

Modern Cossacks.

“Through the kindness of the officer in command of the Grand Ducal Cossack body-guard, I witnessed a truly novel equestrian expedition. After being paraded, the men, about sixty in number, mounted on strong ugly little horses, were ordered to perform a sham skirmish. Forming themselves into two camps, each combatant attacked his opponent, on his own hook, and after his own fashion. Here was a fellow, standing bolt upright up in his saddle, and discharging his musket at another, who, hanging pendant by his legs, returned fire from underneath his horse’s belly: then a couple, clinging like cats to the flanks and ribs of their chargers, and thus completely sheltering their own bodies, watched a favourable moment of pinking each other, though to me they almost appeared like a couple of riderless horses; whilst others flattened themselves at full length on their beasts’ backs, and manœuvred for the chance of some unguarded movement on the part of their foes. All this at full gallop, accompanied by a good deal of screaming and yelling. Other feats were then performed. Galloping with the head downwards in the saddle and the body and legs erect in the air seemed a favourite one; still more so picking up a stone or even a coin at the same pace, the performer holding on the while to his saddle by his feet. A couple of hours of this sort of work seemed to be enough for horse and man; so, closing up into a column four deep, the Cossacks marched home, singing in remarkably good time a native chorus, with an accompaniment of two kettle-drums. They are first-rate irregular cavalry these Cossacks, strong, well-built fellows, and active as cats.....Instead of boots they wear a species of buskin of very pliable leather, reaching to the knee; and in the place of soles a pair of mocassins of the same material, fitting like a glove, and leaving the foot in perfect freedom¹.”

¹ *Journey through the Caucasus to Persia.* By A. H. Mounsey, F.R.G.S. 1871.

The Tartars may perhaps be considered the most wonderful race in history as regards their peculiar hardihood, endurance, independence of stores and of weather, cold, heat and drought. Able to sit days and nights on horseback, capable of subsisting on nothing but mare's milk and such game as they can kill on their journeys, provided with everything they require; their clothing a coat of buffalo or other hide, their horses content with the grass of the plains, carrying neither straw, oats nor fodder—a Tartar prince goes forth to war with such cavalry as no other nation can produce, and 100,000 horse forms his corps called a tuc. In case of need, they can ride ten days on end without lighting a fire, or taking a regular meal. They have dried milk, which dissolved in water serves them at once with both food and drink, so as he rides along he can prepare his dainty dinner! The Tartars double and double again, and wheel round in an instant, and have won many a fight by these tactics. When in want of food they bleed their horses and suck the veins. If they need anything more solid than the milk paste, they put a sheep's pudding full of blood under the saddle, and in time it gets coagulated and cooked by the heat and then they devour it (*Georg Pachymeres*, v. 4). Botero had "heard from a trustworthy source that a Tartar of Perekop, travelling on the Steppes, lived for some days on the blood of his horse, and not daring to bleed it more, cut off and ate its ears" (*Relazione Univers.*, p. 93). Another account brought by the spies of the Sultan of Khwarizin when first menaced by Zhinghis Khan was—"The army of Zhinghis is countless as a swarm of ants or locusts. Their warriors are matchless in lion-like valour, in obedience and endurance. They take no rest, and flight or retreat is unknown to them.... They will open a horse's vein, draw blood and drink it. In victory they leave neither small nor great alive¹."

The Golden Horde. A very considerable treatise has been written on this interesting nation, by Von Hammer Purgstall. He quotes from 400 different authors in almost all Asiatic and European languages. This Horde, which finally ruled

¹ See *Marco Polo*, by Yule.

Russia for above 200 years, was so called from the fact that its Grand Khan (Zenghis) had received from the Emperor of China a present of a rich tent covered with cloth of gold. The Horde was originally the Kaptschak or Kiptchack. But the Russians applied this name Golden Horde to the whole range of the Tartar Empire. Levesque states this Horde dwelt in the regions lying between the Volga, the Yalk and the Don; and that it was afterwards divided into four Khanates—Kazan, Astrakan, Kaptschak and the Crimea: each and all of which successively fell under the Russian sceptre.

Russian Tartardom. If we consider the immense distances at which the Tartar Khans continued to oppress and trample down the Russians; the long journeys which they compelled the Russian princes to undertake to pay tribute in person, journeys which occupied a year; the dissatisfaction and sedition engendered by the absence of rulers, we cannot but be astonished at the power, sagacity, and cunning by which the Golden Horde grasped the reins of Russian rule. One of their chief means of success was the constant promotion of domestic broils, which undermined native authority, and alienated the people from their native princes.

Another method of subjection was the promotion of peaceful arts and religious veneration for their Russian priesthood. The more the despairing Russian flew to the protection of his national saints, the less warlike became the habits of the people. The priests enervated Russia by a profuse superstition.

Cowed, and kissing the stirrup of their cruel masters, the Russian nobles sequestered themselves in monasteries and cloisters. The Tartars punished sacrilege with death, and exempted all religious bodies from tribute. The nobles enriched the Church who taught that the monastic habit taken before death assured eternal life. The Russian Church rose to a height of power, riches and consideration, in the hearts of the nation, such perhaps as the Catholic faith had never enjoyed. Saints were multiplied; relics seemed prolific. The country swarmed with priests, processions, pictures and images.

Crossings and bowings to the family Bog were sufficient to sanctify the robber, the cheat, and the villain.

"In my time (1716), the prince Gagarin gave an ordinary repast where fifty courses of fish were served on silver plates. He brought me into his cabinet, and I saw there his BOG (the word signifies God), which forms a portable oratory (un Oratoire, ou petite chapelle portative) that the Russians always have with them in their travels, and which they suspend on the walls in their bed-chambers. This particular BOG was enriched with beautiful diamonds above and below. The jewellers of the town (Moscow) assured me that it had cost the prince more than a hundred and thirty thousand roubles. (He had been Governor of Siberia.)"

The same writer in describing a nun taking the veil at Moscow, says the priest asked her whether, of free-will, she would take the veil and renounce the world, and if she would obey the orders given her; she answered in a distinct voice—

I, I ; Bog : by the grace of God.

As this was the most solemn act of her life, we here see the sacred character of the word *Bog*¹.

Prince Gagarin was afterwards accused of having robbed his majesty's caravans from China, and of murdering the persons conducting them, by which he had possessed himself of enormous wealth. The proofs against him were adequate. Peter visited him in person, and pledged his royal word that if he would confess fully his crime in writing he should be pardoned. But when in court this confession was read, Gagarin declared the Emperor had worked on his fears and compelled him to sign the statement against his will. The witnesses to his guilt, including the governor's own private secretary, were then produced, and Gagarin was hung, the victim of his own toils, on a gallows fifty feet high. This was the man who possessed the beautifully ornamented picture referred to above.

¹ The French relation is given in these words : Elle répondit à chaque demande, d'une voix haute et distincte,

Je, Je ; Bog ; moyennant la grâce de Dieu.

CHAPTER IV.

IVAN THE TERRIBLE¹.

(Extracted literally from the Russian historian, Karamsin.)

AN attentive perusal of the history of the Tartars in the last chapter significantly suggests the powerful influence which Tartardom must have had upon the character and the future of the Russian nation. They had escaped at length from the servitude, oppression and degradation forced upon them by Tartar rule. The vestiges of this subjugation—so stern a school for emancipated Russia—could not speedily be effaced. It was Ivan the Terrible who finally delivered her from the incursions of these barbaric hordes. In dealing therefore with the tremendous events which ensued, it would be unfair to the history of Russia to omit these circumstantial agencies. A nation revelling in a newborn freedom may well be excused for singular excesses. To it, anything seemed preferable to Mongol servitude and Asiatic barbarities. To a strong ruler, the nation would enthusiastically deliver itself over, bound hand and foot, and prostrate itself without remorse. The heel of despotism seemed a paradise compared with the hoof of the Tartar. The power of life and death was cheerfully yielded to the hands of a sovereign tyrant, who could protect them from Asiatic knives and savage vengeance. The reign of Vasili heralded Russia's deliverance. Amongst the splendid histories of Russia that of Vasili, the father of Ivan, would here claim a more extended notice. Suffice it, however, to glance at his closing hours.

¹ The Russian historian, KARAMSIN, devotes three volumes to the extraordinary reign of this IVAN, whose atrocities exceeded the combined cruelties of all former Emperors in ancient history:—Nero, Caligula, &c.

A singular scene happened at the deathbed of Vasili. "He had determined to die a monk. He was dying. He was speechless. His eyes were dim. He grasped the image of the holy Virgin and was impatient for the last rite. The Metropolitan Daniel seized the black robe to give it to the Abbot Josephat, but the princes André and Voronzoff attempted to snatch it from him; then the prelate pronounced with furious accents these terrible words: 'I curse you in this world and in the next. No, no person shall ravish me of his soul.' Yet Vasili was expiring. The Metropolitan hurried to complete his investiture and reclothed the abbot with his vestments, and gave, with the tonsure, to the Grand Prince the name of Varlam. But as he had forgotten, in the confusion of the moment, the mantle necessary for a neophyte, Serapion, a father of the Church, presented his own. The gospel was placed upon the breast of the dying, when some one near him cried out, 'It is over, the monarch is no more.' It is related that the visage of Vasili appeared all of a sudden radiant with glory; and instead of the dreadful odours which exhaled from the plague-spot of which he died, an agreeable perfume was diffused in the apartment of the dead."

The funeral ceremonies were magnificent, and the grief of the people was inexpressible; they were children who interred their father.

Vasili had a noble exterior, a majestic presence, an agreeable expression, an eye piercing but sweet. He was naturally more inclined to kindness than to harshness. He was a man of extraordinary talent and brilliant qualities. He was more anxious for the good of his people than to be called great; he is indeed deserving of immortal eulogy, of which so few sovereigns have been worthy.

Russian Reigns of Terror.

On the death of Vasili, 1533, Russia for the first time found herself ruled by traitors, in the name of a boy. "Woe to a nation whose prince is a child, and whose servants bear rule." Vasili was dead; his magnificence remained. To give

an idea of the immense population of Russia at this time, the riches of its inhabitants, as well as the power of this great prince, who gloried in splendid displays on solemn occasions, receptions, and presentations, it will be sufficient to describe one occasion.

All labour ceased in the city; the citizens appeared in holiday attire, and pressed in thick masses towards the Kremlin. The old boyards accompanied by their sons from all the towns repaired to the *fête*. The troops were under arms; the most distinguished officers came to the audience-chamber. In this immense hall, filled with a multitude, reigned a profound silence. The monarch was enthroned; suspended above him was the sacred picture or image; at his right hand his royal bonnet, at the left hand his sceptre. The boyards, or Russian nobles, covered with robes enriched with a profusion of pearls, sat at dinner, long protracted sometimes into the night. Many tables were spread in the grand hall. The brothers of the Grand Prince or the Metropolitan occupied the seat of honour by his side: further down were the lords and officers, among whom were seen sometimes the simple soldiers who had been distinguished in bravery. In the midst glittered a great number of golden vessels, goblets, and winecups. The first course was roast swan, washed down with Malvoisie and other Greek wines. As a sign of favour the monarch sent choice morsels to his friends, then he rose and saluted them, and he thanked them for particular healths. To drive away melancholy or *ennui*, general talk was encouraged, which became gay, yet decorous, and free from constraint. During the dinner he conversed particularly with strangers, and praised their sovereigns. The streets of Moscow were so illuminated that the night, said an ambassador, resembled the day. All ambassadors were entertained without the least expense to themselves; it would have been an offence to allow them to purchase a single thing. Vasili had limited himself like his father to the title of "Grand Prince," but in foreign intercourse he adopted the title, "Vasili, by the grace of God, Grand Monarch, Tsar and Sovereign of All the Russias." His father had with indignation refused the proposition of the Pope and the Emperor to accept the royal title.

After such a father, the young prince Ivan came to the throne surrounded by boyards, who were inflated with the utmost pride and jealousy as regards their rights and precedence, and animated with the most intense ambition to surround the throne and seize its powers. Without a throne, even though occupied by a child, Russia would again have torn itself into pieces. Fearing this catastrophe, the most powerful nobles placed Ivan in the church of the Assumption, where he took the oath of fidelity, 1533. His young brother Yuri, a week afterwards, the 11th December, was arrested and imprisoned in the same place where the unfortunate Grand Prince Dmitri had died. The new government spread at once a universal consternation. The people, seeing this done with a prince, trembled for themselves. Russia seemed suddenly bowed under the yoke of an irresponsible council: It is true the regent Helen still presided; but Michel Glinsky was its soul, as he had been the right hand of Vasili: him they seized. He had seen with the deepest pain the shameful *penchant* of Helen for her lover, Prince Telenef, who became master of the court and governor of the council. Glinsky had a brilliant European name; was accused of an intention of seizing the empire, was imprisoned and murdered. The innocent Voron-zoff was the next victim; after burial they however exhumed the body and gave it a tomb worthy of the monarch's uncle. Another uncle, Prince André, was accused of disparaging Helen. Yuri was destroyed by hunger in his prison; André, overwhelmed with affright at this event, fled, but he stopped at Novgorod. He formed the design of saving Russia; his manifesto ran thus—"The Grand Prince is still an infant, and you only serve boyards: assemble about me and you will be recompensed." Telenef commenced war. André began to negotiate, and exacted an oath from him, that neither the Grand Prince nor Helen should take vengeance on him. Helen loaded him with chains and threw him into a narrow cell; his boyards, counsellors, and faithful servants were tortured, of whom some died and others were immured; thirty were hung at equal distances upon the road to Novgorod. André perished, as did his brother, by a violent death. The secrecy of

these massacres announced a criminal cowardice on the part of the perpetrators. Helen thought that during the minority of the prince such sanguinary executions could alone display firmness. This princess, abandoned to the delights of an illegitimate affection, exhibited singular ferocity of spirit.

Confusion increased. The silver money was profusely debased, by secret coiners, with alloy, so that a pound of silver produced ten, instead of five roubles and two gridnas; this fraud was wholesale; many enriched themselves by this daring swindle, as well as by chipping. Merchandise continually fluctuated in price, because of the uncertain value of the coin. Helen caused it to be called in and recoined, and stamped it with a figure representing the prince on horseback, lance in hand; and from this fact arose the name copeck (*kopié* in Russ meaning a lance). But though she developed great clearness and sagacity in Russian affairs, and gathered many laurels, her tyranny and passion for Telenef excited a general hatred and contempt.

Telenef alone reigned supreme, grand chief of the empire. No services were recognized. The nation sighed for a change: and the Grand Princess Helen, brilliant in the *éclat* of her beautiful youth and perfect health, suddenly died. There were no inquests. Baron Herbstein declares she was poisoned. She expired at two o'clock, P.M., and was buried the same day in a monastery! History does not even say that she received proper funeral rites; but neither people nor nobles shewed the least regret. Young Ivan threw himself into the arms of Telenef, weeping in despair. In losing Helen, he had lost all the world.

The nation, astounded, trembled at its future. Helen's death revealed a latent power. This was Telenef. It was he, and he alone, that could profit by it. (Ivan was seven years old.) The boyards of the council loaded Telenef with chains, within a week of Helen's shameful burial; cast into a dungeon, there they let him die of famine. Everyone most valuable to Ivan, in spite of his tears and cries, was arrested. Shouisky now was declared chief of the State; he tore away the governess and guardian of the young prince, who had been particularly

entrusted to them by his dying father, Vasili. Very soon Shouisky also died, it was said wrongfully. Another Shouisky, Jean, now assumed the reins; disrespectful to his prince, he assumed the ridiculous pride and airs of a valet suddenly made master. He encouraged on all sides false accusations, exacted riches from the innocent accused, and violated the sanctity of asylum in the monasteries; and, says one historian, "they sought for booty with all the greedy ferocity of the Mongols." The towns became mere dens of brigands; the population abandoned their unhappy country in trepidation; the markets and monasteries were deserted. But besides all this, their external foes from the Crimea now added fire and sword, and even to these despised victims, the Russians, the Khan of the Crimea dictated laws whilst plundering their country. Then the Hospodar of Moldavia also threatened: "Think not that I shall come alone, but accompanied by the Grand Sultan Soliman, who has subjugated the universe from the east to the west, and it is I who shall shew him the road to your capital." The boyards sent presents to purchase a perfidious alliance. It was all in vain. For two years Russia was given over to pillage, fire and sword, by another enemy, the Kazan Tartars. "They stayed in Russia shedding torrents of Christian blood; the wretched inhabitants, without defence, hid themselves in caverns and forests. All the districts formerly rich in villages and people were deserted and became overgrown with brushwood. In the midst of the cinders of ruined monasteries lived these savages, sleeping in the churches, drinking out of the sacred vessels, robbing the ornaments of the images to make earrings and collars for their women. They forced the religious to dance a kind of devil's horncpipe, their boots being charged with live coals and charcoal. They violated the nuns, put out their eyes, and cut off the noses, ears, hands and feet of all that they did not lead away captive. "But, most horrible," says one historian, "many Christians adopted their faith; and then these renegades persecuted the faithful with as much carnage as the most ferocious Tartars. This is not hearsay, but what I myself have seen with my own eyes, and never can I forget these fatal deeds." But the boyards,

by their foolish measures, lost all opportunity of saving Russia.

Simeon Belsky had been imprisoned, but he was released. He joined the Crimean Tartars, and served them as guide. Innumerable files of the enemy appeared covering the level steppes in the far distance. The Russian troops occupied the river Oka. A most touching spectacle engaged the citizens. The young Grand Prince Ivan, with his brother Yuri, worshipping before the image of the holy Virgin, invoked the protection of the Almighty in the church of the Assumption. He offered, whilst weeping profusely, these words heard by the people : *"My God, thou who hast defended my ancestors against the cruel Tamerlane, take us also under thy guardiance, young and orphans as we are. Our spirit and our arms are without vigour, and yet the country expects deliverance from us."* The council met. The prince said, "The enemy approaches, decide whether I am to stay here or flee." In consternation the boyards at last decided to keep him in Moscow. Ivan sent a letter to be read to the army:—"Let the Oka become an insurmountable barrier against the Tartars, and if that river is not obstacle enough, bar their road to the capital with your bosoms: fight with valour, in the name of the Almighty: my friendship and my benefits shall be your recompense and the heritage of your children. I will have inscribed in the military records of Russia the names of all that fall for her upon the field of honour. Their wives and children shall make part of my own family." Ivan wrote this letter because the nobles were all disputing about pre-eminence and priority instead of preparing for battle. On receiving this letter, the voievodes, penetrated with emotion, cried out, "Let us all forget our mutual animosities and only remember the benefactions of Vasili. The glory of our actions shall be celebrated in the most distant countries, and since we are not immortal, let our blood flow at least for our country." These quarrelsome lords then shed tears, embracing each other, and swore in the heat of a fiery enthusiasm to die on the banks of the Oka. Rushing from the tent of conference, they declared the result to the soldiers. The effect of this profound sentiment was inexpressible. With

one great voice the soldiers exclaimed : “ *Yes, yes, for the Grand Prince we will fight to the death with the Tartars. Remain united, O fathers of our country, and we will march with all ardour against the infidels.*”

The Russians, who made no use of bows, at first recoiled from the Tartar storm of arrows, in confusion. But reinforced, the national flags were planted, the passage of the Oka was successfully resisted, artillery was brought forward, and the Crimean Tartars dismayed took flight. They attacked Pronsk, but were soon obliged to raise the siege.

This new expulsion of the Tartars excited the most intense joy in the bosom of Russia. The tender age of Ivan charmed all the citizens with the most lively enthusiasm, especially when he returned to the church to give thanks for the deliverance of Russia. They crowded about him with streaming eyes, exclaiming, “ Prince, it was your angelic prayers and your fortunate star which has made us triumph.” In every case the Russians attributed the success to this latter cause; and the extreme youth of Ivan seemed to open a vast field for hope.

Prince Belsky was the soul of the government, he inspired everything. The faculties of the young prince seemed to be developed day by day. Belsky was recompensed for his conduct by the calmness of his conscience and the satisfaction of the nation; a near relation of the prince, he was the target of secret machinations. His magnanimity was his danger, he was thrown into prison by the Metropolitan and the boyards. No pretext whatever was offered for this violent seizure of the chief of the State. They next imprisoned the Metropolitan himself. This era is one vast picture of successful conspiracy and boundless massacre.

These horrible violations, ordered by the grossest despotism, disgusted the nation, and with breaking hearts they sighed incessantly for happier times.

Shouisky was now the undisputed regent of the people, and Ivan was but thirteen years old. Born with an ardent soul, rare penetration, and an extraordinary force of will, he would have possessed all the qualities of a grand monarch if only his natural gifts had been cultivated. But, deprived early of his parents,

abandoned to the care of violent nobles, who were blinded by their unscrupulous ambition, he was on his throne the most unfortunate of orphans; for the vices given to him by a neglected youth prepared the way for his own miseries and the miseries of millions of other men.

Belsky would have been a model for the orphan prince, but Schouisky practised the basest arts in order to captivate him. He encouraged in him all kinds of cruelties and violent games, torturing his domestic animals, climbing a ladder and precipitating down wild animals. The boyards said, "What does it matter as long as the sovereign is diverted?" Sometimes, surrounded by a troop of young men, he would gallop through the streets, crushing old men and women, at which they smiled, praising his courage.

At length a plot was conceived to get rid of the tyrant regent. Ivan ordered a grand chase, he suddenly called around him the boyards, and, for the first time, displayed an imperious and menacing attitude. He declared to them that they had abused his extreme youth, that they had executed people, delivered the country to pillage, that they were the criminals, but he would be contented with the death of Schouisky, the tyrant chief of the council and the greatest criminal. At the same instant he was seized and delivered a victim to a pack of hounds in the open street, who tore him in pieces; the rest of the boyards kept a gloomy silence. It is said this man was insatiable. He ravaged the lands of the gentry as if they had been his own, oppressed the peasantry in the most cruel manner, and that even his servants exercised all kinds of tyranny, fearing neither law nor justice. The annalists declare, that from the moment the Glinsky's came into power their confiscations struck terror through every living soul; they exiled, tortured, robbed, murdered, without limit and without mercy.

Ivan now undertook journeys throughout his empire, amusing himself with the chase, and disregarding the laws and the protection of the people. He was accompanied by his brothers and a crowd of boyards, who entirely concealed from him the spectacle of the consternation of the people; and in the midst of a tumult of pleasures their lamentations and cries

could not reach him. In his rapid courses, the only traces of his passage were tears, plaints, and increased misery. Besides this, the court, instead of paying its expenses, made exactions ; these travels ruined the people. Ivan was eighteen years old in 1546, and he had a long and secret interview with the metropolitan Macaire. The secret was well kept for a while. Ivan at last announced that he wished to find a Russian consort ; the metropolitan replied, with a sweet satisfaction, "Prince, it is God himself who has inspired you with an intention so advantageous to your people." The boyards, moved to tears, lavished their praises upon the wisdom of their sovereign. A grand ceremony was ordered ; on the 16th of January, 1547, the grand prince appeared in the halls of the palace, where were assembled the boyards. The young Anastasie had been found : the boyards had searched all Russia for a *fiancée* worthy of the sovereign. Chastity, sweetness, piety, sensibility, and goodness, in her, were united to a solid spirit and a beauty most rare. "Prince," said Macaire, "love and honour your bride ; and you, Tsarine, who are truly Christian, submit yourself to your husband ; for as the holy Cross represents the chief of the Church, so is the man the chief of the woman ; fulfil earnestly the commandments of God, and cause the prosperity of Jerusalem to flourish." The ceremony was over, the young couple shewed themselves to the people, and the broad street of the Kremlin resounded with a thousand blessings.

The rich were overwhelmed with benefits by the Tsar, the Tsarine took care of the poor : the sweet Anastasie, ever since the death of her father, had been brought up far from the world, and in the bosom of tranquillity. She saw herself, at one stroke of fortune, transported as it were supernaturally upon the stage of human grandeur ; but, in spite of this change in her situation, her spirit gave way to no suggestions of pride ; but, referring everything to God, she humbled herself before Him in the palace of the Tsar, just as she had lived before, in the sad habitation of her mother bereaved of her husband. The court rejoicings subsided, and Ivan and his consort prayed each day at the tomb of St Serge.

But neither these acts of devotion, nor his love for his prin-

cess, could calm the burning spirit and restlessness of Ivan ; he abandoned himself to the transports of most violent rage, and only sought the grossest amusements, unworthy of a prince. He persuaded himself that arbitrary orders would prove his independence ; but, while he neglected his empire, it was submitted to the will of the nobles. Never was Russia so badly governed ; whoever knew how to intrigue with the court could with impunity oppress the people ; and it was only necessary to be a court valet to dominate in Russia. The governors had nothing to dread, and woe to the oppressed who dared to bring their complaints to the foot of the throne. Sixty people, who had the hardihood to present their petitions, so incensed him, that he ordered their beards and hair to be saturated with spirit, and set on fire ; but by the fall of a great bell at Moscow which called him away, they escaped further punishment.

But in the midst of all these miseries Moscow took fire in April, 1547.

No one was more terrified than Ivan.

The Kremlin and the whole of the town in a very short time fell a prey to the flames.

Seventeen hundred persons, excluding children, perished in the flames. The Tsar and the nobles, not to witness the desolation, withdrew to a village. The superstition of the people rose to its greatest height ; "they declared that Moscow was burnt by sorcery—that Princess Anne, the mother of the Glinskys, had snatched the hearts of the dead, and, running about the streets of Moscow, sprinkled them with blood ; lo," said they, "that is the cause of the fire."

This falsehood was spread amongst the people by conspirators. They tore Ivan's uncle from the altars, and then dragged him to the place of execution, and put a great number of servants and young boyards to death. There was no one to repress crime. Moscow, without government, was delivered to a bloody anarchy. In this terrible moment, while the young Tsar was trembling in his palace, and the virtuous Anastasie was praying to heaven, an extraordinary man of religion, Sylvester, approached Ivan, with a menacing eye, his finger raised, like a man inspired, announcing to him that the hand of God

was suspended over the head of a frivolous Tsar, mastered by shameful passions.

He opened the Holy Gospel, and shewed him its divine precepts.

At the instant the Tsar became another man; bathed in the tears of repentance, he seized the hand of his courageous monitor, and demanded the strength to become virtuous; and Heaven, says our historian, fulfilled his desires. His humble monitor refused all honours and riches, but placed himself near the throne to strengthen and encourage the young sovereign.

Ivan soon assembled all the people, and after mass he gathered the clergy and boyards to the grand place of execution, where the people kept a profound silence. Ivan then addressed the metropolitan as follows:

“Holy Father, your zeal for virtue, your love for my country are known to me, second my good intentions. I lost my parents too young; the boyards and the nobles, who only aspired to domination, took no care of my person; they have usurped in my name wealth and honours; they are enriched by injustice, and overwhelm the people, so that no one dares to hinder their ambition. I was, as it were, deaf and dumb; I heard not the lamentations of the poor, and my words did not sweeten their woes.

“You, you are delivered then to your caprices, you rebellious subjects, you corrupted judges; how can you now justify yourselves? What tears you have caused, what blood you have shed, which falls upon me! But fear the judgment of God.” Then saluting the people on all sides, the monarch continued, “Oh you! a people that the Almighty has confided to me, I invoke to-day both your religion and your love for me; shew yourselves generous! It is impossible to repair the past evils, but I shall in future wisely preserve you from apprehension and pillage.

“Forget the sorrows that shall never be renewed, scatter every subject of hatred and discord, let a Christian and brotherly ardour embrace all your hearts. From this day forward, I, I will be your judge, your defender.”

In this solemn day, when the whole of Russia received the

promise of Ivan to live only for the good of his people, Ivan granted a general pardon. The sovereign power was established upon the principles of wisdom, moderation, and peace under new laws. Ivan sent to Germany for artists, physicians, apothecaries, printers, and also scholars learned in dead and living languages, and even some theologians.

On the taking of Kazan the victorious boyards found sixty thousand Russian prisoners, whom they provided with food and clothing. With eyes full of tears they raised their hands to heaven to give glory to God. Never had Russia enjoyed a spectacle so full of emotion ; they said that it was a new exodus of the people of Israel. They established them on the Volga, and built the city of Sviaga.

Ivan now organised a new warlike republic, between Azof and the Caspian Sea, called the Cossacks of the Don.

Ivan had now enjoyed for thirteen years all the conjugal happiness that a virtuous and loving consort could accord. He had now two children, Theodore and Eudoxie. Anastasie, still brilliant in youth and beauty, in June, 1560, was attacked with a serious illness aggravated by fright

Moscow was again on fire ; she was removed in the midst of flame and smoke, and at length expired in August. The despair of Ivan cannot be expressed, and never was public affliction so acutely and touchingly manifested. At her funeral all wept; the poor were inconsolable, and even refused to accept the charities usually given on these occasions. Ivan, sustained by his brother Yuri, his brother Vladimir, his cousin, and Alexander, the young Tsar of Kazan, slowly followed the coffin.

The groans and the transports of his grief verged upon frenzy; the metropolitan himself, bathed in tears, was the only one who dared to exhort him to submit to the decrees of Heaven. But no one could yet divine all that Anastasie carried to her tomb. Here terminated the happy days of Ivan and of Russia, for at the same time that he lost his consort he abandoned the sentiments of virtue. Both the spirit of the Tsar

and the fortune of the empire underwent a most terrible revolution.

The virtuous and beautiful Anastasie had a marked influence upon the conduct of Ivan and upon the prosperity of the country. A large army was raised, he marched against Kazan, and captured it by springing a mine. A successful campaign in Astrakan enabled him to annex it. Here was vintaged delicious wine, among other rich productions of the soil. Besides this, Siberia was discovered, inexhaustible in mines of salt, copper, and silver, and producing the most valuable furs. This country was permanently occupied through the influence of a rich merchant, Strogonof¹, and a robber-chief, called Yermak, at the head of a gang of Don Cossack marauders.

Through Anastasie's influence Ivan had been induced to listen to the voice of the good old bishop Silvester, and in a great many wise amendments had promoted the welfare of Russia.

At thirty years of age he was a model sovereign, religious, wise, zealous for glory and for the happiness of his country. In the temple, in pious retreats, at his council, or in the midst of the people, he was always saying, "O that I might reign according to the precepts of the Most High in holy writ!"

A strict justice, public safety, integrity of his dominions, a triumph of religion, the liberty of Christians—such were the single objects which unceasingly occupied his thoughts. Even the English then wrote:—Ivan has eclipsed all his ancestors, both by his power and by his virtues. Two thoughts absorb him entirely, to serve God, and to terrify the enemies of Russia.

Ivan was absorbed in grief, so that all around him wept; but, under the mask of zeal, some traitors uttered the blackest calumnies. "Prince," they said, "all Russia partakes in your grief, but two monsters flourish. Yes, the virtuous Anastasie has been ravished from you by two magicians, her secret enemies, Sylvester and Adascheff." The former was exiled, and the latter died in prison.

At the news of his death, his enemies, intoxicated with joy,

¹ The English made Ivan acquainted with Archangel, and this man set up salt-works there.

assured the Tsar that this traitor, in deep remorse, had poisoned himself.

The tyranny began. They now said to Ivan, "What, indeed, will you weep eternally for your consort? you will find another quite as beautiful. Consider that this excess of sorrow may injure your valuable health. God and your people require in an unhappy world that you should seek worldly consolations." He listened without anger to these insidious advisers, and within eight days after the burial of Anastasie, the metropolitan, the bishops, and the nobles, urged him to seek a new wife.

The Tsar distributed some millions of roubles to the churches and the poor, and even sent rich donations to Jerusalem, and declared that he should demand the sister of Poland in marriage.

The mourning was over, brilliant festivities diverted the monarch, they declared that wine rejoiced the heart, they jeered at sobriety and denounced fasting as hypocrisy. The palace resounded with boisterous conviviality. His brother Yuri and the prince of Kazan were carried off to other residences. The whole day long they invented new diversions and games, where gravity, temperance, and decency itself, appeared ridiculously out of place. Many of the nobles, however, who with frowning looks attended these sumptuous banquets, declined the cup with sighs. The roistering nobles had recourse to humiliating mockeries, pouring the wine that they refused upon their heads.

The old friends of Ivan loved the sovereign and virtue; the new ones intrigued with two or three monks, of most subtle character, to justify by their presence the disorder rampant in these brutal festivities. The path of vice is slippery. While waiting for his new consort, who ought to have been the object of his constant and only love, he delivered himself over to the wildest licence. The veil of mystery is always transparent to royal weaknesses. Every one, struck with stupor, inquired by what fatal influence, a model, hitherto of temperance and chastity, became thus shamelessly abandoned.

The corruptors of the prince continually envenomed his mind. The Annalists declare that in face of his horrible ac-

tions, the tyranny of Ivan was an inexplicable tempest, vomited from the infernal regions, in order to trouble and rend Russia in pieces. Our historian declares horror seized Moscow, streaming with blood. The prisons, the monasteries, were gorged with victims, whose number was ever increasing. "Terror reigned in the capital." The present predicted a frightful future. A tyrant corrects himself never; he becomes every day more suspicious and more barbarous; for the sight of blood excites instead of quenching the thirst for more. This passion, the most terrible of all, confounds the human spirit like a madness, a scourge of peoples and of tyrants themselves.

It is curious to see how this prince, even to the end of his life, was a zealous observer of the Christian religion, and attempted to conciliate the divine precepts with his unparalleled cruelty. He even justified it under an appearance of equity, pretending that all his victims were traitors, or enchanters, or the enemies of Christ and of Russia. Sometimes he accused himself humbly before God and before men. He avowed himself an infamous murderer of the innocent, then he ordered prayers for them in the temples. Soon he consoled himself with the hope that a sincere repentance would save him; and when he should lay aside the diadem, he would become some day a model of religion in the peaceful monastery of St Cyril. He wrote this even to the superiors of the monasteries—an irrevocable testimony that the inflexible voice of conscience would trouble the sombre lethargy of his soul and prepare it for a frightful awakening beyond the tomb! Let us suspend, says this writer, these horrors of tyranny, to follow the course of political events. Here one sees again the rays of genius in Ivan the Fourth shine forth brilliantly across a black horizon.

The celebrated metropolitan Macaire died 1563. He was a man of illustrious soul, who preferred the calm of solitude to the highest dignities of his office. He translated the lives of all the Greek saints, and added those of Russia, in honour of which he had composed the book of Degrees and established the first printing press in Moscow. In 1564 the Russian church ordered in future the bishops to wear a white mitre, and that all their decrees should be sealed with red wax. "The seal

should represent on one side the Virgin Mary with the infant Jesus, and on the other, a hand giving the blessing, and also the name of the metropolitan."

A few days after his death, Athanasius, confessor of the Tsar, was chosen chief of the Russian clergy. He was invested. They placed on his breast the golden image of the gate of the sanctuary, and placed a white mitre upon his head. Athanasius ascended the metropolitan chair and gave Ivan his blessing, and in a loud voice prayed the Almighty to accord to him health and victory. It seems, says our historian, that he no longer dared to speak of virtue.

In diplomatic intercourse Polish pride would not accord to Ivan the name of Tsar. Ivan replied to the envoys, "I've no need of titles, for no one is ignorant that my dynasty descended from Cæsar Augustus, and it is beyond the power of man to steal away that which God has given."

The candid writer, Karamsin, says, that the learned scribes of the time, to flatter the pride of Ivan, made Rurik, the first Prince of Novgorod, descend from a pretended brother of Augustus, named Pruss, who had abandoned Rome. The Polish ambassadors at all events retreated from Moscow on receiving this astounding intelligence. Ivan experienced a severe defeat, however. Russian prisoners were presented to the king lying sick at Varsovie. A *Te Deum* was sung before him, and the ecstasy of his joy restored Sigismond to health.

But an immense number of Russians, princes and people, fled into other countries, terrified by the cruelties of the Tsar. Can this be considered treason? It is a painful duty for the historian to rank an illustrious man amongst criminals, yet he must be impartial. A young and brave noble, covered from his most tender years with glorious wounds, a man of war, a man of counsel, a companion of the brilliant conquests of Ivan, a hero at Toula, at Kazan, as well as in the deserts of the Baskir Tartars, formerly a favourite and particular friend of the Tsar—alas, the prince André impressed upon his own brow the brand of infamy. Until that moment he had never soiled his glory to the eyes of posterity. Suddenly Ivan withdrew his attachment and sought to condemn an innocent man.

This proud noble, when he had been commanding at Dorpat, had been submitted to all kinds of reproaches and insults, and was astonished to learn that his death was prepared. At an honourable death in the midst of battle he could not tremble, but he groaned at the idea of execution. He explained to his wife that nothing remained except either to die directly before her eyes or to have the courage to quit her for ever. This generous woman replied, that she was ready to sacrifice her happiness to save him, and the prince, bathed in tears, bade her farewell ; he gave his blessing to his boy, leaped the walls of the town by night, and rode rapidly to Volmar, a town occupied by Poles. He was received graciously, and promised a rank and fortune worthy of him. The prince sent a letter to the Tsar, explaining his flight, grief, and indignation, which was conveyed by a faithful servant, who presented it to the Tzar at Moscow. It is, said he, a despatch from my master, now exiled, the prince André. The Tsar, transported with rage, struck him with his iron-loaded bâton. Unmoved, the servant kept silence, while Ivan, leaning on his bâton, read the letter of the prince.

“ Illustrious monarch, already blest of God for the punishment of our sins, consumed to-day with an infernal fury, corrupted to the very depth of conscience ; tyrant, whom the most infidel of sovereigns never offered any example. Hear me, while I utter the accents of truth. Why, in the midst of frightful tortures do you rend those illustrious warriors that heaven has granted thee ? Why shed their blood, sacred and precious in the temples of the Most High ? Burnt they not with zeal for their country ? Thou, so able at calumnies, givest to the faithful the name of traitors ; to Christians, enchanters ; in thy eyes virtues are vices, and light itself is darkness. Were they not heroes who have covered with glory thy reign and name ? What is their recompense ? Death !! Ah ! then, indeed, believest thou thyself immortal ; is there not a God and a supreme tribunal for kings ? I have scrupulously questioned my conscience, and I find no crime there towards thee. Never have thy battalions under my conduct turned their backs to the enemy. Count my battles and my wounds. I would not speak from vanity, but God knows all ; it is to Him that I confide

myself, full of hope in the intercession of the saints, and of my grandfather, the Prince Theodore De Yaroslaf.....

“Adieu ! we now separate for ever, but we shall meet at the final day of doom ; let the tears of innocent victims prepare the punishment of a tyrant. Fear the dead themselves—those whom thou hast already massacred are before the throne of the Sovereign Judge and cry for vengeance ; thy armies will not save thee ; the vile flatterers, who are the companions of thy feasts and debaucheries, corrupters of thy soul, will bring thee their children in sacrifice. This letter, watered with my tears, will be deposited in my tomb. I shall appear with it at the judgment of God. *Amen.* Written in the town of Volmar.”

Ivan, having read the letter, tortured the virtuous courier, but extracted nothing from him but the praises of his master and his content to die for him. All the spectators were astonished at the attachment and firmness of the prince’s faithful servant. Ivan wrote an answer to this letter, full of quotations from the Old and New Testament versions, and the grossest sarcasms, which forms a whole book in the original. Amongst other things, the Tsar wrote, “I’m no longer a child ; I want the grace of God, the protection of the Virgin Mary and all the saints, but no lessons from men. Glory to God, Russia prospers ; my nobles live in peace and concord ; it is only your friends and counsellors who machinate in the dark. You tell me I shall never see your negro face again ; oh heaven ! what a misfortune for me ... ! You surround the throne of the Most High with those that I have destroyed—new heresy. No one, says the Apostle, can see God. Yes, shut up thy letter in thy tomb, and you will only prove that the last spark of Christianity is extinguished in your heart, for a good Christian dies loving and pardoning, and not under the sentiments of hatred. You have abandoned the master that God has given you, to choose a better. Your grand king is the slave of slaves : is it thus surprising that he should be praised by slaves ? But I stop, for Solomon forbids to waste words with madmen, and I consider you one. Written in our residence of Moscow, in Great Russia, the fifth of the month of July, and the year of the world 7072” (1564).

The crime of Prince André¹ was this:—he joined Sigismond, heart and soul, and lavished his counsels for the ruin of Russia. An army of 70,000 men, Poles, Lithuanians, Prussians, Germans, Hungarians, &c., marched against Polotsk, commanded by the traitor André; while 60,000 Tartars attacked another side of Russia. But this invasion was of short duration: Moscow recovered its calm, but it soon experienced a new consternation. Ivan mysteriously departed, taking his Court with him *en masse*, nobles, bishops, and gentlemen, with their families. Long trains bearing gold, silver, the images, the crosses, precious vases, appeared early on the grand place of the Kremlin. Ivan entered the church, attended by his clergy and nobles, ordered “a celebration,” prayed with fervour, received the blessing of Athanasius, presenting graciously his hand to be kissed by the nobles, officers, and merchants. Immediately he mounted his carriage with the Tsarine and his children. In about a fortnight, the Tsar, followed by all his baggage, arrived at the fête of Noel. All at Moscow marvelled at this strange and mysterious movement. Delivered to uneasiness and affright, they expected some sinister catastrophe. A month passed; on the 3rd Jan. 1565, an officer brought a letter from the Tsar, accusing the nobles of having committed seditions, disorders, and crimes, during his minority. He said in the letter, “I testify my resentment against these unworthy ministers. The metropolitan and the clergy defend criminals in order to displease and worry us, so that we will no longer support your perfidies; our hearts being cruelly lacerated, we have abandoned the government of the State, and have departed to follow the road that Providence shall indicate.”

This news spread a profound sensation, for anarchy appeared more terrible still than tyranny. “*The Tsar has abandoned us*,” shrieked the inhabitants, “we are lost. How can sheep rest without a shepherd?” The clergy, the nobles, the grand officers of state and of the tribunals, supplicated the metropolitan to soften the Tsar at any price. “Let him punish,” said they, with a unanimous voice, “let him punish the seditious

¹ André Kourbsky.

and conspirators. Has he not the right over us of life and death? ah, how can the state remain without a chief? he is our legitimate sovereign, whom God has given us; we recognize no other. We will carry to him our heads, we will bow down before him our faces upon the earth. We will touch him with our tears." The merchants and traders said the same thing, and added, "Only let the Tsar point out who betrays him, and we will do justice on them ourselves." The capital abandoned itself to inexpressible anxiety. All business ceased. All offices were closed. Everything seemed at a dead lock: ambassadors were chosen, princes, bishops, nobles, officers, gentlemen, employés of justice, and an immense crowd of people departed to prostrate themselves at the feet of the sovereign and to soften him with their tears.

First of all arrived the prelates; they conjured the Tsar with tearful faces to renew his good graces with the Muscovites, to retake the helm of state, and to reign and act only according to his own good pleasure, and besought him to receive the homage of the nobles who were come. These nobles, when admitted, energetically entreated the Tsar to have pity on Russia. The civil and ecclesiastical dignitaries with one voice declared, "If you despise the grandeur and vanities of this world, remember at least that in quitting Moscow you are abandoning those sacred temples where the miracles of divine glory had been accomplished upon you; where now repose the relics of saints; remember that you are not merely the pastor of the state, but still more the pastor of the church, the first monarch of orthodoxy. If you abandon us, who shall preserve the truth and the purity of our religion, who shall save millions of souls from eternal damnation?" The Tsar replied with his usual fluency. He repeated his reproaches, and pretended that they wished to murder him, himself, his consort, and his sons.....The nobles kept a profound silence, but he added, "Out of regard for my father Athanasius, and consideration for your venerable intercessors, archbishops and bishops, I am willing to retake my sceptre under the conditions that I shall make known to you."

What were these conditions? That Ivan should be entirely

at liberty, without hearing representations or clerical importunities, to chastise traitors by death, disgrace, or confiscation ! These few words pronounced the sentence of death of many of the nobles then in his presence. Not one seemed to think of his own life, absorbed only with the desire of recovering the sovereign by this frightful submission.

By this subtle decision he robbed the ecclesiastics of their antique and sacred right of interceding for the innocent, and for transgressors still worthy of clemency. He then celebrated the fête of the Epiphany. He returned to Moscow on the 2nd February, convoked the whole court the next day, but his aspect excited in the assemblage a profound astonishment.

[For more than a month Ivan had been brooding over his future plans of massacre. The storm of his gathering passions appeared already to have scathed the natural beauty of his countenance. Our historian lays great stress upon this sudden ruin of his features and expression. He was about to put in execution a scheme for indiscriminate plunder and assassination on such a scale as history has nowhere before depicted. We return to our author Karamsin in the next chapter : and we preserve the literal meaning in the translation with scrupulous attention.]

CHAPTER V.

IVAN THE TERRIBLE (Continued).

WE may as well here describe the exterior of Ivan IV. This prince, tall, well-made, with high shoulders, muscular arms, large chest, beautiful hair, long moustachios, large and aquiline nose, small grey eyes, but brilliant and full of fire,—was on the whole a handsome man (*bello di corpo*), and his figure revealed no ferocity. He now appeared totally changed; they hardly recognised him; a dark fierceness loomed in his altered looks; his eyes were sunken; he was almost bald; and only a little of his beard remained, the inexplicable effect of the fury which devoured his soul. He enumerated afresh the faults of the nobles, and now proposed the establishment of a new personal guard, the Opritchnina, a word hitherto unknown. He then declared that about twenty distinguished towns belonged to him entirely, as well as their revenues.

He chose a thousand satellites, whom he afterwards increased to six thousand, and presented to them, as it were, the ownership, and removed the proprietors elsewhere. He seized even in Moscow many streets, whence he chased every gentleman and employé whose name was not inscribed in the Tsar's "thousand."

Of the officers of this chosen legion he appointed for his service all manner of agents. Taking a hatred to the Kremlin, he built a new fortress outside for the residence of himself and satellites. The whole of the remainder of the empire was divided into Communes which were confided to nobles.

Perhaps one of the most fearful deeds ever perpetrated in

the history of the world, was the appointment of this band of ferocious brigands by IVAN.

He chose them for their audacity, base birth, debauchery and corruption, which fitted them for any enterprise, however wicked. He delivered into their hands the spoils of 12000 proprietors, who were driven from their possessions in abject poverty, with their wives and families, in the depth of winter, many of whom were distinguished for honourable wounds and service. The gentlemen of the new guard, so recently elevated from the lowest ranks, concealed their baseness under cover of magnificence, and even robbed the workpeople of their wages. Law and justice ceased to exist. A common stratagem was this: a member of this new Legion of Honour causes his valet to secrete himself in a house, hiding there his master's property. He calls in the police to take the pretended robber, identifies the property as his own, and then exacts from the owner of the house, as a receiver of stolen goods, a tremendous fine of a hundred thousand roubles, sometimes, says Karamsin, even more. If he failed to pay, the accuser had the right to beat him with rods in the public square until he did. Sometimes a tyrant-guard would leave some object in a rich shop, and then, fetching a rabble of police, accuse the merchant of theft, and ruin him at once. From the upper to the lowest class all were terror-stricken and mute. These troops carried the heads of dogs and also brooms attached to their saddles, to teach the people that they ate up the enemies of the Tsar, and swept them from his kingdom. Ivan now gave the name of Brothers to 300 of the most depraved of his guard, and to three others the title of Abbé, Treasurer, and Sacristan. All the Brothers attended service in the church at three o'clock in the morning, to the sound of the great bell; an absentee was punished by eight days' prison. During service the Tsar was so devout as to carry on his forehead the marks of his frequent prostrations. Mass at eight; at ten all dined except Ivan, who read aloud salutary precepts. The repast was lavish, the wine flowed, and hydromel, so that each day was a feast. The Abbot, *i.e.* the Tsar, dined after them: discoursed religiously, slept, or repaired to the prisons to superintend the tortures. These horrid

spectacles seemed to amuse him, he always returned from them radiant with satisfaction; he gave way to pleasantries and talked more gaily. At eight, vespers; and at ten three blind men discoursed him to sleep. He rose to pray. Sometimes they brought him reports in the church; sometimes he gave them orders for sanguinary executions during Morning Song, or the Mass. When ambassadors arrived he appeared in magnificent costume, and received them at the new palace of the Kremlin; and the "Brothers," or banditti, habited in cloth of gold, regarded the native nobles with an eye of disdain and pride, as if they were slaves, unworthy of their favour. Ivan appointed a new metropolitan. He delighted in his accents reverberating under the arches of the temple so long given to silence. The monster slept. From the depth of his den (*du fond de son antre*) the tyrant cast upon Moscow a ferocious glance. Feodorof, a man honoured, a great general, whitened in the service of the state, was declared a conspirator, (the Tsar feigning to believe it). He clothed him with royal ornaments, crowned him, and placed him on his throne. Then uncovering, he said, "I salute you as grand Tsar of Russia; you receive from me the honour for which you were so ambitious; but if I have had the power to create you a sovereign, I have also that to de-throne you." At these words Ivan plunged his dagger into the heart of the old man (1567).

The Prince Tchematef escaped to a monastery and renounced all. The "brothers" snatched him from his cell and killed him with frightful tortures. An immense number of nobles perished. The "brothers," armed with long daggers and hatchets, rushed everywhere, seeking fresh victims. In the streets, upon the open spaces, everywhere, were seen bodies of the dead that no one dared to bury. The citizens feared to go out; a profound silence reigned in Moscow, which was only interrupted by the ferocious cries of the executioners of the Tsar. The good people flew to the metropolitan, groaning at the streets stained with blood. He promised them to save his compatriots or die in the attempt. Ivan and his suite appeared in the cathedral in black. The prelate refused to bless him; and reproached him with worshipping God while his hands

were reeking with innocent blood. Ivan raged, and ordered greater massacres. Having cast the old prelate naked into a dungeon, loaded with chains, Ivan abandoned himself to ferocity. He began to exterminate whole towns. Nothing disarmed his barbarity. In June, 1566, a plague commenced and devastated large cities, one after another; people died quite suddenly. A cordon of troops cut off all communication. In Kazan appeared suddenly an innumerable number of rats, and devoured the wheat everywhere: in vain did the labourers attempt to stop their ravages: they came from the snowy forests. With foreign countries Ivan conducted the affairs of state with grandeur and *éclat*.

Marie, the second wife of Ivan, died on the 1st September, 1569. Anastasie had borne away into the tomb all the virtues of Ivan, if he had any; but Marie seemed to have bequeathed to him the faculty of surpassing himself in the career of cruelties. Ivan now spread the report that the latter princess had been poisoned, like the Princess Anastasie, by secret machinations. The Prince Vladimir was yet living, but Ivan still nourished the memory of the faults he had committed sixteen years before. He had already pardoned him and assigned to him a handsome residence in the Kremlin. He tenderly invited this cousin to visit him at Nijni-Novgorod. Ivan prepared his death in the following manner:—He employed the palace cook to declare that Vladimir had given him money to destroy Ivan by poison. He with his wife and two little boys were brought before the Tsar, protesting their innocence. “Traitors,” cried he, “you have prepared poison for me, and now you shall drink it instead.” His wife, Eudoxia, a lady of high birth and virtue, seeing that there was no hope and their murderer had no pity, dried her tears and said to her husband with firmness, “Our death is no suicide, it is the tyrant who poisons us—it is better to die by the hand of the Tsar than by the executioner.” Vladimir took his last farewell of his wife, and drank the cup to the dregs; Eudoxia and her children followed his example, praying together. The poison began to operate. Ivan remained to witness their convulsions and death; he then called the ladies and servants of the princess, saying, “Behold the bodies of

my enemies; you were in their service, but I will be clement towards you, and grace you with your life." Seized with horror, they cried out with one voice, "Sanguinary monster, we want none of your pity, we execrate you; tear us in pieces, we despise life and torment." Thus did they brave death and shame. Ivan ordered them to be stripped naked and shot. These murders seemed to rouse the generous sentiments of Russia to a state of wild excitement. The people forgot to fear, and wept in their houses and temples. They did not believe in the accusation, they saw only a fratricide goaded rather by hatred than inspired by suspicion.

Ivan seemed only to be waiting for excuses to immolate fresh victims. A vagabond, named Peter, a native of Volhynia, had been chastised at Novgorod for bad conduct; he, determined to be revenged, wrote a forged letter in the name of the archbishop, and secreted it behind the image of the Virgin in the Church of St Sophia. He then fled to Moscow, and declared to the Tsar that Novgorod was betraying Russia. But this required proof. The subtle conspirator said he could easily give the proof. The Tsar ordered his confidant to go with him to Novgorod, he then indicated the position of the letter. The letter was found, in which it was stated that the archbishop, clergy, and the whole population were plotting a submission to Poland.

In December, 1569, the Tsar, with his son Ivan, all his court, and his diabolical banditti, went to the ancient town Twer; he thought that all its inhabitants were his secret enemies; his favourite guards, at his signal, destroyed every one they could find. One of his myrmidons, Malutar, was sent to destroy the holy old saint, Philip, living in a monastery. The old man divined the object of the assassin, and said to him with gentleness, "For a long time I have waited for death, let the will of the sovereign be accomplished." The other members of the convent buried their master in the presence of his murderer. His relics were transported afterwards to Moscow, in 1652, where they are still regarded with the veneration of the faithful. Ivan now began his public amusements, torturing and rending the inhabitants in pieces, imitating the diabol-

cal cruelties of the Tartars, who were there in 1327. Novgorod was next attacked. He proceeded in this manner:—All the towns were first depopulated on his route. Of all the monks twenty roubles a head were demanded, those who could not pay were deliberately flogged from morning till night; the next day all the monks who failed to pay were beaten to death with clubs and sent back to their monasteries for interment. He now invited to dinner—after mass in the church, where he prayed with great fervour—all his boyards at the episcopal palace, in the midst of which he uttered a terrible shout; at this sudden signal his satellites appeared, seized the archbishop and all his retinue, devastating the church, the palace, the town, and the rich monasteries. Then he commenced the judgments, which were presided over by himself and his son. Every day they brought before them five hundred or a thousand Novgorodians, who were immediately felled, tortured, or burnt by combustible compositions, or, attached to sledges by the head or feet, were drawn to the river side, and were precipitated into the water from the bridge—whole families, wives with their husbands, mothers with their infants; while the Muscovites, in boats, armed with clubs, spears, and hatchets, pursued them upon the river.

This massacre lasted five weeks, and finished with a general sack. Ivan, this human devil, followed by his legion of fiends, visited all the neighbouring monasteries, stole all the treasures of the churches, razed the buildings, destroyed the horses and cattle, and burnt the grain. Novgorod was wasted. The Tsar pranced about the streets, looking at his greedy soldiers besieging the houses and the magazines, forcing the gates and entering the windows and enjoying the pillage and the extermination of the inhabitants effected without distinction and without question.

It was now the second week in Lent, the 12th February, 1570. The Tsar ordered all the remainder of the inhabitants to appear before him. Spectral, pale, emaciated by despair and terror, and awaiting the stroke of death, they were astonished to see that Ivan regarded them with a look of clemency and kindness. The fury which had flashed in his eyes was extinguished like a frightful meteor. He addressed them kindly,

—“Inhabitants of Novgorod, you who have preserved life, pray God to give us a happy reign, pray for our soldiers, faithful servants of Jesus Christ, in order that we may triumph over our enemies visible and invisible. Now let tears and groans cease and your grief and regrets be calmed; live and prosper in Novgorod. I leave you, return in peace to your dwellings.” About 60,000 men were slain at Novgorod; the citizens buried in a field, near the Church of the Nativity, 10,000 bodies without rites. But a poor beggar was seen at this touching spectacle, named Ivan Igatzo, who alone during the REIGN OF TERROR had interred the dead and prayed for them.

Ivan next reserved Pskof for the same fate as Novgorod, but its prince, by a happy audacity, snatched the city from destruction. When the citizens were affrighted at the approach of Ivan, he caused the bells of all the churches to peal loudly. His heart softened strangely; the idea that God might listen to the people in their distress seemed to touch him to the quick. In an inexplicable pang of pity he said to his generals, “Blunt your swords upon the stones, let the slaughter cease.” The next day, by the counsel of the prince, the citizens presented themselves at the head of their families, and offered to Ivan bread and salt, blessing him. “Sire,” said they, “receive from us, your faithful subjects, this bread and salt, offered with our love; dispose of our lives and possessions, for all we have is yours.” This unexpected submission pleased Ivan; but a hermit, Nicholas, appeared on the scene: he feigned madness and offered to the sovereign a piece of raw meat; but the prince said, “I am a Christian, and I do not eat meat in Lent.” The anchorite replied, “You do worse, you are nourished with human blood and flesh, forgetting not only Lent, but God himself.” Then, in a threatening tone, he predicted horrible woes against Ivan, and inspired him with such fear that he retreated immediately; and thus the town was spared. We omit the narrative of still greater horrors detailed by Russian historians.

* * * * *

Ivan, however, had spared the riches of the priests and monks in general, but he could not resist the temptation of

carrying off the treasures of the convents, some sacred vessels, images, and books. And bidding farewell to the ancient country of the celebrated Olga, urged by a superstitious dread, he proceeded towards the capital, with the insatiable desire of assuaging an unquenchable lust for slaughter, in the search for new victims. His private physician, Arnolphe Lensey, his secret confidant, was the recipient, at night, of his horrid meditations. He arrived at Moscow.

He suddenly tortured, and finally executed before the eyes of the Moscowites, a number of distinguished people in a manner utterly astounding: even they, accustomed to horror, became unspeakably shocked. Ivan's eldest son was the active and murderous assistant of his father.

It is impossible to describe this new reign of terror. France and Spain have had their tortures and massacres; even the Inquisition had the semblance of piety. But these Russian barbarities had no religious motive whatever. They were imperial amusements: quite as much so as the gladiatorial spectacles of ancient Rome. But these men saluted the Emperor, and died, according to their ideas, gloriously, sword in hand, amid the plaudits of a nation. Compare these immolations with the Russian pandemonium—"All eyes averted in horror," except those of the perpetrators. We translate literally: "On the 25th of July, 1570, in the midst of the grand market-place were seen erected eighteen platforms (in the quarter called Kitai-Gorod): instruments of torture were displayed: enormous piles of wood were lighted, above which was suspended an immense copper filled with water¹. At these dreadful preparations, the Moscowites felt their last hour had arrived: and believed the Tsar was about to destroy both them and their city, all at once. Lost in affright, they fled, abandoning their shops, houses, goods, and money, only hoping for concealment. The whole city was deserted: only a few Oprichnicks stood round the torture-places, stirring up the fires, in deep silence. Suddenly the air resounded with the roll of

¹ Guagnini 287, Taube et Kruse, p. 225. These last authors relate that Ivan awaited the departure of the Polish Ambassadors and the Duke Magnus who were then at Moscow, in order to put these punishments into execution.

drums. The Tsar and his eldest son arrived on horseback ; boyards, and the leaders of his infernal legion, marched in fine order, followed by three hundred persons condemned, resembling spectres, black and bruised, torn, ensanguined, and scarcely able to drag themselves forward. Arrived at the place of torture, Ivan cast his eyes around, and, surprised to observe no spectators, ordered his familiars to assemble the inhabitants on the spot. Impatient at the delay, he followed, calling the people to come and witness the spectacle prepared : promising them grace. They dared not disobey. They emerged from holes and caves, and cellars, where they had hidden ; crowded to the executions : and swarmed upon the walls. Then the Tsar raised his voice :

“People of Moscow, you are going to witness tortures, and executions. I punish some traitors. Answer me, my judgment does it not appear to you just?” Ivan granted life to 180 of these tortured victims. The rest were disposed of in a manner too horrible to describe. One of them was his treasurer, Founikof, accused without cause, of treasons. “It is for the last time,” said the Tsar, “that I salute you upon earth, and I pray God to accord you in the next world a reward worthy of your actions.” These words were meant to be stinging sarcasm, instantly illustrated by the deeds that followed¹. In a quarter of an hour they put to death about two hundred men. It is significant that during these demoniacal proceedings, the Tsar himself on horseback stabbed some with his spear ; some were hung, or decapitated, others hacked in pieces. After all was over, the assassins formed round the Tsar as their chief, shouting the old Tartar cry, *Hoïda, Hoïda*, and glorified his justice. The wretch, who was the inciter of these deeds, rested three days at Moscow to bury the dead. On the fourth day he commenced again.

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“It is impossible to read,” says Karamsin, “without a groan, in the memoirs of the contemporary writers, the details of

¹ “They then poured, alternately, boiling and iced water upon his person until he expired in horrible torments.”—The Russian historian, Karamsin, Vol. ix. p. 199. Paris edition, 1823.

these infernal inventions of tyranny¹. Russia was petrified with horror; but the palace of Ivan resounded with revelry and joyous feasts. He delivered himself to pleasure, thronged by assassins and actors, who brought with them bears from Novgorod, and other places, which he let loose upon the people who unwittingly approached the palace: and roared with delight at the horrible shrieks of the flying people, who were caught and torn by these ferocious and hungry animals.

* * * * *

“One of the principal amusements of the Tsar was a numerous troop of court fools, whose duty it was to cause merriment, both before and after his murders. A distinguished member of this fraternity was Prince Gvozdef, of elevated rank. On one occasion, discontented with one of his pleasantries, the Tsar threw upon his head a bowl of boiling soup. The unfortunate man uttered a cry, and fled, but the Tsar was too quick for him: he struck him with his knife: Gvozdef, bathed in blood, fell senseless. Arnolphe, the doctor, was called. ‘Save my servant,’ said Ivan, ‘I have joked with him a little too rudely.’ ‘So rudely,’ said Arnolphe, ‘that God alone, and not your majesty, can give him back his life. He breathes no more.’ The Tsar, with a gesture of contempt, called the dead a dog, and continued his amusements.” (p. 207.)

Perhaps one of the most significant proofs of the dumb and terrified submission of the Russian people to these nameless deeds is given in the following relation by Karamsin:

“Another day, when the Tsar was at table, Boris Titof, Voievode of Slavitza, presented himself, bowing to the earth, with the accustomed address: ‘May God preserve thee, my dear Voievode!’ said the Tsar, ‘you merit a favour from me;’ and taking a knife he cut off an ear! Titof, without the least sign of pain, and without change of expression, thanked the Tsar for his gracious punishment, and wished him a happy reign². Plunged in sensuality, the Tsar seemed often to tire of his plea-

¹ “They constructed peculiar torture furnaces: made pincers: iron claws; long spindles: they cut off their limbs piecemeal, they sawed them in two with cords: flayed them in strips: scorched them to death,” &c., Karamsin, Vol. ix. p. 205.

² Karamsin gives this account from Guagnini, p. 254.

sures, refused meats and liquors, and abandoned feasts: then, with a voice of thunder, he would call his legion, mount his horse, and rush to the massacres. A man of spirit once nearly slew him with a spear, but his son, always at his side, snatched away his weapon, and slew the courageous Bykovsky, who would have been worthy of the name of the Russian Tell. The son Ivan intended to destroy in the minds of the people all hope that his reign would be less cruel than his father's: after killing more than a hundred persons, he would return to the palace amidst the Tartar shouts of the legion—‘Höida, Höida,’ and again sit down to dinner: yet some dared to reproach the Tsar at his own table. He had compelled Mitkof to empty a cup of wine-hydromel¹: then this courageous man cried out, ‘O Tsar, you order us to drink with you hydromel, mixed with the blood of Christians, our brothers.’ At these words, Ivan felled him with his iron mace. Mitkof, having made the sign of the Cross, expired, praying. Such,” says our author, “were the Tsar and his subjects: which astonish us the most? If he was not the greatest of tyrants, they were the most resigned of victims, because they regarded the sovereign power as that of God himself. Tyranny appeared to them an effect of celestial anger punishing their sins, and, full of faith and hope, they awaited the day of pity: but they feared not death, consoled by the idea of another life, where virtue receives its recompense. (p. 208.)

“Let us close these tableaux of horror: pestilence and famine aided the tyrant to depopulate Russia. It seemed that the earth had lost its fertility, and cold or drought destroyed the meagre harvests gathered in: the excessive dearness of provisions in the markets caused the poor to howl with despair. The famine exceeded all others on record. In an open country, the pallid exhausted wretches expired on the roads. But there was no open revolt: only private murders for the sake of obtaining sustenance². A pestilence now began to ravage the remainder. All travellers without passports entering Russia were ordered to be burnt with their horses to stop the infection.”

Notwithstanding the atrocities of Ivan, the meek, submis-

¹ Probably red wine.

² See despatch, dated Aug. 8, 1571, p. 115.

sive, and superstitious Slavs adored the tyrant still. A memorable instance of fidelity is given in the following anecdote:

“Nothing,” writes a Livonian author, “neither tortures nor dishonour, could weaken Russian devotion to the Tsar.” The Prince Sougorsky, ambassador to Germany in 1576, fell sick *en route* in Courland. Its duke frequently inquired of his health. The only reply was incessantly, “My health matters nothing, provided my sovereign’s prospers.” The minister, surprised, said—“How can you serve a tyrant with so much zeal?” He replied, “We Russians are always devoted to our Tsars, good or cruel.” To prove this, the sick envoy repeated this story—“My master Ivan had impaled a man of mark for a light fault, who for twenty-four hours, in his dying agonies, talked with his family, and without ceasing kept repeating—*‘Great God, protect the Tsar.’*” (Vol. IX. p. 344.)

The priesthood remained passive until Ivan dared to set the laws of the Church at defiance by marrying a fifth wife, Anna. She however soon died and was buried. His sixth wife was a widow. There was no marriage ceremony. Ivan contented himself with the blessing of his confessor.

* * * * *

Ivan returned triumphant to Moscow. The Khan was subdued, the Sultan no longer thought of war. Lithuania and Poland desired the friendship of Russia. Famine and plague disappeared. It seemed as though Heaven wished to soften the heart of a sovereign who had proved by the horrors of an unparalleled tyranny the unquenchable fidelity of his subjects.

To their joyous astonishment he suddenly abolished his guard of satellites, which for seven years had brought ruin and woe to the country. The Russians dared to hope that the time of injustice had passed, and that they would again live in peace and security. Ivan justified these hopes by a few acts of equitable rule. It seemed as though Providence had not abandoned Russia to a blind fatality.

Boris Godounof, a man whose noble nature was tainted with excessive ambition, had for a time a good influence over his sovereign, and it may be that it was he who contrived the suppression of his guard.

The "brotherhood," so fatal to Moscow, had ceased to exist, says Karamsin, but Tyranny was not yet satiated with victims.

In 1577 Livonia had been conquered. We shall now see how cowardice is natural to a tyrant. Ivan appears on the page of history for the last time as a demon of darkness.

This is the sixth epoch of massacres. Prince Michael was accused by one of his serfs of seeking the aid of magicians to compass the death of the Tsar. He defended himself in the following words, "Sire, I serve with zeal God and my sovereign, and I have recourse in my sorrows to the altars of the Most High, and not to sorcerers. The slave who calumniates me is a fugitive and a robber, how can you believe his testimony?" Still, though seemingly convinced, Ivan would not spare, and himself helped to pile the faggots round the body of the prince.Our limits do not admit of giving in detail this epoch of massacres, and we gladly pass on to an interesting episode in Ivan's diplomatic life.

Whilst involved in a war with Poland he heard that Veliki-Louki was taken. From his retreat at Alexandrovsky he sent envoys to Varsovie to treat for peace. They were ordered to return to the Tsar with this reply, "I shall never accord either embassy, peace or treaty, until the Russian army has evacuated Livonia." Ivan humbled himself even to enjoining his messengers to bear meekly any insults and injuries heaped upon them. "Thus," says the Russian historian, "a Tsar of Muscovy drained to the dregs the cup of opprobrium; eternal shame that he merits."

Not succeeding with this humility, Ivan wrote thus to the king, "Treason has made you master of Polotsk, and by a solemn manifesto you are now trying to seduce my people, and engage them to betray their sovereign, their conscience and their God. You fight with perfidy for weapons, not with the sword, and your soldiers mutilate the dead....with a barbarous atrocity. I desire peace; you encourage murders; I make sacrifices; you raise new pretensions; and, to crown all, you demand gold for having iniquitously and disloyally devastated my realm....Man of blood, remember there is a God!"

The king of Poland replied to this letter by a third cam-

paign, preceded by a despatch of surpassing piquancy. He wrote, "You reproach me with having mutilated the dead; 'tis a calumny: it is certain that you torture the living: you accuse me of perfidy; you, author of false treaties, fraudulently altered in their sense by the insertion of articles which favour your mad ambition.....Where are you, *God of the Russians*, as your wretched slaves are compelled to call you? We see neither you nor your vaunted standard of the Cross. You terrify the Russians, but not your enemies, with your crucifix. If it be true that you would spare Christian blood, I challenge you to mortal combat, body to body; name the time and the place, and may God defend the right!" (p. 407.)

Ivan, on hearing this despatch, said to the Polish envoy, "We will reply to our brother, King Etienne." Then rising from his seat, continued, "Make our compliments to your sovereign."

Pope Gregory now came on the scene. He formed a scheme for, as he said, christianizing Europe, and wished for Ivan's co-operation in attempting to overthrow the Turks. The pope promised to induce Poland to be at peace with Russia, in return for which he expected Ivan would merge the Greek in the Catholic faith. Ivan refused this; but would gladly assist in the destruction of the Ottoman empire. Gregory's Jesuit ambassador, Antoine Klenchen, was treated with great affability and condescension by the Tsar.

He returned to Poland and found Etienne surrounded by his splendid troops. An Ottoman ambassador on beholding them exclaimed, "If only the Sultan and Batory would league together they might conquer the world."

On the 25th of August, 1581, Batory, the king of Poland, began the siege of Pskof. The siege lasted three years, but the Russian priests did good service when the defenders were killed in the breaches by showers of balls; the Russian defenders were about to fly, but were rallied by the appearance of the priests carrying the image of the Virgin and the relics of St Gabriel. The Russians, inspired by the sight, shouted, "We will not abandon our protectors the relics," then even the women armed with spears fell upon the Poles. A *Te Deum*

was sung for the repulse. Ivan trembled with affright at the successes also of invading Swedes, he thought not of the resources of Russia, he could see nothing but the force of the enemy, and he placed all his hopes in the pope's Jesuit, Antoine, who ere long wrote from the camp of Batory that Ivan might obtain peace on certain conditions, and for this purpose he awaited the Russian plenipotentiaries. During this siege the Russians had made no less than forty-six *sorties*.

A treaty of peace was concluded amidst very lively discussions during many days. On one occasion, in a moment of vivacity, the *humble* Jesuit, Antoine, snatched from the hands of the writer the minutes of the treaty, which he threw down on the ground, and took the Russian dignitary by the throat. Ivan lost Livonia by this arrangement, but he caused himself to be designated in the treaty which despoiled him, as Sovereign and Tsar of Livonia, in the sense of being Emperor, the very thing that the Polish papal ambassadors would not agree to.....

"The three years' war was disastrous to Russia and more ignominious for Ivan than glorious for the Poles. With an army as numerous as that of Xerxes he surrendered with Livonia the honour and interest of his country to the exhausted remnant of a medley of foreign troops.

"For nearly 600 years Russia had governed the savage inhabitants of Livonia from the reign of Vladimir the Great, and had levied tribute in the province of Dorpat!

"Yet the people, sighing for peace, blessed the end of a disastrous war." Ivan wrote to Queen Elizabeth, requesting an asylum, which she granted graciously.

The Tsar Ivan prepared for Russia a second self in the person of his eldest son Ivan, the particular object of his affections. He busied him in the affairs of state. A companion of his debaucheries and murders, Ivan determined that this young prince should not blush for his father whose first two wives had been forced to take the veil. The son entirely imitated the caprices of the father as regards his wives and concubines. We must remember, his education had frightfully hardened his heart, but though plunged in dissipation he displayed a fine diplomatic spirit, and keenly felt the ignominy of his country.

Whilst peace was being arranged, touched with the general grief of the nation at its humiliation, the Tsarevitch was animated by a noble zeal. He arose in the Hall of Council, and crossed over to his father and demanded to be sent at the head of an army, to drive away the enemy, and restore the honour of Russia. Karamsin continues (p. 447):

“This generous sentiment excited the fury of Ivan. ‘Rebel,’ shouted he, ‘you would dethrone me in concert with the boyards.’ He raised his arm against his son; Boris rushed in vain to stop him, the Tsar with his mace inflicted many wounds, and one violent blow upon his head felled his unfortunate son to the ground. At this sight the father’s fury vanished. Stricken with horror, pale, and quivering, Ivan shrieked with accents of despair, ‘Wretch that I am, I have slain my son!’ He cast himself upon him weeping, he embraced him, trying to staunch the blood which streamed from a deep wound, he raised great cries for the help of physicians. He implored the pity of God and the pardon of his son...but divine justice was about to accomplish its own decrees....The Tsarevitch kissed the hands of his father and lavished upon him tender signs of love and compassion, telling him not to abandon himself to despair.”

“The gladiator fell with grace, not through a vile pride, but by an effort of charity, in order to assuage the remorse of his culpable father. He protested with his dying breath his fidelity, his submission to the legitimate sovereign of Russia, and he died kissing the hands that had killed him, blessing God, his father, and his country....What a tragedy! never had pagan or Christian Rome produced anything more noble than these long adieus between the son of Ivan and his father.” “If the Russians,” continues Custine, “know not how to be humane, they know sometimes how to rise above humanity.” The Russian, more severe, revokes in doubt the sincerity of Ivan’s grief. “It is true that it endured a while, but I do not believe it was sincere.”

He expired, says Karamsin, four hours afterwards, in the horrible retreat Alexandrovsky. In the midst of those very walls, where, year by year, the innocent were slain, the Tsar, with haggard eye, stupefied, remained many days, sitting near the body of his victim, refusing food and sleep. At the funeral

rites, despoiled of the marks of his dignity, covered with dingy vestments, he rent the air with his cries, and dashed his head against the ground and the coffin of his son. "Behold," says the Russian narrator, "how celestial judgment falls sometimes in this world upon monsters of inhumanity." For some days he was abandoned to the most violent anguish. In the middle of the night, as if horrified by spectres, he woke with a start, fell upon his bed, uttering frightful shrieks. In the trouble of his soul he convoked the boyards, and addressed them gravely: "The hand of God is heavy upon me, nothing remains but to finish my days in a monastery. Theodore, my second son, could not reign long; choose, then, a worthy monarch; I surrender to him at this moment my sceptre and realms." His subjects, with that astonishing submission and devotion, which might be called abject, replied, unanimously, "Do not abandon us; we wish no other sovereign than those which God has given us—you and your son." Ivan went into mourning; he imposed upon himself penances, and sent 10,000 roubles to the patriarchs of Constantinople, Antioch, and Jerusalem, engaging them to pray God for the repose of his son's soul. Little by little his agitation was becalmed.

The Jesuit, Antoine, reappeared boasting that it was he that had wrung the peace from Poland, and that in return he now demanded the union of the Russian-Greek Church with the Romish Church. "The Catholics," said Ivan to Antoine, "are free to live among us according to their religion without reproach or shame; let that suffice." It is curious to remark that Antoine rated the Russians roundly for their *bizarre* manners as compared with the rest of Europe. For instance, the Tsar, whenever he let the German ambassadors kiss his hand, instantly washed it in their presence, as if soiled by their touch. Here ceased, for a long time, all relations between Rome and Moscow.

In 1572, English commerce with Russia recommenced with new vigour. Queen Elizabeth wrote to Ivan that the English sailors were made by the king of Denmark to pay toll for their passage towards Russia. Some letters were exchanged. Ivan, in a letter to her, complains that the queen did not kiss the

cross upon his letter in the presence of his ambassador, and that her merchants behaved themselves very ill. Nevertheless, Ivan entertained a personal friendship for Elizabeth. The English agents at Moscow, indeed, highly lauded her grand qualities, described her noble figure, amiability, good intentions, and friendship for the Tsar. Ivan, already married for the sixth or seventh time, and knowing the pregnancy of Marie, his last wife, earnestly sought for an illustrious English bride, in order to strengthen his alliance with Elizabeth. The affair is so remarkable in English history that some particulars are here inserted. Robert Jacobi, a physician of the English court, arrived at Moscow in the summer 1581, bringing a letter from the English queen. She wrote, “I yield up to you, *my dear brother*, a most skilful physician, who, although very useful to me, is more necessary to you. You may abandon your health to him in all confidence. I send with him apothecaries and surgeons (*expédiés de gré ou de force*), although, indeed, we have not enough of these people for ourselves.”

Ivan now asked Robert if he could find in England either a widow or a girl worthy the hand of a sovereign. “I know only one,” he replied, “it is Marie Hastings, thirty years of age, and daughter of the Count of Huntingdon, a rich prince, and niece of the Queen on her mother’s side.”

Jacobi captivated the imagination of Ivan by the picture he drew of Marie, and a gentleman was immediately despatched to London, instructed to form an intimate alliance and make most particular inquiries as to the relation of Marie to the queen, her real rank, and how many brothers and sisters she had, and to obtain the most complete information as to her personal charms. Also to declare that Marie must embrace the Greek religion, that Feodor was the rightful heir, and that her issue should have particular possessions or estates. The envoy was very highly honoured. She rose as soon as Ivan’s name was pronounced, took some steps forward, and received the letter and the presents of the Tsar, saying, with a smile, that she knew not the Russian language. She then inquired after the health of her friend, testified her regret at the death of his son, and, in a word, shewed a great deal of good-humour and

affability, upon which the envoy declared to her the attachment of the Tsar for her, and his preference for her above all other European sovereigns; she replied, "I love him also with sincerity, and I earnestly desire to see him some day with my own eyes." On the 18th January the queen sent for the Russian envoy, and received him alone. She informed him that Marie Hastings, only distinguished by her moral qualities, could not be pleasing to a prince who was a notorious lover of beauty. "Besides," added Elizabeth, "she has just had the small-pox, and you cannot see her in that state, neither can she have her portrait painted whilst her face is purple and marked with this malady." Notwithstanding, the Russian ambassador still insisted on seeing her; he waited many months, hoping to be gratified. The queen then sent an envoy to Ivan, and offered to send him the portraits of ten or more of the fairest and noblest of English maidens; but his illness and approaching death interfered with any further matrimonial aspirations, 1584.

Ivan still expected to live many years, enjoying apparent health; but his excessive passions and vices had destroyed his constitution. In the winter of 1584 appeared a comet in the form of a cross. The Tsar observed it attentively for a long time, and then said to those around him, "*Behold the omen of my death.*" Haunted by this idea, he gathered sixty astrologers from various parts. He housed them in Moscow, and sent Belsky daily to discuss the comet. The monarch was soon seized with an alarming illness; the astrologers declared he had only a few days to live. He swore that he would have them burnt alive if they had the audacity to spread the report. Before he died he exhorted his son Feodor to reign with piety, love, and clemency, and to avoid wars with Christians. A mournful silence reigned in the court; for a court always weeps, or feigns to weep, when a monarch is dying. Forgetting the cruelties of the Tsar, the citizens, prostrated in the temples, made vows for his restoration. Persecuted families—the widows and orphans of his fury—implored heavenly aid in his favour. And he, on the verge of the tomb, causing himself to be carried into the room where his treasures were stored, gazed fondly at his precious jewels. Was this man a repenting sinner, was

he thinking of the awful judgments of his God ? After a time he became delirious, he called aloud for the son whom he had slain, he imagined he saw him, and spoke to him tenderly. On the 17th of March he appeared a little better, and said to Belsky, "Go, put to death those impostors, the astrologers; they foretold this as the day of my death, and I feel myself stronger." He took a bath, afterwards returned to his bed and rested for some time. Then he arose, asked for a chess-board, and, sitting on the bed, he arranged the pieces for a game with Belsky. Suddenly he fell, and closed his eyes for ever. His country mourned him, and why ?

Karamsin's Character of Ivan the Terrible.

"The Russian treasury was enriched with foreign commerce, by exchanges of merchandise, by taxes imposed upon her towns and people, and especially by the disendowment of many of the domains of the Church. By these means arsenals were established, containing 2000 cannon, fortresses and luxurious palaces were built. The fêtes and grand entertainments held in Moscow astonished all foreigners. One dinner lasted five or six hours, and comprised 700 guests. At the Kremlin, 2000 allied Tartars were sumptuously dined on their way to Livonia. In Ivan's triumphant progresses, his guards were covered with gold : their armour and harness brilliantly polished. The whole offered a spectacle of Asiatic magnificence. When Ivan presided at a review, 5000 of the *élite* of his legion, five abreast, opened the march : then followed hundreds of princes, voievodes, and dignitaries marching three abreast ahead of the Tsar..... In the Church ceremonies, Ivan exhibited the same astonishing magnificence in the sight of the people ; in whose memory the brilliant celebrity of their monarch survived all the more sombre reflections. The silent witnesses of these Russian atrocities were profoundly buried at the bottom of the archives : while in the course of ages, *Kazan*, *Astrakan*, and *Siberia* were imperishable monuments of his glory. The Russians who revere in him the illustrious author of their power and their civilization, have rejected, or forgotten, the NAME OF TYRANT,

which his contemporaries had bestowed upon him." Thus apologizes the Russian historian for the pride still felt by the people for the name of Ivan the Terrible.

Extracts from State Papers.

The earliest notices of diplomatic intercourse between Russia and Great Britain as given in the English State papers are as follows:—

1515, April. *Sir Robert Wingfield to Henry VIII.*

The King of Poland is coming here with a great company to treat matters in variance between him and the Great Russ of Russia.

1515, May 20. *The same to the same.*

The Duke of Russye hath now, in the absence of the King of Poland, given a great overthrow to the said King of Polis army.

1515, Sep. 7. *The same to the same.*

Wrote last on the first from Insbroke. The Emperor arrived the same night and on the 3rd went hunting with Jemsis (Chamoi). An Embassy came that day from the Great Russe of Russye.

1517.

The Pope will endeavour to induce the Scythians and Tartars who border on the Russians (Ruthani) and Moldavians to join as mercenaries.

The King of Poland will join the French king, and together will attack Philippopolis and Adrianople, and if successful garrison them with Tartars.

Aug. 8, 1571. *Antony Jenkins to Lord Burley.*

He stopped at Kolmogorod by a great plague which is raging. The late Russian Ambassador slandered the English nation to Ivan, which caused him to take away from them all commercial privileges. This country has been plagued many ways, the people have been forced to eat bread made of bark of trees, and it is reported in some places they have eaten one another. Also the prince has by sundry torments put to death a great number of his people; chiefly of his nobility, gentlemen and principal merchants. Further, the plaugers consumed by credible report this last year above 300,000. Besides all this "the Crymes," a valiant nation of Tartars, in the latter end of May invaded this realm, gave the prince an overthrow in the field, burnt and consumed all the country before them, and coming to Moscow set it on fire, not leaving one house standing.

The number of those burnt, besides those carried away captive, is thought to be above 300,000. A just punishment for such a wicked nation. It is to be doubted that the "Cryme" will be here again next year.

(Colmogar, 8 Aug. 1571.)

CHAPTER VI.

PETER THE GREAT.

In comparing Peter the Great, that truly great and wonderful man, with a predecessor like Ivan the Terrible, we may distinguish some points of similarity in the two monarchs. It is true that the former possessed many brilliant qualities totally lacking in the latter; but they seem to have been equals in cruelty and bloodthirstiness.

The genius of Peter, so daring, comprehensive and potent, completely outshone that of all former monarchs. His directness, self-denial, energy and perseverance; his sagacity, penetration and acquirements, far in advance of his time, equally glorify his name and reign; his humour, tranquillity and severity; his powers of invention and command of men and things surprise an attentive student of his life.

He, single-handed, succeeded in reducing the chaos of a nation to the order of a trained regiment—obedient, passive, unobstinate and fearless. The life of this tremendous character has been so well and often painted that it would be presumption to attempt it anew. Nevertheless a few points are worthy of note here.

Peter ascended the throne as already related¹, after surmounting imminent dangers from incessant intrigues. His principal idea, at this time, was the formation of a navy. This happy inspiration came to him from seeing, for the first time, an English wreck furnished with seals. His curiosity was intense. He searched Russia for a shipwright to refit the

¹ Page 31.

wreck, and sailing in it on lakes, learned the art of the steersman and sailor. He commenced a fleet, and with it, when finished, attacked Azof by sailing down the Don. Failing in his first expedition, the next year he conquered the Turks and seized the harbour and fortress. He now divined the subtle policy of Ivan the Terrible in his contests with Livonia for a seaport trading station. But the Black Sea did not open a pathway to Europe. The forts of Riga and Finland, however, might serve his purpose to emancipate him from the gross Gothic and Asiatic ignorance which enslaved the superstitious minds of his serfs. He was but twenty-four years of age when these grand ideas pervaded his soul. He said that, uneducated and inexperienced as he was in the magnificent arts of war and peace in the west, he could accomplish nothing. He resolved to make the tour of Europe, and not only study but practise many of its handicrafts. There was no public opinion in Russia for want of a press (there is no free press now). Peter determined to revolutionize the country and remodel it, so soon as he should have acquired the necessary basis.

He violated all the feelings of his people by these new ideas. He was no longer a Tsar of the olden time. Where had gone that splendid Asiatic pomp and pageantry which they had so long been accustomed to adore at an awful distance, at whose passage they prostrated themselves in the Eastern attitude of worship? There was the Tsar in a plain, ugly suit, hastening hither and thither amongst his guards and artisans, handling a gun or a hammer with equal facility. Such vulgar deeds scandalized all feelings of hereditary reverence and awe. Why should a Tsar endure bodily toils and labour like one of the people?

But Peter gradually increased his army, and served in it from a drummer to a colonel. He raised the able to distinction, regardless of rank; he dispatched agents everywhere to foreign parts and resolved to disappear himself on a similar errand. This resolution appalled the people who existed only in the presence of a Tsar. The consternation spread. The clergy opposed all changes and enlightenment. Their laws were immutable and sufficient. Their flocks were happy and satisfied.

It was true they understood not one word of the public prayers offered for them in Slavonian; but they paid their fees; they fasted; they gorged; they crossed themselves and bowed to their family Bogs; what more was requisite to be a perfect Christian? Foreign impregnation with heretical ideas was to them an inexpressible horror; even a novelty in dress was a wicked snare. Nobles, pastors, and their flocks met these innovations in a terrified, obstinate, and almost ferocious attitude. But Peter stood firm. Despotism and energy were there found united in one single man. He awaited his hour: and it was at hand.

So late as the beginning of the last century no European costume could be worn in Russia without danger of insult to the wearer. The abhorrence in which Europeans were held was so great that the Russians then considered it a sacrilege for them to assume the national costume. A London coat or dress was a mark for scorn and abuse; and a Parisian dress represented all manner of evil principles, habits and ideas, abominable to the true Russian. Foreigners were obliged to seek protection and isolate themselves in selected quarters. It was Peter the Great, in many instances no unfit representative of *IVAN the Terrible*, who dared by edict to erase this almost superstitious hatred against foreign dress; and he would enter the Hall of Audience habited in only a plain brown suit, whilst the extreme pomp of his favourite Menthikoff¹ was a great source of Imperial amusement. This low-born prince would never commence his dinner without flourish of trumpet and other musical instruments.

The Imperial Guard or Strelitz joined the people in their murmurs of discontent and in refusal to submit to these changes. They planned the burning of the city and the assassination of the Tsar; no longer the idol of the people; no longer the god whom they had been accustomed to worship.

Two leaders, Tsikler and Sukanim, were the archconspiri-

¹ Born on the Volga of poor parents, at 14 he sought a situation with a pastry cook in Moscow. He sold pies in the streets. He was uneducated. But a sweet voice brought him good custom. He was presented to the Tsar by Lefort. He afterwards, it is said, frustrated an attempt to poison Peter.

tators. A great revel was ordered at Sukanim's house; but their resolution failed them under the effects of their carouse. Two of the party fled to Peter and disclosed the plot. The Tsar ordered out his troops for ELEVEN at night instead of ten by mistake. At ten, as he thought correct, he entered the house; in a moment he found himself alone with a drunken mob swearing his destruction. He saw his peril: spoke familiarly to them one by one; drank their health with apparent heartiness and shamed the assassins. Peter watched them narrowly. At last his enemies grew bold. Sukanim exclaimed, "Brothers, the time is come!" Peter at that instant heard the tramp of his approaching guards, and with one blow upon the traitor's face felled him to the ground, crying aloud, "*Not yet, villain; it is not yet the time for you, scoundrel, it is the time for me.*" The guards rushed in: a general consternation seized the conspirators: they were loaded with chains.

Peter struck the captain of the guard in the face, reproaching him for neglect of duty, but he produced the written order, "*eleven o'clock.*" How nearly this slight error cost Russia her greatest of Emperors!

He first condemned the culprits to the rack, and then while suffering this torment he ordered their members to be slowly and successively mutilated, and life to be extinguished by a final process. The sight threw the Russians into paroxysms of horror. He went abroad.

During his absence the Strelitz and other troops had received orders to repair to the Polish frontiers, to be in readiness to support the Elector of Saxony against the Prince de Conti. They refused and left the ranks. They were incensed at Peter's foreign alliances. This was the work of the priests. Gordon, a Scotchman, the intimate friend of Peter, marched against the rebels, subdued them and threw them into prison, to await the return of the sovereign.

In the punishments which he devised for these wretches, he certainly vied with Ivan the Terrible, and shewed that the Tartar nature still remained in him. He did not satisfy himself with ordinary cruelty, but spared no detail of physical pain that could prolong and render still more acute the

dying agonies of his victims. He first put them to the torture, interrogating and reviling them (*à la Ivan*) and when he had sufficiently feasted his eyes with that exhibition of cruelty, he ordered 2000 of the mangled wretches to be put to death, taking a part in the execution himself. Throughout this barbarous scene, Peter, seated on his throne, gazed with calm and unpitying looks on the work of death, and never moved from his stern composure, except to indulge his cruelty by participating in the business of the executions. Nor did his vengeance rest here; to these horrors he added the intoxication of wine, as if his blood were not violently inflamed enough already. With the wine cup in one hand, and the axe in the other, he drank twenty successive draughts, as he smote off twenty successive heads within a single hour, exulting at every stroke in the skill and dexterity he displayed. (Lardner.)

M. Printz, ambassador from the court of Prussia, was present on this occasion. When Peter, in the midst of the revelry, had completed his horrible purpose, he proposed to M. Printz to try his skill, which of course the ambassador declined. Levesque and Segur adopt this statement of Printz, but Voltaire omits this anecdote, although communicated to him by Frederic II. Frederic, in a note to Voltaire, condenses the character of Peter into these remarkable words:

"The Tsar had not the slightest tincture of humanity, of magnanimity, or of virtue; he had been brought up in the grossest ignorance, and only acted by the impulse of the grossest passions."

But to proceed; Peter was not able to assuage his thirst for executions in this summary manner. For five months he continued to appal Russia by abominable cruelties. In his domestic relations he was not less implacable¹.

¹ His consort Eudokhia Lapukhin, a lady of distinguished rank, descent and spirit, ventured to reproach the Tsar with his illicit amours, and opposition to the clergy. He took a dislike to his son Alexis by her, and raised Ann Moens a Fleming to favour. Hurt by this public insult, Eudokhia unwisely appeared to favour a Boyard, Glebof. She was rigorously imprisoned, Glebof was impaled on a spike alive, and lingered in torture twenty-four hours, during which time Peter approached to gloat over his victim. But Glebof, spitting in his face, bade him begone.

Insurrections broke out, and they were summarily extinguished. Eighty Strelitz were dragged from Azof to Moscow in chains. Peter with his own hands struck off their heads.

The Princess Sophia no doubt had instigated this movement. But Peter's final revenge on his sister completely broke her heart. Three of the Strelitz had prepared an address; they were discovered, and hung in front of her prison window. Then Peter ordered the arm of one of the dead men, clasping this address, to be placed in her room until it should moulder into dust and drop at her feet. She died, changing her name into Marpha.

Peter's gigantic task had hardly commenced. He resolved to Europeanize his people on the French model. To arrange their costume, reform their manners, revolutionize their customs, reorganize their arms, education and religion, and convert them into the most passive and unflinching instruments of his will. Not even the domestic usages of the people escaped his scrutiny; nor did the rich domains of the clerical bodies elude his grasping genius for appropriation.

To build a city, a monument of his glory and power, and to open a road to Europe, he chose a pestilential swamp, drove into it innumerable piles, and during the first year alone sacrificed 100,000 men in the preparations. Tartars, Calmucks, Cossacks, Ingrians, Finns, and Russians, all swelled the ranks of his toilers, deepening the river, raising the islands, which were below water in midwinter. These wretches were employed without intermission, without shelter, and during inclement seasons, and with scanty food. Thus rose Cronstadt into an impregnable fortress. The clergy, pitying the sufferings of these slaves of the northern despot, and dreading the insalubrity of the site of the proposed city, pretended that the image of the holy virgin had been seen to shed tears. The Tsar exposed the trick. Minute apertures at the eyes of the statue were made to exude drops of oil by a simple contrivance. Doubtless the splendid projects of Peter and the development of Russia were much assisted by the concentration of her princes and merchants at a city near a seaport, open to vessels from Europe.

Peter accomplished herculean tasks: and in this respect

deserved the title of Great. But his conduct towards his son Alexis has stained his memory with a blot which can never be obliterated.

Alexis had written, "I take God to witness, and I swear upon my soul, that I will never lay claim to the succession." Peter replied, "Amend yourself, render yourself worthy of the succession or become a monk. Reply either in writing or in person, or I will deal with you as with a criminal." Alexis fled. He was tracked from place to place by Tolstoi and Romanzoff, bearers of a letter from Peter, in which were these words:—

"If you obey me I promise before God, that I will not punish you, but that if you return I will love you better than ever; but if you do not, I give you my eternal curse: and as your sovereign, I shall find means to punish you." The promise of pardon was also made in his favour to the Emperor and the King of Naples who both used their influence to persuade Alexis to return to his father.

Alexis, in good faith, returned to Moscow, 13th February, 1718. The great bell was tolled; a great assemblage received him in the Cathedral. Alexis was deprived of his sword and imprisoned: condemned by a mock trial, after being accused by his father of the very immoralities of which he himself had been so notorious an example—infidelity to his wife¹. He was judicially deprived of the succession, closely confined in a prison, without a visitor except Tolstoi, Peter's agent. The dangerous despotic law of Russia certainly gave the Tsar the right of the life or death of his son. Alexis, wan, wasted, and bent down by prison, misery and mental depression, was placed at the bar, and publicly and elaborately accused by his own father in tones of proud and magnificent disdain—and after a long recapitulation of the errors of Alexis he proceeded—

"Though by all the laws human and divine, and particularly by the laws of Russia, which give absolute jurisdiction to fathers over their children, even in private life, we have a full

¹ Voltaire says: "It is true that Peter had repudiated his wife in favour of a captive, but that captive was a woman of superior merit. Alexis on the contrary had neglected his wife for a young and obscure stranger, who had no merit but her beauty."

and unlimited power in pronouncing sentence upon our son for the crimes he has committed.....should you decide that he deserves but a slight punishment, your decision will not be unwelcome to us: and we pledge ourselves by the great Lord you shall have nothing to apprehend. Be not uninfluenced by the reflection that you are called upon to pass sentence upon the son of your sovereign, but administer justice fearlessly without respect of persons: and peril not your own souls nor ours by doing anything which would be likely to injure our country or to upbraid our conscience on the terrible day of judgment." Peter also transmitted an address to the clergy. The ministers, senators, and generals, condemned Alexis the same day to death. The servile senate knew the wishes of their master. The prisoner was removed. He was shortly attacked with convulsions, and after confession he received the sacrament and expired at six in the morning of the 7th July. Peter's circular to the Courts of Europe thus explained the death of his son; but it was generally believed that he had ordered poison to be administered to him¹.

The character of Peter is best shown by the records of his acts.

His life was a life of action, and the difficulties he encountered in his career afford a slight palliation of his inhuman atrocities. He found the empire convulsed by disorders, weak by disunion, and trembling before nations more advanced in civilization, and consequently more powerful than itself: he left it an ally and an equal of the states of Europe. His people called him Father, a title justly earned: and never were the solemn obligations the name suggests discharged with firmer courage and deeper sagacity.

¹ Mr Peter Bruce, a military officer in the service of Prussia, Russia, and Great Britain, published his memoirs in German, translated for the benefit of his widow in 1782. From this work it appears that Mr Bear the apothecary had been ordered to prepare a *strong potion*. Peter ordered Mr Bruce to go for this potion, and the apothecary turned very pale and trembling; Marshal Weyde then also came for it, and he shewed similar appearances, and with staggering steps took the poison in a silver cup to Alexis. See Lardner's *Russia*, vol. 2, p. 141.

CHAPTER VII.

IMPERIAL RUSSIAN POLICY.

WE have already seen how much the old civilization in Russia suffered from the incursions of the Eastern hordes. She preserved indeed her own religion, but her spirit was broken. Her bigotry, such as remained, became the ready instrument of hereditary despotism. In remaining Asiatic she was scarcely European. The Russians had lost a cruel tyrant, **IVAN IV., THE TERRIBLE**, superhuman in evil, fitly representing the essence of Tartar blood. Yet far behind in the past, there was, according to history, a golden age, sunny and smiling, before the dark storm-clouds of Tartar thunderbolts burst in desolating fury upon the trembling Slaves. Tourgeuneff declares there was a time when Russia, formed and elevated by the singleness of the sovereign authority, yielded not in strength or civilization to any of the great powers formed by the German tribes on the ruins of the Western Empire. Jaroslav the Great, at the beginning of the eleventh century, was surrounded with civil liberty, schools, laws, commerce, and a numerous army, when Europe was only one vast scene of feudal tyranny, slavery, and superstition. Russia had felt the refining influence of Greece, which had never been overwhelmed by the immense tide of barbaric hordes. "The dark shadow of barbarism," says our historian, "as it threw a veil over the horizon of Russia, took from us the light of Europe, just at a time when intelligence commenced to spread itself abroad, when the peoples began to emancipate themselves from slavery, and the towns to contract mutual alliances; when the compass extended navigation, when Universities were founded, and men's manners began to soften

and to sweeten. What was our fate then? Russia, oppressed and torn to pieces by the Mongols, was obliged to strain every nerve to prevent her life becoming extinct. It was not for Russia a question of civilization, but of existence or annihilation." (*La Russie et les Russes.*) Such was the deplorable Tartarization of the ancient Slaves. The Russian empire was indeed flooded unceasingly by hordes of wild marauders, each worse than the last, gathering like eagles and vultures to the spoil. The ethnological base, however, of the bulk of the Russians must have been Slave: the meaning of this is in itself significant—*glory*. In the time of Tacitus, we learn that the Germans were distinguished from the Slaves by three particulars. "The Germans," he says, "were always bathing, the Slaves performed ablutions, or had ablutions performed on them, thrice only, viz., at birth, at marriage, and after death." Legalized infanticide, parricide, and widow burning, however, would seem to connect the Slaves with a Hindu extraction. The Russian nobles have the same right to identify themselves with the Slaves, as the Germans with the English, or the French with the Irish¹. "In manners, habits, and features, the Russians generally are strongly Mongolian." And before Peter the Great, they were wholly Asiatic. "Whatever may be believed of the golden age of Sclaves, from the time of Jaroslavitch to Ivan Kalita, our country," says our historian, "was more like a bleak forest than a state. There was everywhere murder and robbery."

The taking of Constantinople by the Turks in the last years of Vasilii III. made a tremendous sensation at Moscow. Karansin says, "Greece was a second mother to us, we owed her our Christianity, the rudiments of the arts, and many of the blessings of social life. In the town of Moscow, people spoke of Constantinople as in modern Europe they spoke of Paris under Louis XIV. Amongst the annals of that epoch, a remarkable prophecy was found, that THE RUSSIANS SHOULD

¹ Prof. Rawlinson states that about 624 A.D., Avars, Slaves, Gepidae, Bulgarians, and others, attacked Constantinople, and that all these came from beyond the Danube. The Northern banks of the Danube appear to have been their ancient seat. *Seventh Monarchy*, p. 578.

TRIUMPH OVER THE CHILDREN OF ISHMAEL, AND REIGN OVER THE SEVEN HILLS OF CONSTANTINOPLE."

The Jews cling to their restoration no more firmly than the Russians aspire to empire on the ancient throne of Constantine. *Thus early was the imperial policy of Russia revealed.*

But it was Ivan the Terrible, whose demon deeds, lurid in horror, "render those of Tiberius and Nero like the freaks of froward children by comparison," it was Ivan who first dared to assume the title of Tsar, to be crowned by the metropolitan, and to be saluted by the Byzantine title of AUTOCRAT. Here lurked the wish for the defunct sovereignty of Greece. To be master of the lovely queen of the East was not the original plot of Peter; but it has been a fixed idea, crystallized in the very soul of Russian policy. Russia, for ages, has been creeping around this central jewel of empire. The provisional centre, *St Petersburg*, perhaps destined to sink into its native bogs, where lie, till the day of doom, the bones of the hundred thousand men sacrificed by Peter on its foundation of piles, they hope will one day be deserted for the goal of centuries of hope, of intrigue, of conquest, and of holocausts of willing crusaders. "Could England and France have kept quiet, the city of the Golden Horn would have dropt into Russia's open mouth, as the bird is said to drop from the bough into the mouth of the serpent that fascinates it."

A strong peculiarity in Russian rule is the state of her administration; underpaid judges, a hungry police, and offices sold by auction to the highest bidder: subjecting its officers to temptations of unblushing venality. "Nothing," says Alison, "surprises the Russian so much as to find this venality does not stain the English ermine. The one thing needful is a conscientious spirit." But in policy and diplomacy the Russian cabinet probably outstrips all others, for this cogent reason—the whole talent of the country plunges, if it can, into the vortex of court promotion. Without a parliament and free press, the whole ambition of the educated classes is thrown into the court service. The Russian, deprived of court patronage, languishes in his native wilds, with no power to rise in the state. The high schools, absorbing nearly 250,000 students destined for the

church, the bench, the army or the navy, present the only field for Russian talent. The imperial offices drain these schools of the cream of their juvenile aspirants. In this way young men rise from post to post, and vast ability is concentrated on the one absorbing interest—territorial expansion. In search of this talent Europe is ransacked. Foreigners are attached of distinguished intelligence as it were *à tout prix*. A despotism here enjoys great advantages. In monarchies no such appropriation is seen. Absolute power knows no party influence, such as England displays in the elevation of mediocrity.

Like some huge sensitive machine, it weighs, examines, sifts and rejects: the true coin is discriminated from the false, and talent from its counterfeit. Another distinction is the profoundly ingrained vanity and greediness for medals, decorations, ribbons and appellations¹; also the lavish distribution among foreigners (chiefly diplomats and soldiers) of jewelled trifles, watches, snuff-boxes, portraits, &c., and orders of merit, nicely graduated to suit all tastes and occasions. One thing, however, counterbalances these subtle influences and the gravitation of talent to the services of the empire—the almost universal corruption of state functionaries². All writers agree on this point.

Another distinction is the peculiar unity and force of the religious element with the emperor as its mainspring, an object of worship and unquestioning faith; this unity is one of the most powerful instruments for enforcing a blind obedience to all imperial edicts or ukases of a so-called “god upon earth.” The Russian clergy, in whatever country they may be placed, are the mouthpieces of the Holy Synod of which the emperor is the infallible head. If the emperor discovers “a true cross,” it is moved to Moscow; from thence to St Petersburg and other places by Royal command, and enormous sums have thus been gathered from the piety of the people. Relics of incalculable value were once so often discovered that an emperor has forbidden any to be pronounced genuine without his holy sanction.

¹ Peroffski, Nevski—distinguishing titles for great deeds by the addition of Ski. *E.g.* Nevski denotes a brilliant title for military glory on the Neva.

² The taxes on vodki are sold by auction!

The plough too often revealed the bones of saints to the delighted votaries of the church.

During the whole time that history has noted the rise of Russian power springing from the ancient duchy of Mosko (Moscow) her policy has excited the jealous alarm of all conterminous states. This policy is well described by the candid Russian historian, Karamsin :—

“The object and character of our military policy has invariably been to seek to be at peace with everybody, and to make conquests without war; always keeping ourselves on the defensive, placing no faith in the friendship of those whose interests do not accord with our own, and losing no opportunity of injuring them without ostensibly breaking our treaties with them.”

No words could more vividly depict the Russian national genius of attack. This Macchiavellian maxim out-Herods Herod. In plain English, outward friendship can only, in the Russian point of view, veil sinister designs. Treaties are to be cleverly broken in spirit while appearing to honour the letter; committing injuries in the dark so as to escape detection or honest redress.

According to Karamsin, a Russian author honoured and courted beyond all precedent in Russian history—“Every other nation, judging by herself, must be suspected of scheming conquest with open war; of harbouring secret treachery under the guise of peace; and of patiently watching for an opportunity of delivering an irresistible blow without the slightest qualm as regards plighted honour or solemn treaties,”

“It is fruitless” (says Alison) “to disguise and impossible to deny that an empire of such extent and resources is in the highest degree formidable to the liberties of Europe.” Napoleon has left us a graphic and warning picture of the capabilities of Russia alike to repel foreign invasion and to conduct external aggression.

“Backed,” said he, “by the eternal ices of the pole, which must for ever render it unassailable in rear or flank, it can only be attacked, even on its vulnerable front, during three or four months in the year, while it has the whole twelve to render

available against us. It offers to an invader nothing but the rigour, sufferings and privations of a desert soil, half dead and frozen, *while its inhabitants will ever precipitate themselves with transport* towards the delicious climates of the south. To these physical advantages we must join an immense population, brave, hardy, devoted, passive; vast nomad tribes, to whom destitution is habitual and wandering is nature. One cannot help shuddering at the thought of such a mass, unassailable on flanks and rear, being able at any time to inundate you; while if defeated it has only to retire into the midst of its snows and ice, where pursuit is impossible and reparation of loss easy. It is the Antæus of the fable, which cannot be overcome but by seizing it in the middle and stifling it in the arms; but where is the Hercules to be found who will attempt such an enterprise? Shew me an emperor, brave, able and impetuous—in a word a Czar—who is worthy of his situation, and Europe is at his feet. He may begin his operations if only one hundred leagues from the two capitals of Vienna and Berlin, *the sovereigns of which are the only obstacles he has to apprehend. He gains the one by seduction, subdues the other by force.*" Another saying of this remarkable man has been often quoted: "Europe will one day become either all republican or Cossack."

Russian policy has various wiles, but none more potent than that of instigating quarrels among nations she wishes to conquer. This plan succeeded so well in subduing barbaric tribes that she is sorely attempted to try it in more civilized regions. A Russian historian quotes the following episode as "*cruel but indispensable*":

"Néplouieff found it necessary for the safety of the frontier to place an irreconcileable feud between the Baskirs and the Kirghiz.....

"He proclaimed to the Khan and Sultans of the Kirghiz that, as a reward for their fidelity and devotion to Russia, the Empress had conferred upon them the wives and daughters of the Baskirs who had been (demanded and) sent merely as hostages. The Kirghiz eagerly seized upon their prey, and the

¹ *Description des Hordes et des Steppes des Kirghiz Kosaks*, par Levichini, who quotes this tale from the diary of a Russian officer.

Baskirs, maddened with rage and jealousy, thought only of vengeance. They demanded permission to cross the Ural. He refused to grant it; but at the same time sent secret orders not to oppose the passage of the river. Taking advantage of this pretended negligence, the Baskirs crossed over into the Kirghiz steppes and began to massacre the men (unprepared) and to carry off the women. These men, thus taken by surprise, flew to arms; mutual slaughter was carried on to such an extent as Neplouieff judged necessary to exhaust these convenient combatants. He stopped the effusion of blood, which cemented a permanent hatred between the two races. The proverb *divide et impera* had here one of its most sanguinary illustrations.

The relation between the Czar and his people is unique and beyond all parallel, totally different from that existing in the previous history of nations. Not even the Pope in the most amazing epochs of power, not even the Tartars in their devastating deluge of torturing executioners, not even the most savage of barbaric hordes of Vandalism ever presented to the world the spectacle of a people so adoring, so submissive and so warlike at the nod of a human divinity. Their own historian read his grand histories of the cruel Muscovite heroes before a royal but admiring audience; never was there so much beautiful simplicity of trust, such piety of suffering recorded in the annals of mankind. It is this devotion, amounting to the virtue of martyrdom, which renders the Russian empire so mysterious in its power, and insidious in its far-reaching designs. "The worship of the Tsar has been most sedulously promulgated among the heathen Nomads of the Steppes. The popes or secular priests, themselves ignorant, drunken and venal, convert according to their merits the Pagan Mordivins and the Mussulman Tartars to worship a whole family of gods, a mother of god, a son and even a Nicholas Paz or god Nicholas, and to the Tartars they administer the sacrament of baptism, on their kneeling to a picture of the Virgin and promising to abstain from horseflesh."

Russia appears for many years to have promoted disunion in surrounding countries, "by which to frighten sovereigns into submission to its views." "If the West were one, we should be undone; but they are two—the red republic and you—whom

the red republic seek to devour. For forty years we have been defending you from your enemy, and now—wonderful indeed are the combinations of the Almighty—it is the red republic which will preserve us¹."

But Russia openly avows in some cases the very policy which it is fashionable here to deny. Let us quote the Russian, Ivan Golovin :

"Persia is little more than a Russian province, and one cannot help smiling on hearing Klaproth say that the Russians could at the utmost only threaten Hindostan ; but Lahore, the Peru of precious stones, is a rich and easy prey ; and the Sikhs, trained to war by the French, would become invincible were they supported by the Russians. A Russian army, declaring that it is *not its wish* to subdue the Indies, but to deliver them from English domination, would probably see as many as 200,000 men flock to its standard, led by their different Nabobs. Tartary, that nursery of invaders, which extends from the Caspian Sea to China, and which (periodically) overflows with inhabitants, might, if aroused by Russia, in a year of scarce pasturage, throw masses of warriors into India. How could the Bengal army resist such an invasion ? The English do not relish the notion of having one day the Russians for their neighbours. But is it in their power to prevent it²?" "How is it," asks a writer on this question, "that a state which can be foiled by Turkey alone, can dare to entertain (with so many internal dangers of her own) such vast schemes of domination ? It is because she is confident in her own diplomatic ability, for she trains men to that science as we train men to medicine or war; and she is equally confident in the blindness of the nations of Europe, who allow the blunders or the treachery of their agents to be involved in systematic and impenetrable secrecy.

"It is impossible to exaggerate the evils or the dangers of that subserviency to Russia which by the aid of secret diplomacy had prevailed in the British foreign office for twenty years."

¹ Words actually used by a Russian diplomatist to the King of Prussia on the 14th Feb., 1854 ; see *Revue des Deux Mondes*, June, 1854.

² *The Caucasus*, by Ivan Golovin.

It was a curious instance, well worthy of the consideration of Englishmen, that by a secret treaty, signed May 8, 1852, a trap was left for successors to office, by which, all Denmark and the Duchies being united indissolubly, the succession was excluded from sixteen males who had stood between the Czar and the throne of Denmark, giving to him before long the certainty of this Key of his House as heir general. The Czar Nicholas, in the Court Almanac of St Petersburg, figured as Reigning Duke of Holstein and Denmark!

The Russian policy is doubtless greatly modified by the heterogeneous character of her subjugated nationalities. It has been reckoned that there are twenty millions of them who have only a forced allegiance, which may one day help to shiver her empire into its native elements.

8,000,000 Poles and Finns.

2,000,000 Cossacks.

10,000,000 Malo Russians of Little Russia.

In case of war, she has even to provide sufficient guardians at home to keep down any rising spirit among her discontented peoples, many of which have been annexed at an almost fabulous cost. Military law and confiscation, exile, and death under torture—the memory of these things never dies, but cankers the hearts of these millions.

The terrible history of the military colonies tells what the Russian peasant is when attacked in his last stronghold. To carry out the plans of the liberal Alexander villages were taken by assault; the exasperation of the peasants reached to such a pitch that they slew their children to rescue them from odious institutions forced upon them at the point of the bayonet. The government, enraged at opposition, condemned these brave men to die under the rod, but the bloody insurrection of the *Staraiia Roussa*, 1831, proved how indomitable was the spirit of the people¹.

Vambéry with great force and piquancy displays the great distinction between England and Continental States in her negligence in studying Asiatic lore. He says: "Whilst Russia,

¹ *Du développement des idées révolutionnaires en Russie*, par Alex. Herzen.

France and Austria have long had Oriental Academies for diplomatic beginners, in England, with her rich dower of colleges, schools and universities, no one has ever thought of such an institution. And so in the legislative body.....there are but few men competent to discuss important relations in Asia. This indifference surprises all foreigners. Still more amazed are they to hear men of the Liberal party say:—What does Asia concern us; what the swarm of barbarous races that cause us more trouble than profit; what the wealth of India, whose income has long ceased to cover her expenditure, to say nothing about the costs of the conquest?...Those Liberals are very short-sighted who deem the possession of such a colony as India an indifferent and superfluous matter.” He then speaks of the immense number of Englishmen of all ranks, engaged in military or other careers in India, of the millions of capital passing through the hands of her Asiatic merchants; the greatness of their Fatherland built up upon her huge colonial empire. He calls to mind the amount of English capital invested there, and that British commerce can only succeed under British rule. “If England would avoid the usual lot of commercial states, the doom of Carthage, Venice, Genoa, Holland and Portugal, there is but one way left for her—a policy of stern watchfulness, a swift grasp of the measures still at her command.”

An English historian describes the Russian progress with striking force—“At first creeping cautiously and gliding stealthily through the dust, until the favourable moment admits of its taking its final spring. With smiles of peace and friendship, with soft smooth words on their emissaries’ part, have they often averted every fear, every precaution, until the certain success of their schemes made all fears profitless and baffled every precaution. Blind therefore and ill advised must every government be, which can go to sleep over Russian advances towards its frontiers, be those never so slow, or the interval between the conqueror and the goal of his endeavours be ever so great.”

Mixing their Tartar blood with European they combine the steady resolution and caution of the latter with the versatile

character of the former. According to circumstances, they assume the manners of the Tartars to the Tartar—the hands indeed are those of Esau but the voice is Jacob's; 'Chinese, Persian, or Iranian, to each the required style, manner and tongue is made equally acceptable. The haughty Nicholas, who could call a Louis Napoleon "Mon frère," to a Tartar prince puts on the form and manner of a *Khan* on the Neva.'

In all the vast absorbing processes going on before our eyes, from the Chinese Amur to Khiva, there seem to be the same peculiar phenomena, foretelling the Russian invasion—intrigues, wiles, discords, bribery and corruption through the vilest means. Trading, and alleged grievances against her travelling merchants, particularly pretended violations of Treaties, daring assumptions and false accusations—all these form excuses for picking the desired quarrel so soon as the scheme is prepared, the arsenal equipped and the invaders ready for the raid. Other successful methods are "the secret power of emissaries and standing Consuls; the bribing of Chiefs by presents, and the lavish use of vodki to draw them into the magic circle." "A well founded cause of war and of invasion," says Vambéry, "would nowhere be easy to discover, and certainly the gigantic empire of the House of Romanoff has been builded up more through Asiatic wiles of its statesmen than by the might of its arms. In almost all the countries she has intended to absorb, she has had willing spies, trained up in her own capital (a Kirghis, a Burgat, a Circassian or a Mongol), whom she has loaded with favours, and whom, when Russianized, she has sent home to be her most valued tools of Russian aggression in the lands of their birth." Besides this, the cleverest and most enterprising Russians can realize large sums and prizes by gathering stores of knowledge of the numerous countries destined for her prey. "The massacres of Sinope, Hango, the bayonetings of the wounded, and the enormous lying authorized to explain these things, look almost as frightful as if one-seventh of the world were Thugs, or Atheist Caffres, civilized only for destruction, but sworn to internecine war with the rest of mankind."

Similar characters are ascribed to Russian tactics by another

powerful writer—"The Imperial policy of Russia was as immoral as the practice of her courts under Catharine. There is an utter want of heroism. Rome let the nations know beforehand she meant to conquer them—by fair and open fighting, as Virgil describes it. Russia, though imperial, is not imperious. Respect and deference to foreign powers, foreign usages, foreign persons, is assumed throughout. "The Tsar is an humble scholar, cap in hand, waiting his time. Force is ready in the background, waiting outside like the myrmidons of a domiciliary visit....The action of Russia on surrounding countries may be compared to that frost which is literally one of her most powerful allies. Secret, cold, and insinuating, it proceeds by sapping and undermining; and just as the mischief of frost is latent, till the great rock or bridge or wall or embankment comes down, a heap of rubbish, so is her policy latent till a nation collapses and there is nothing left for her to do but to plant her flag on the ruins." The same vivid writer says Alexander II. appears to be a mere cipher, as far as we know, in reference to the Imperial policy....Russia appears like a locomotive that has run away on a railway after throwing its engineer. The policy of Russia is simply universal dominion, aimed at by incessant intrigue and conquest;...yet strangely enough some of our statesmen talk and act as if all this history were fabulous: they still talk of believing the word of Russia, and binding this Ishmaelite of nations by international law. The fascination of Mr Gladstone and Lord John Russell, and the rest, all "honourable men," by the power of Russia would have been attributed in the middle ages to magic or possession, and they would have been made the subjects of exorcism.

Russia has shewn peculiar skill in inserting the thin end of the steel wedge into the "safes" of her future acquisitions. Feigning peace, commerce, or friendship, she has at first, on various pretexts, advanced only a few, *only a very few*, troops by way of a gentle trespass; then, so soon as the occupation is secured by a firm base of operations and supply, these friends of Russia are provoked. She retaliates. A pretext is manufactured to guard "her honour and dignity." Wholesale slaughter has often been the very friendly pacification of these

attacks in "the interests of Russia." Absorption, by a simple ukase, is a most simple process. Exile in her vast Siberian frozen wastes is always a ready means of ensuring the speedy removal, "*in the interest of order*," of inconvenient subjects. A two years' march (after the knout or *plitt*) tolerably thins the restive ranks of these unruly subjects. If Catholics, she compels conversion to the Greek faith, under those terrors so delightful and successful for the gratification of Russian piety. Pacification is ensured. "Order" reigns instead of revolution. The dissatisfied and rebellious simply disappear. The processes of entwinement, crushing, deglutition, and assimilation, go on before our very eyes. True, we have the history of a thousand years variegated with a few imperial murders, restless rapine, ravage, and spoliation of all surrounding provinces, clearly displayed. And, we have only to scrutinize the same processes going forward in Poland, China, Khiva and Turkestan, to recognize at once the same old Tartar spirit of acquisition by threat or sword or treaty. We may add to this the enormous power of the Holy Synod, and the crusade preached, at a beck, in every Russian village, to be convinced that one mainspring can actuate the nation as one man. Spontaneous loans, and willing bloodshed, crown the gigantic machinery of Russian domination, and religion sanctifies her deeds.

Colonization of the Steppes is another part of Russian policy. The Colonial Committee have planted in various Russian provinces no less than 250,000 Germans. When Alexander travelled through the Molotshna country, he exclaimed, in perfect astonishment, "Children, we have no occasion to travel to Germany; we have more than Germany within our own empire." The German husbandry, on the Steppes so sound and profitable, far exceeds any former kind. To the Germans, the improvident Russians ever look in time of famine. To them, the Russians owe the cultivation of the Steppe¹.

¹ Khol says, "The ground is sometimes covered with millions of toads. It is quite disgusting to walk among them: for in stepping on the ground a man may crush forty or fifty. One man told me his stomach had fairly turned on beholding a Russian run barefooted through the unsightly mass, with the crushed bodies and the mangled limbs of the dying reptiles adhering to his

That Russia has long entertained the design of occupying Constantinople, whatever may be the present wishes of the Autocrat of all the Russias, is a matter of history, well preserved in its records. So many advantages would accrue to her prestige, commerce, and powers of dominating in Mediterranean waters, and extending her flag in Western Asia—that we can with difficulty believe that she, with her progressive policy, can be indifferent to such a prize.

The fall of Turkey, the outwitting of England, the closing of all Eastern Asia to British imports by Russian tariffs, the Black Sea converted into a huge inland national sea, Poti a second Liverpool, a railway thence to the Caspian (now in progress), the Bosphorus transformed into an impregnable passage; her myriad hordes would soon overrun Syria and Egypt, and possibly succeed in obstructing our water-way to India; and, possessed of all the ancient routes to that jewel in the English Crown, converging from Balk, Merv, Yarkand, and other places in Eastern Turkestan; and having sown disaffection to smooth her path, Russia, on the breaking out of a European war engaging English troops, might, with a fair chance of success, invade our weakest Indian points, and, step by step, secure her basis of operations for further conquests.

The acquisition of Constantinople and the Black Sea would move practically her war materials and granaries thousands of miles nearer to the southern goal of her desires. The fall of India might be safely predicted to follow the fall of Islam. England can do nothing with her troops in the heart of Asia. Were Russia firmly possessed of what Alexander once inadvertently called "the key of his house," all Syria, Persia, and perhaps Afghanistan, would ultimately be Russianized.

The extreme beauty, balmy climate, luxuriant fertility, and classic glories of this old throne of both the Latin and Greek Empires, combine to render this magnificent paradise in Europe a worthy prize for ages of deep and subtle schemes. Russia in Constantinople, backed by her Sebastopols and Potis, fed by

feet. In size they are extremely diminutive. Lizards are very numerous, about 18 inches long, and the Cossack regards them with great dread." p. 480.

so many Russian rivers floating her stores to this new empire, would appear on the scene as a new Dictator to all other countries of the old world. She alone would appear Mistress and Queen of the East. Such a display of power and glory would draw barbaric Kings to bow the knee, as by enchantment, to such mighty conquests.

Turn we now to the evidence of History, and the most direct is found in the plots of two Imperial conspirators.

The *open* treaty of Tilsit between the French and Russian Emperors had introduced tremendous changes in Europe; but these sank into utter insignificance when compared with the secret but fearful treaty settled between them. Lately exasperated with the keenest hostility, these European gentlemen now aspired to divide the world between them with a cordiality which would seem to render their combined armies invincible. Many records are preserved, which demonstrate the ambitious designs of Russia on European Turkey. Napoleon shrewdly detected the Russian desire for the possession of the Queen of the East. But he sagaciously restricted the Northern appetite. It was agreed that "only Wallachia and Moldavia should fall to Russia's share; but that, if *Bulgaria is thrown into the balance*, the Emperor (Napoleon) is willing to accede to the expedition to India¹. The conversations, recited by O'Meara (I. 382), in which Napoleon deigned to explain his former policy, are particularly instructive. "All the Emperor Alexander's thoughts are directed to the conquest of Turkey. *We have had many discussions about it, and at first I was pleased with his proposals*, because I thought it would benefit the world to drive those brutes, the Turks, out of Europe. But, when I reflected upon the consequences of this slip, and saw what a tremendous weight of power it would give to Russia, on account of the number of Greeks in the Turkish dominions, I refused to consent to it, especially as Alexander wanted to get Constantinople, which I would not allow, as it would have destroyed the equilibrium of power in Europe. I reflected that France would gain Egypt, Syria, and the islands,

¹ Thiers, *Consulat et l'Empire*, VIII. 449, 450. Note M. Romanzoff à Napoleon.

which would have been nothing in comparison with what Russia would have obtained." Napoleon had despatched Sebastiani, (brought up in cloisters, but become a distinguished general,) on a secret mission to Constantinople, with instructions to promote the Tilsit programme. "He wrote that Russia was to obtain Wallachia, Moldavia, and all Bulgaria, up to the Hebrus: and that Servia was to be allotted to Austria." It was this Sebastiani that saved Constantinople from bombardment by diplomatic delays, till, under his skilful leadership, the Turks mounted three hundred cannon in three days, and a thousand in a week, and a hundred gun-boats defended the Golden Horn. The English fleet escaped with a loss of 250 men only. Both these Emperors were equally impatient for dividing the spoils. Napoleon, after the war had commenced, had said to Alexander, "I lay no stress on the evacuation of Wallachia and Moldavia by your troops. It is impossible any longer to endure the presence of the Turks in Europe: you are at liberty to chase them into Asia; but observe only, I rely upon it, that Constantinople is not to fall into the hands of any European power."¹ Alexander repeatedly pressed upon Napoleon the acceptance of the whole maritime provinces of Turkey, provided Roumelia and Constantinople were ceded to Russia. But the French Emperor could never be brought to yield the Queen of the East to his new, apparently beloved, but secretly dreaded ally.²

Whilst these Imperial spoliators were thus pursuing their dark schemes, it was thought necessary to bind Prussia still faster in her French chains. From Prussia £20,000,000 was extorted, and by six months' war a million of men had been consigned to the French hospitals. Prussia, too reduced in circumstances, could pay no more: and £3,000,000 being still unpaid gave a pretext for occupying her fortresses, and wringing further extortions for the next five years. The treaty of Tilsit united the tremendous powers of the West and the Eastern Empires: Prussia and Poland were equally crushed between these forces. Sebastiani was protesting France to be

¹ Alison, note, HARD., ix. 432.

² Alison, *Hist.* Vol. vii. 80.

the sincere and faithful ally of Turkey. Napoleon, through him, declared that his right hand was not more inseparable from his left, than the Sultan Selim should ever be to him. Turkey, thus perfidiously deceived, threw her whole strength into a war with Russia.

While these infamous deceptions were being practised on Turkey, the villainous scheme for her destruction was being perfected. Depending on these diplomatic lies, she had defied the whole power of Russia, and the English fleet. "A more shameless instance of treachery is not to be found even in the dark annals of Italian perfidy." This great man was as regardless of the sanctity of treaties as he was of the duty of veracity. No reliance could be placed upon his feelings of gratitude, if a present interest was to be served by forgetting them. Napoleon anticipated, after the completion of his preliminary schemes, little difficulty in dealing with the colossal strength of "the Scythian Monarch," and Alexander was infatuated with the belief that he was the man of destiny. "Sire," said one of the Russian Counsellors at Tilsit, "I take the liberty of reminding you of the fate of your father as the consequence of French alliance." "Oh God!" replied the Emperor, "I know it, I see it: but how can I withstand the destiny which directs me?" Alexander, when planning the seizure of Finland, and sending his replies by Savary, particularly referred to the Tilsit scheme in characteristic words. "Tell your master, that as soon as my materials are prepared, I shall overwhelm Sweden. As for myself, I promise him *unlimited confidence*, and I expect the same on his part. Oh that I could see him as I saw him at Tilsit: what converse was his! what wit! what genius!" A great deal is handed down to us of these aspirations. Alexander's negotiations, through Savary and Romanzof, are highly confirmatory of these nefarious designs. Russia wished to prolong her occupations...."I must revert to what the Emperor Napoleon said to me, not once, but ten times, at Tilsit, in respect to these provinces. Why then renounce my present advantages? your master said he left me at liberty to

¹ Savary, III. 92.

² THIERS, VIII. 215, 217.

drive the Turks into Asia. It was only on a subsequent occasion that he went back from his word, so far as to speak of leaving the Turks Constantinople, and some of the adjacent provinces." Savary replied, "All that the Emperor Napoleon said shall be religiously executed. The surest and most expeditious mode to arrive at it is to carry into execution the *public treaty*. *Do you propose at once to write the Turks' Epitaph*¹?"

These secret compacts between France and Russia, however, becoming known to the British Cabinet, were communicated to the Porte, producing a profound sensation. "Honest and sincere without foresight or deceit, the Turks are as incapable of betraying an ally as they are of forgetting an act of treachery²." After a three years' war, Russia, fearing the French invasion, was only too anxious to conclude peace. Turkey was, on her part, equally desirous, and Russia agreed to give up Wallachia and Moldavia, and removed her frontier to the Pruth. England signed a treaty with the Divan. Turkey, deeply wounded with the éclaircissement of this new perfidy, abandoned herself without reserve to the counsels of England. Such was the unforeseen result of this infamous Imperial compact, aiming at the division of Europe.

The designs of Russia for the possession of the Queen of the East were thus ineffectually engraved on the heart of Turkey, as upon a rock, for ever.

The Russian Path to Persia.

The gradual advance to Persia, and its dismemberment by Russia, is the same oft-repeated tale. Peter the Great established himself in Daghestan, on the west coast of the Caspian Sea. Catharine II. entered into a close alliance with the Czar of Georgia, Heraclius, to defend him from Persia, from whom he had stolen very considerable territory. Russia made him renounce all connection with Persia and become her vassal,

¹ Savary's *Secret despatch to Napoleon. Correspond. conf. de Napoleon*, VII. 564, 585.

² Alison.

and, on her side, guaranteed him not only all present, but future lands, which he might be able to acquire. Persia demanded restitution. Heraclius replied he had no sovereign but Catharine. Persia would consent to the *status quo*, but objected to Russian encroachment. Catharine, apprized of Persia's warlike intentions, seized Derbend on the Caspian Sea. At length, Russian agency persuaded the Czar, George XIII., of Georgia, to renounce his crown in favour of Russia. Enfeebled in mind, and pusillanimous, the last king of the Bagratides, who had sat on the throne for 1200 years, and who claimed direct descent from Abraham and David, yielded to the insidious demands of a Russian resident. This act drew upon him the undying hatred and curses of his country. Even his Queen, when it was proposed to arrest her person and convey her to Moscow, stabbed the Russian officer. The Court of Persia, justly alarmed at these wily measures, marched on Erivan. Surprised by the Russians and defeated, the treaty of Gulistan was signed; but the terms of boundary were so vague as to enable Russia, at no distant period, to make fresh claims of territory. The Russians, after the peace, now seized Gokeheh. Persia was greatly exasperated by this new aggression, and by losing so many rich provinces. Popular fury seized the Persians: war was decided upon unless Russia would evacuate her material guarantee. Defeated again, the Russian envoys now demanded, as the price of peace, £4,000,000 sterling and a very considerable tract of Persia, south of the Araxes, all the waters that flowed to the Caspian to be Russia's, those in the opposite direction to be Persia's, and the exclusive privilege of navigating the Caspian to belong to Russia. Further, in case the sums due to Russia should not be paid within a stated time, a further whole province should for ever be annexed to Russia.

Russia had now brought her southern frontier to penetrate like a wedge into the land of Iran, and had, with very little expenditure of men and money, crept round the western shore of the Caspian Sea. She had threatened to march on Teheran at the time when she had but a small force, but audacity served her here in exactly the same way as afterwards, when,

with an exceedingly small remnant of her army, she dictated to the Turks, under threat of occupying Constantinople, the treaty which secured her hold on the provinces of Turkey, as we shall see hereafter.

From Tiflis, the Russian general had brought with him Archbishop Narses, to act as patriarch of the Armenian Church, and under such auspices it was easy to obtain the good wishes and active cooperation of the Christian inhabitants of that portion of Armenia.

The Amur River.

The Amur River, with several branches, exceeds a thousand miles in length, and runs along Asia to the south of Siberia, and opens into the Sea of Okhotz. The adjacent inhabitants, conquered by the Koreans, traded particularly in fur clothing and sables. Golovin was struck with the happy thought of exploring the Amur. An expedition of 123 men, trained by Cossacks, were sent up the Aldan, which, after four months of hardships in dragging their provisions on sledges and crossing rapids, were compelled to go into winter quarters. Proceeding, at last, to a Daurian village, its inhabitants were most friendly in supplying the famishing party with their oxen and forty baskets of oatmeal, giving them all the information they required. Petrof, the leader of the Russians, had orders to entice out the chiefs from the village, and seize them as hostages. But Dozi and Kolpa, of their own accord, met the Russians as friends, and offered their services without suspicion. Petrof at once made them prisoners, and threatened torture unless instant admission was given into the village. He succeeded in provoking an attack. However, the Russians were worsted and obliged to retire. Famine gradually thinned the Russian ranks; and it is said the bodies of the slain were offered for food to the famished Russians; and, ere the forty Cossacks left behind to guard the stores could bring up the provisions, fifty men fell victims to the pangs of hunger. The remnant in six weeks reached the mouth of the Amur, and exacted tribute, consisting of twenty-eight zorok of sable.

Fresh expeditions followed. The bad conduct of the Cossacks had become known, and as the Russians approached, the villages were everywhere deserted. Even the forts were evacuated. At length a chief, Lavkai, demanded the object of the Russians. Khaborof replied that he might require a small tribute, but the Tsar would take them under his protection! Leaving a few men behind who exacted tribute, Khaborof collected tribute *en route*, and forwarded specimens of wheat grown on the Amur to Moscow. Another expedition, greatly increased, again appeared. No quarter was given: all were slain who were found. The Daurians lost 661 males; 243 women and young girls and 118 children were made prisoners, and the booty consisted of 137 horses, 113 head of cattle and rich stores of grain. The Russians had only four killed and five slightly wounded. Tolga, a Daurian prince, after severe torture, committed suicide. Step by step, and ever increasing in force and number, the Russians, in the midst of carnage and extorted tribute, gradually won their way, established forts, encountered the Manchu, fought battles with the Chinese, gained heaps of sable and piles of the coveted skin of the black and red fox. Finally, after years of invasive slaughter, China itself, after a great battle, made a treaty of peace with the Russians. The country of the Amur was absorbed. (See *Russians on the Amoor*, Ravenstein.)

But at length, after the victories of France and England in China, the Russians, without another blow, extorted from their prostrate foe a treaty so advantageous as to place all other similar treaties entirely in the shade. They acquired the whole tract north of the Amur, the Bay of Victoria, which they sur-named the Bay of Peter the Great, and one of the ports they have dignified with the name (in Russ) of "The Dominion of the East" (Vladivostok). Rich in sables, timber and pasture land, intersected with seams of coal and mineral wealth, the region of the Amur promises an oasis to future Russian emigrants. But the difficulties and hardships attending the native hunter for these precious furs are well told in the following words:—

"There in the dense forest, where the sable loves nightly to follow its prey, and the huntsman pursues his toil, we see a

human being stagger, panting, towards the valley, where a flickering flame indicates the resting-place of all he most cherishes. It is late. Five days have elapsed and he has captured no game, which, formerly so abundant, has quitted these regions: the small store of flour has been consumed, and weeks ago the last tame reindeer was killed. The muscles of his enfeebled body are powerless, and the starlight shines upon a visage full of cares. The savage has a father's heart too, which sinks within him as he pictures grinning death hovering round that fire. Anxiously the looks of the expectant ones meet those of the comer: no other demonstration: no word is exchanged. The infant at the breast sucks a piece of leather, and silently the mother turns her back towards the fire to sleep, perchance the sleep of eternity¹."

The Cossack was found to be a bad colonist. German families are now sent by Russia to settle on the Amur; and Russia, by these means, having secured 160,000 square miles of territory, and a sea unfrozen half the year, opening into the sea of Japan, still hopes to realize her passionate desire for the commerce of all nations. Nor has she stopped at these conquests. Onwards is her watchword. Her conquering arms, by craft or opportunity, still open for yet more magnificent embraces.

¹ *Lecture delivered before the Russian Academy of Sciences, Mar. 1860, by Mr Radde.*

CHAPTER VIII.

RUSSIAN REVIVALS AND RUSSIAN ASPECTS.

PARALYSED by the defeat of Sebastopol, Russia, for long years keenly occupied with secret schemes, apparently retired from European gaze. But a great awakening of her military genius gradually metamorphosed her character. The nation acquired a new national sentiment. It was enfranchised; each serf became an individual instead of a chattel. Each soldier could, for the first time, seem to take his own part in national extension and enterprise. The old policies of Peter revived. Russia reached a new era. Moscow arose. The cabinet of St Petersburg, often compelled to make terms with that ancient and still formidable seat of power, now began to remodel her whole system. She was actually acquiring a little public opinion. The severe restriction of the press underwent spasmodic relaxations. Occasionally there were whispers of a public voice and popular ideas. The people began to live and to think. The grand idea now ordered was *Russification*. Like a philosopher's stone, everything touched, handled, or gotten, was now expected to turn into Russian gold. Imperial ambition had secured Poland. The whole of the Empire wanted welding, often at a white heat. A shower of judicious blows had given the Russians a pan Slavic form, while still all aglow. All seems changed. The wish of the people is now father to the Imperial thought. The old Russian party of Moscow has got into the ascendant. The new mottos are:— Railways rule victories; Steam and the wire annihilate space; Foci of concentration will avoid the disasters of immense snow-

clad steppes. Her generals, with the encouragement of the cabinet, proclaim aloud the strategies of war as the only object of Russian being¹. The vast power of the country in military force is preached up as a red-hot motive to dominate not only Asia to its farthest limits, but also the whole of modern Europe. Such inflammatory volumes are even translated into German. Germany's eyes should indeed have been opened by these rampant menaces.

But Germany has many favours to repay her hitherto neutral neighbour. Their warlike general points out that the real struggle for supremacy will not be in Turkey, but in Central Europe; where Poland, like an immense bastion, flanks both Germany and Austria. It may be guessed, however, that by bargain and flattery, Germany will ultimately take her share in the spoil of Austria, as she formerly did in Poland, whilst Russia absorbs the remainder of Austria, Galicia, &c., &c., according to the old adage, History repeats itself. Afterwards Russia would be strong enough to take the whole, or a slice, of the Germanic Empire, especially if France were promised her revenge. *Vas victis!* The chess-board of Europe truly is full of game.

Captain Brackenburg has given very clear details of the new Russian railway lines. Troops can be mobilized and focussed by these lines with precision. But as Russian sailors have never yet added any lustre to their trade, until she gets the mouth of the Baltic, the Danube, and the Black Sea, her navy will ever be in abeyance. But even Central Europe is now menaced by a mighty chain of new fortresses connected, by enormous expenditure, by railways (see Capt. Brackenburg's work). And these are all defended on the Todeleben system, so celebrated at the defence of Sebastopol. Hear his language: "Mödlin is not a fortified town, but a fortress, pure and simple. All people living in it are soldiers, or those who live on soldiers. Hence no starving families could torture a commandant with their prayers. No burghers, ill disposed to the government, could rise against the garrison. Huge, silent, and grim,

¹ General Fadejew, *Russian Messenger*, Moscow, 1867.

Mödlin is almost untrodden by the foot of a stranger. In the ungracious exclusiveness and vast proportions, in the heterogeneous nature of her component parts, designed to threaten, as well as defend, she represents, not unfaithfully, that heavy, sullen Power in the north which broods over Europe, biding her time."....."Russia can expect to obtain the full mastery over all the power to be found in her. There is but one heart and one dynasty in the Empire, and that heart beats in unison with that dynasty! Russia has four of these first class fortresses on her western frontier." A tremendous change has thus occurred.

"Russia," says an able writer, "might be compared to a vast creature, still, as it were, in embryonic form, a vital force of wonderful character lying potential within her frame." The rapidity with which she transforms all her newly acquired territories into a Russianized form is, perhaps, the most startling of all her aspects. Her motto is transformation. Her armies are transformed; she conquers the hordes of thousands of years with the repeating rifles of yesterday. Horsemen are as nothing to these weapons, which the victims now call hellish. Russification and transformation are equivalent terms. Does she threaten a new eruption of barbarians upon the civilized West? Every Russian aspires to a great future of conquest, and his candour in this respect only equals his ardour. There are no conscientious qualms at all. The end justifies any means: if death, torture, forced religion, and extortion, are the only means of furthering and consolidating the glory of Russia, then these things are a sacred duty. Massacre, whipping, and confiscation are evidently still as religious as they were in the days of the Inquisitor. In no other country are general officers permitted to preach wholesale war and spoliation in time of peace. The Empires of Germany and Austria must surely recognize the sinister significance of such lauded aggressiveness.

The Sclav and Teuton are always at enmity, as also German and Tartar. General Fadejew says, "The Russian press teems to overflowing with animosity towards Austria, and with zeal for pansclavist agitation¹" (this was Jan. 27, 1870).

¹ *Polesian Times.*

Whilst the avowed and secret activity of even the government organs is deeply engaged in the corroboration of similar tendencies.

It is thus for years that the Russian revival has acquired new aspects of furor, and hunger for spoil. It will be the object of the following sketches to demonstrate that the new revival is only the resurrection of a very ancient spirit, incarnate in the Tartar blood, however strenuously concealed.

Notwithstanding the much vaunted triple alliance, there are symptoms of repulsion. The Russian motto, "The Eastern question can alone be solved at Vienna, in a Russian sense," cannot but render Austria keenly alive to her very critical state, where a single act may become suicidal. Russia, except when aggressive, is nothing. A growing strength of expansion and absorption forms her cardinal policy. That an attack upon the Porte should be regarded, in a solemn treaty sense, as a *casus belli* before the three contracting parties¹, is at the present time brightly explanatory of the danger to Austrian interests, threatened by Russian tactics. Russia openly menaces her with arraying the Slave against the Austrian and Magyar, and she is confident no single power dare attack her. *This triple alliance, still in force by treaty*, can at any act of war against Turkey, immediately array England and Austria in alliance with the Porte, against her ancient and most deadly foe.

The following is the treaty clause, which has therefore a particular significance to Europe: "It is clearly understood that it (the treaty) cannot in *any case* give to the said Powers the right to interfere, either collectively or separately, in the relations of his Majesty the Sultan with his subjects, nor in the internal administration of his Empire." Lord Lyndhurst said in the House of Lords (March 4, 1853), "The offence of endeavouring to excite revolt among the subjects of a neighbouring State is an offence against the Law of Nations. If British subjects were to conspire together and subscribe money

¹ England, Austria and Turkey. Treaty, April 15, 1856.

for the purpose of purchasing arms to give effect to an intended enterprise, I state with confidence, that each person would be guilty of a misdemeanor, and liable to suffer punishment by the laws of this country."

Not the least of the difficulties in Russian progress is the necessity she has felt for ordering indiscriminate conscription. This touches all parties, serf and noble. Lately, in the Ural, the Cossacks rebelled against this; exemption could no longer be purchased. 2500 were banished to Central Asia. The exiles, driven as far as fort No. 1 (Kasala), absolutely refused to stir. The commander ordered them to be tied to camels by ropes, and flogged with great barbarity¹. Three victims died under the lash. The camels, ropes, and whips, proved at last too strong for the exiles. The march was resumed.

Russian life in the snowy steppes or the frozen north to the military is, in time of inaction and time of poverty, a misery which only a Russian roué can adequately experience. The army is continually recruited with young men who first ruin themselves in the gay extravagancies of the capital, and find a chance of recruiting their empty coffers in pushing their fortunes in the van of the Muscovite marauders. Their insatiable lust of conquest seems to allay the pangs of exhausted purses and hopeless *ennui*. No wonder that the robe of Christianity conveniently hides the prowling propensities of these soldiers of fortune. The Bible and the sword are here the best of companions. "That eminently christianizing weapon, the mitrailleuse, mows down the enemy by thousands," whilst the American repeater slays the foe so abundantly that resistance is useless, and numbers are of no account.

Captain Burnaby found the garrison officers bitterly envious of their more fortunate brother officers on the Jaxartes expeditions, as regards their own slowness of promotion and dreary existence at Kasala. "Anything for a change, we are bored to death here." "Yes," added another, "when we fight you fellows in India then we shall have some promotion; as

¹ *Ride to Khiva*, p. 95.

to fighting Kokandians, we might as well shoot pheasants; none of our seniors get killed¹."

The Russians as a nation are not in the least scientific, they invent nothing, but imitate everything.

"Owing to the peculiar constitution of this Empire, the arts and sciences, in general, are but secondary objects in the minds of the nation. The nobles deem no profession honourable but that of arms. Ambition would be thought to stoop if it sought any celebrity from excelling by the chisel, the pencil, or the pen; hence, the finest talents among the high born are never directed towards any of these points. Military glory is all their aim; and if it chances to be united with the spontaneous growth of any milder genius, it is well; the possessor is pleased, and his friends delighted; but no fame accrues from classical endowments. The study of the arts and sciences is left to slaves, or at best, to slaves made free; and they, unhappy men, from being descended from the contemned race, can never, by any exertions of their own, assert the inherent nobility of nature's gifted mind. Slavery is a taint that can never be erased: and thus the generous ambition of genius is cankered at the root."

Prince Dolgorouski ventured to write an account, "The Truth on Russia" (Paris, 1860), in which he says "it is impossible to print a book on Russia, except in a foreign country. There is a common affection in the beaurocracy for official falsehood. And hence a strong fear, and hatred of publicity. No Justice in Russia. The suitor, purse in hand, must go through ten processes before he can reach the eleventh. Formerly the alpha and omega of government was only the will of a tyrant. The Administration is a den of venality of the lowest kind, everything is sold, and may be bought. As for the Russian clergy, most of the bishops are shameless speculators."

The Emperor, armed with ukases, is above all law. The admitted general falsification of Russian polity stamps out all unwelcome truths before they can reach the Imperial ear. The beaurocracy rules by gold alone, the only thing to which it is

¹ *Ride to Khiva.*

faithful. "An organized venality, supported by permanent anarchy, disguised to the eyes of the Emperor, and Europe, by a thick veil of official falsehood. A broad sheet of daily news, faithfully reported, would create checks undreamed of in Russia, where mystery, silence, suppression, and extortion are the only safe means for an unemancipated barbaric power." A story is told thus. A foreigner, desiring to be a contractor, applied to the Chargé d'affaires for advice. "Apply," said he, "to the Count —, you must give him money, and give money also to the mistress of his father. The elder Count is head of the department in question, and his son having great influence at Court, your business will be safe." "Alas!" replied the applicant, "I have given *so* much to the younger Count, and *so* much to his father's mistress; they took my money, promised everything, and have done nothing." Such is the kind of story of multitudes seeking justice in Russia.

Official salaries are as low as £16 per annum. Each law stage (of which there are eleven) costs money. At each point it is possible to discover a breach of form; and bribes are required. No open court, no proceedings, no counsel, and no oral testimony. Nothing but secret justice baffled at every point. A Justice once declared to the Prince "that a 'Bar' would be very dangerous, as it would extend legal knowledge beyond the functionaries." Their living would be sapped at the foundation, and the Russian Code provides that ignorance of the law is no plea. The head of the Tribunal is supreme judge, without jury, and can always quash any decisions which are obnoxious to his own aims and views.

But one of the most painful of all Russian persecutions arises from her spirit laws. Her revenue is one-fifth of the whole from this source. Every kind of artful intimidation is carried on by the farmer of this brandy or vodki tax. The lower classes, fond as they are of their beloved vodki, are more oppressed on this score than perhaps any other. Imagine a policeman with a thick stick belabouring the peasant, because he will not get drunk! "The police stood over the peasants in the public-houses, and by force of blows compelled them to drink brandy (corn brandy): then the ex-

asperated peasants demolished the public-houses." The bureaucracy ordered no notice should appear of these proceedings! In order to secure the income, a most intricate system of rascality is adopted, something in the following manner:—

"The farmer lays on a great addition to the legal price of the spirit; and to secure connivance he bribes all the local officials. To repay himself the expenditure of hundreds of thousands a year in bribes, and to make the people drink as much brandy as they would if it bore the legal price, all conceivable devices of intimidation and seduction are employed to get a certain quantity of brandy down men's throats, and up in score against them. When once they are sufficiently deep in debt there is no fear of their turning temperate; and their earnings are mortgaged for life to the exchequer, and to the farmer of its most lucrative tax. The *freeman* is induced to run up a score, and he is enormously over-charged. The peasant is induced to do the same, and his creditor comes down upon him with a heavy bill *at harvest time*. Having no ready money, he is compelled to give up a very undue portion of his crop. If a man who has no interest among the great comes to a public-house in his cart, he is soon dead drunk, and when he comes to himself cart and horse have disappeared. If he comes on foot his clothes have vanished, and the bill charges him with much more drink than he can possibly have swallowed. Thus dupes are constantly becoming thieves, getting back their losses by duping others. There are no fouler nests of crime than these public-houses; laws and ordinances never enter them. The farmers of the brandy duty keep the police in their pay; and the police never interfere when the sale of brandy is going on. At last a temperance movement spread; but the police were heavily bribed to exercise all their arts to promote intoxication. Riots broke out, and soldiery were required to punish these shameful demonstrations. Brandy drinking was officially declared to be necessary for the public health. Temperance societies were actually prohibited by the highest authorities.

M. Tourgeneff states that in Queen Elizabeth's time the Russian serfs were actually free. But the Tzar Boris in 1592 decreed that labourers should be chained to the soil. The Empress Catharine visited Little Russia. Aware what was

about to happen, the trap was set, certainly not in sight of any bird. One courtier had two fine regiments of grenadiers encamped on his land at the critical moment. Forth came Catharine's decree that labourers should be attached to the soil on which they were then at work. Immediately this Count, a member of the Council of State, incorporated these fine regiments with his agricultural serfs! Many instigators of this act played off precisely the same device. Paul was beset with petitions to authorize the sale of the serfs as merchandise. He, however, replied, "Peasants may not be sold apart from the land on which they live." A plaintive tale is related of Alexander. A Scotch engineer had *bought* a wretched lot of men for his hard service. They found means to address the Emperor. The council and a commission appointed so long loitered over the affair that he forgot the whole thing. It so happened that a woman was sold for two roubles and a half (7s. 6d.) within two paces of the Emperor's palace gate. In a fit of enthusiasm he seized one of the sacred images on his shelf and vowed to abolish serfdom. But he forgot this also.

Out of 70,000,000, about 14,000,000 were free, and about 120,000 were slave owners: of these about 1500 were like princes, owning 6,500,000 serfs, or on an average 4,000 or 5,000 serfs apiece. About 20,000 held from 100 to 1,000. The bitterest enemies of emancipation were the small holders. These slaves were formerly bought and sold like cattle.

Prince Dolgorouski expresses his fears for the Russian future in the following remarkable passage:—

"Ten centuries ago, in 862, the Slaves of the north sent ambassadors to Rurik and to his brothers to say: 'Our country is vast and fertile, but anarchy spoils it; come and deliver us from this scourge!'

"After an existence of a thousand years, after having exhausted all the modes of despotism, Russia is once more on the verge of revolution, and we say to the Emperor, 'Sire, our country is vast and fertile; but absolutism and venality spoil it: deliver us from these scourges; grant us a government founded on law and suitable to the needs of the time.' (*La Vérité sur la Russie*, p. 378.)

CHAPTER IX.

IMPERIAL RUSSIAN POLICY.

THE RUSSIAN PROTECTORATE.

FOR forty years England had been revelling in assured peace, and a prodigious commerce: whilst Russia, by her traditional arts, had been continually extending her frontiers. A new era of international trade seemed to have dawned, with the fairy-like creation of a crystal palace, the wonder of the world. England, apparently abandoned to the pursuit of gain, and absorbed in the extension of commerce, and the consolidation of her Indian Empire, offered to the Northern Autocrat a spectacle of strange indifference to Russian schemes. In war-like spirit England had visibly declined. Her marvellous mechanical genius now developed, the niceties of her inventions, and her overflowing wealth, together with the trumpet-tongued declamations of the apostles of peace, seemed to the Russian mind to have subdued the courage and spirit of English manhood. Quakerism, and a maundering enthusiasm against war, appeared to have flung over the face of English prowess, and English daring, a mirage of distorted tameness, and a meek unresisting repose. True honour and glory were boldly announced to consist in the peaceful acquisitions of the trader and the merchant.

This picture, so fantastic, and yet graphically presented in the very court of the autocrat by the apostles of peace, and so signally attractive, was destined to cruelly deceive the Russian Autocrat.

The supreme moment arrived for whispering the assassination

of the sick man of the East, and the division of his goods. The scene was a Russian "reception." The Emperor Nicholas was the speaker, and Sir Hobart Seymour the astonished listener. The Autocrat's words were these:

"Stay! we have on our hands a sick man; a very sick man. It will be, I will tell you frankly, a great misfortune, if one of these days he should slip away from us; especially before all necessary arrangements were made.....If the Turkish Empire falls, it falls to rise no more.....If England thinks of establishing herself at Constantinople, I tell you plainly I will not allow it. For my own part I am equally disposed to take the engagement not to establish myself there—*as proprietor that is to say—for as occupier I do not say.* It might happen... that circumstances might place me in the position of occupying Constantinople....I repeat to you (said the Emperor) that the sick man is dying, and we can never allow such an event to take us by surprise. We must come to some understanding."

This was the 20th of February, 1853. The next day the Autocrat having sent for the English Ambassador, said to him:

"The Principalities are in fact an independent state under my protection. This might so continue. Servia might receive the same form of government. So again with Bulgaria. There seems no reason why this province should not form an independent state. As to Egypt, I quite understand the importance to England of that territory. I can then only say, that if, in the event of a distribution of the Ottoman Empire, you should then take possession of Egypt, I shall have no objection to offer. I would then say the same thing of Candia: that island might suit you: and I do not know why it should not become an English possession." Our English Government concealed these sinister proposals from the English people. The government of the day was thoroughly pro-Russian, and quietly swallowed its indignation, if it had any. It was fully alive to the Russian designs. The diplomatic game was opened with a dispute about the Holy Sepulchre and a silver star: but this dispute served to rouse all the passions of the baffled Czar. Our Stratford Canning, on the Bosphorus, adroitly settled, and skilfully parried, the Russian demands for a protectorate

in Turkish dominions: and for a while stemmed the tide of aggression. Eleven months passed away in the dispute. Russian armies crowded to the frontier; and Russian arsenals resounded with the most active preparations for war.

The Turkish Grand Vizier intuitively divined the meaning of the Russian proposal, so piously concealed under assumed anxiety for the Christians. He declared "the sole object of this demand was to trample under foot the rights of the Porte, and the independence of the Sovereign."

Nicholas was fully aware of the extreme audacity of such a pretext as "the keys and the silver star," for commencing a war on Turkey. But when the Emperor of the French and the English moved their combined fleets up to Constantinople, seeing as it were the prize slipping from his power, the Imperial wrath was ignited. But an event now happened which completely changed the scene.

Mentschicoff had secretly proposed to provide Turkey with 400,000 troops whenever she might need assistance against the Western Powers! and in return for this promise, Russia demanded that the Greek Church in Turkey should be placed wholly and solely under her protection, beyond recall. So profoundly was the secrecy of this arrangement guarded by Russia, that Turkey was threatened with the instant departure of the Russian Embassy if the plan were divulged.

The Turks on their side, never deficient in astute penetration, thrilled with dismay and indignation at the proposal. They recognized at once, in this insidious protectorate, the thin end of the wedge which was destined to rive open the very bulwarks of the Turkish Empire. Russia, in time of peace, and without provocation, demanded a treaty which would hand over fourteen millions of Turkish subjects to the entire protection, manipulation, and fiat of a hostile power, an ancient enemy, who for ages had continually taken slice after slice of her territory, and mulcted her of millions sterling by her cruel exactions. It was no less than signing a "concordat" with a Russian Pope. "This treaty," said Rifaat Pasha, "would be abandoning the whole population of the Greek faith, their clergy, and churches, to a Russian Protectorate." It was

perfectly clear, that at any moment, such a basis could always be made the pretext for fresh extortions under the plea of manufactured grievances.

Mentschicoff now urgently pressed the immediate adoption of this treaty on the ground that now all distrust and all hesitation should be laid aside by which the dignity and generous sentiments of his august master would be aggrieved! Refusing this, the Sultan now completely anticipated these proposals by at once promulgating a firman securing both spiritual and temporal privileges to all the tributary subjects, and communicated this decision to the whole of Christendom. This guarantee was at once pronounced by Mentschicoff a measure hostile to Russia and her religion!

Eleven weeks were thus consumed before the abrupt breaking off with the Porte by the departure of the whole of the Embassy. But whilst the ambassador of Russia was thus truculent in bluster, the Czar was with great solemnity denouncing to the English Government the practice of harassing the Porte by overbearing demands! (See Eastern papers.)

The most extraordinary feature in these transactions is the utter absence on the part of Russia of any supported statements of maltreatment of Christians or narratives of Turkish atrocity.

"It is known," says the Czar in his manifesto¹, "to all our faithful subjects, that the defence of the orthodox religion was from time immemorial the vow of our glorious forefathers. But to our great grief, recently, in despite of our efforts to defend the inviolability of the rights and privileges of our orthodox Church, various arbitrary acts of the Porte *have infringed these rights*, and threaten at the last the complete overthrow of the long perpetuated order so dear to Orthodoxy. Having exhausted all persuasion, we have found it needful to advance our armies into the Danubian Principalities, in order to shew the Porte to what its obstinacy may lead. But even now we have not the intention to commence war. By the occupation of the Principalities we desire to have such a secu-

¹ *Eastern Papers*, Part 1, p. 357.

riaty as will insure us the restitution of our rights. *It is not conquest we seek.* Russia *needs it not.* We seek satisfaction for a just right clearly infringed.”

By this manifesto, coupled with the secret proposals to Sir H. Seymour, and the known contents of the secret articles of the Treaty of Tilsit, the conscience of Europe was inexpressibly shocked. The wilful breaker of the general peace, without one reasonable pretext, was left without a single ally in Europe. The writer of the French foreign office exposed the hollowness of these Russian pretences with eroding sarcasm and magnificent logic. But the people of the Russian and Turkish dominions regarded it purely as a religious war. The protectorate which now seemed to be assumed by France and England by the approach of the united fleets to Besika Bay had a maddening effect on Nicholas. The sudden attack on a weak Turkish squadron at Sinope, in which 4,000 Turks were destroyed, moved the English to a kind of warlike frenzy, whose own navy was hard by, and did nothing! It was on the 11th of April that the Emperor of Russia had issued his declaration of war. To Central and Western Europe the piety of Russia was thus ecstatically vaunted:—

“Russia,” said he, “fights not for the things of this world, but for the Faith. Russia will not alter her divine mission..... And in this trust taking up arms for our persecuted brethren professing the Christian faith, we will exclaim with the whole of Russia with one heart, “O Lord our Saviour, whom have we to fear? May God arise and let his enemies be scattered.”

On the 10th of April, 1854, England and France signed a treaty of alliance, in which they bound themselves to renounce all aim at separate advantages, and engaged to do all that in them lay to prevent the return of the existing troubles, once for all, and to set free the dominions of the Sultan.

The subsequent war endured for 18 months. It brought to their graves a million of men, and cost the allies hundreds of millions; *no indemnity was asked.* Germany extorted £400,000,000 sterling from France as indemnity for a gratuitous war. Why was not Russia compelled to pay a proportionate fine? There is perhaps this significant result—in any future defeats of Russian

armies a war fine ought to be imposed by Europe. No other power is so aggressive or so successful in permanent occupation. Besides this, she always exacts treasure from the vanquished. With what measure she metes it ought to be measured to her again. But can such a war fine be exacted? The very fact of the extreme difficulty of compelling this power to "pay damages" is a strong reason for placing her deeds under the most searching scrutiny and surveillance.

CHAPTER X.

RUSSIAN OCCUPATIONS (continued).

MANY of the Russian occupations of the present day were plotted in the olden time. Oft repeated invasions have frequently preceded the final conquest. Those of Persia, Poland, Finland, Turkey, China, the Caucasus, and Turkestan, most conspicuously adorn the pages of Russian history.

In all, the same masterly, pertinacious, and audacious means have been steadily employed. No conquests have cost so little war as hers, but no wars have been more ruthless and incisive. Her Siberian wastes received her inconvenient subjects; tortures compelled change of religion. Her rich mines at once terrified the rebellious and enriched her coffers. The refinements of suffering were the most direct means of striking terror and exacting submission. Besides all this, the boundless projects of military glory, wildly surging over the obstacles in the path, like some huge tidal wave, ignored the woes entailed; in pursuing that splendid Russian policy—the heirloom of Peter the Great—a large part of Europe, India, and at least a huge part of Asia, had to be won. Russia has aggrandized her vast territories, north, east, and south, and even largely to the west, where most resistance was to be met, with almost miraculous ease. But the grand consummation of her proudest aspirations, is to be mistress of the lovely Queen of the East. Already, having been once dominant in the Bosphorus, imagination fails to appreciate the jealous pangs which torment her dreams, by the spectacle of other supremacy there. The prize so long coveted by sons of Rurik, and the Romanoffs, has ever slipped from their grasp.

Constantinople, in every age, has been the grand guerdon of mighty conquerors. In all ages, civilized peoples have been fascinated by the seductive beauties of its situation, the delights of its climate, and the varieties of its busy visitants. Besides being the seat of the Arabic Pontiff, the sublime Head of the faithful, numbering the countless millions of Araby, of Central Asia, the far East, and Hindostan ; placed too, at the midway water-course of the world, where the boundless treasure of a world-wide commerce, the grain of eastern Europe, the loads of the camels of the deserts, and the vast productions of a new and old world united, Constantinople is the only capital in the world whose traffic "can never decline so long as the human race endures." And the more that Asia revives and Russia advances, the more splendid must be the wealth poured into its bosom, by the vast arteries which collect from their plains the innumerable streams of their cultivation. "Its incomparable excellence made the Romans forget the sanctity of their Capitol and transfer their metropolis of the world to the shores of the Bosphorus." This eastern diadem of beauty, basking in the sunny south, has long formed the one devouring passion of the frozen Russians, imprisoned in their ice-bound deserts. Amid the jealous watchfulness of surrounding powers, Russia has never yet been able to bribe high enough to secure this mighty prize. But whether she flashes her sword to the four quarters of the globe, or raises the standard of the Cross in the outlying bulwarks of the Eastern throne, by whatever conquests by sea or by land, still Constantinople, and perhaps Jerusalem, are supreme centres of an irresistible gravitation or attraction ; thither she flings herself, and thither again and again will her legions repair. "The extension of Russia is not destined to be arrested till it has subjected all Central Asia to its rule, and established the Cross in undisturbed sovereignty on the dome of Sophia and the minarets of Jerusalem." Such was the old verdict of one of England's proudest historians. The meanest soldier is penetrated with the idea that Russia will conquer and unfurl the standard of the Cross throughout the world. Inspired with this belief, he subsists on eight and sixpence a year, bivouacks without tents in the snow, in the coldest

weather, and all this without a murmur. Thus they obey the behests of their king. They march to rescue mankind from the empire of the devil, in the person of the Grand Turk. From childhood their priests inculcate hatred to the infidel and the piety of exterminating their hereditary foes. Religion is used as the mask of conquest, and pious purposes hide sanguinary ambition.

It is the peculiar combination of the subtle chords of religious enthusiasm with the secret wires of cabinet intrigue that give the dangerous and envenomed point to all Russia's maturing designs. In nothing is this seen better than in her pious pretences of solicitude for the Christians in her neighbours' vineyards; and never so brightly shining in robes of illustrious goodness, as when the left hand holds the cross, and the right hand the yataghan.

In the following remarks, as brief as possible, we shall trace the thrusts of this two-edged sword of conquest, this adroit use of the cross and the dagger, the priest and the Cossack, tribute and the sword, the creed or the mines.

Poland.

Thus wrote Helen, the wife of Poland's king, to the Grand Duke of Muscovy, her father, Ivan III., in 1502, from Wilna.

"By the permission of God, and the audacity of wicked men, much blood has already been shed, and continues to flow. Women and children are dragged into slavery; the holy faith decays, our churches are deserted; and all this notwithstanding your treaties, your oaths, and alliances.

"Is this your love for me, my lord and father? I, who am your servant and daughter? I should prefer to die in your country at your feet rather than to hear it said, '*he has sent his daughter to Lithuania the more easily to ensnare and enslave the country.*'

"Think only, my lord, how impossible it is to place any confidence in these modern Cains, who do not hesitate to massacre their own brothers, and are also plunged up to the neck in blood.

“ You will learn from the ambassadors sent to you that the king of Poland has in no way infringed the treaties. Do not refuse him your former love, as to a brother and son-in-law, so that my bitter tears may be changed to joy.”

Hear the Russian historian¹: “ We admit that Ivan violated the clauses of the treaty of peace,.....but he *found an excuse sufficiently weighty in the necessities of protecting his brothers in religion.*”

* * * * *

Catharine II., that impersonation of duplicity, treachery, and vice, approached her future victim with blandishments and religious zeal. The prime lever of the Russian power has ever been apparently a sweet solicitude for suffering humanity around her, the relief of their troubles, anxiety for their outraged rights, tenderness for their wrongs. It was thus she addressed the Poland which had been gradually disturbed by her machinations, so as to require a fine consolatory influence:

“ Unity of religion, and the glory of contributing to human happiness, are not the only motives which induce her Imperial Highness to renew at this present time in the most pressing manner, her intervention in favour of the Greek Church, and of the other dissenting bodies, subjects of Poland, in order to put an end to the oppression under which they groan, and to re-establish them in their rights.....Russia, in virtue of the treaty of 1686, and the other powers in concert with her, in virtue of the Treaty of Oliva, with one accord consider it their duty to watch over the security of each party of the state; to prevent all discord between them, to procure for them a strict distribution of justice, and the enjoyment for each and all of that which constitutes reciprocal and general rights. *It is therefore to be faithful to treaties that the Empress desires to regain for the Greek subjects and the other Dissenters all their rights, and to secure to them their continuation.*”

“ She is rejoiced to see the Polish nation confederated, the re-establishment of her tranquillity, the consolidation of her liberties, and the freedom of electing her king from amongst her ancient nobility.”

¹ Karamsin.

In Six Articles she then regulated the ecclesiastical affairs of the Greek Church; gave full protection to the Greek service and hierarchy; and conferred on them all means requisite for the support of their dignity. Liberty of conscience as a divine right. Tribute to Catholic clergy she denounced as an abuse and pernicious. Power to erect schools and bishoprics in perpetuity. Her Imperial Majesty also requested negotiations respecting subjects who do not follow the Greek religion, in order to determine their share in state administration, and their connection with the Crown. *The aid also which she accorded to the whole nation for her common good* she owes likewise, and cannot refuse to the Greek and Nonconformist communities.

“Religion, and the duties of friendship and social intercourse, the obligations of treaties, and the honour of their accomplishment, the desire to answer the hopes of a whole nation, enjoin on her Majesty the absolute necessity to continue these efforts, in order to bring about the re-establishment of the Greeks and Nonconformists in the enjoyment of the rights, as well spiritual as temporal, which are their due as members of a Free State.

“She considers it her duty to employ every means likely to effect the restoration of the general tranquillity, and believes she could not employ them more worthily¹.”

In 1790, a report was presented to the same Diet concerning the insurrections in Poland, which occurred in the spring of the year 1789.

“The Republic is threatened with new dangers, and with a new and permanent disease in Poland, whose poison is perpetually infecting it, and it proceeds from a permanent system adopted by a foreign Power. All the revolts in Poland originated among the fierce and unruly Cossacks, the inhabitants of Southern Poland. Those of the present day are produced by the deep-laid schemes of a dangerous neighbour. Means and precautions were employed to enlist favourable accidents as instruments of foreign intrigue, and to transform domestic riots into political conspiracy.

¹ Dated 20 April, 1766, sent to the Diet of the Kingdom of Poland, Prince Repnin being then Ambassador at the Court of Warsaw.

"The Cossacks, a vagabond people without morals or police, steeped in ignorance, and restive under all authority, first made the Polish nation acquainted with the name of revolt, and its accompanying calamities. They were inspired with fanaticism and wrath, stimulated with the hope of plunder by an arch conspirator¹, who first joined the Tartars to the plot. The murderous war that followed this alliance with the Muscovites, gave the long desired opportunity for encroachments on the Polish kingdom."

The Court of Russia obtained possession of the provinces whose inhabitants were chiefly of the Greek faith, in *defiance* of the Treaty of Andruszow, which had guaranteed its reversion to Poland after two years' occupation.

The Tsar now thought his various vassal provinces insecure, while separated from him by the spiritual power. He then decided, once for all, to unite both political and religious power in his own person. Henceforth, the decisions of the Greek Synod became the Absolute decree of the Sovereign. Political subjection was confounded with religious submission. By the most artful blandishments, Russia, in her new character, sought to alienate the affections and inclinations of the Polish Greeks, so as to detach them from their national governors. Henceforward the Polish insurrections, at the bidding of a Russian Pope, escaped the ken of the government. Russia acquired moral ties more binding than national patriotism. The Russian Synod or Sovereign, by means of rights adroitly acquired, filled the Polish livings with Russian monks and priests through its Bishop, Koninski. She progressed daily. The multiplied outrages upon the national dignity of Poland culminated in the Treaty which followed the Conference of Sluck, when intrigues, cabals, and intimidations, combined to heap upon the doomed state the crowning insults of a triumphant diplomacy. The ingenuity of this treaty demands a passing note.

Romish Apostates to be exiled from Poland. This decree, apparently favourable to the dominant Creed, was the astute

¹ General Koniecpolski, disappointed with the deprivation of the Government of Czechryn.

means of enriching Russia with refugees, who left the crime unpunished, and thus encouraged the exodus, whilst her partisans in the heart of Poland were increased.

St Petersburg alone was to act through its Synod in the affairs of all Dissenters and non-united Greeks.

Against the woes of Poland, continually intensifying, England and France protested in vain: they were met by Gortschakoff's haughty dispatches forsooth about the honour and integrity of Russia, and the readiness of the nation to rise as one man for the vindication of her independence! Austria, scared by the threat of a Galician revolt, dared not unsheathe her sword. The Russian Bear closed still tighter its suffocating grip: bleeding, torn, and exhausted, Europe relinquished the Polish Victim to its fatal jaws.

The time soon arrived when the Russian mask, worn out and useless, dropped from the actors. All the professions of moderation, solicitude, and tenderness for a nation's welfare, melted away like a summer cloud. Victorious, elate, and confident, the Emperor could now, at his leisure, silently contemplate the last ebbing palpitations of his struggling victim.

The final catastrophe at Warsaw is thus described. "Its citizens, with unavailing anguish, beheld their defenders on the other side of the Vistula perishing in the flames (of the suburbs) or by the sword of the conquerors. Ten thousand soldiers fell on the spot; nine thousand were made prisoners, and above twelve thousand citizens of every age and sex were put to the sword: a dreadful instance of carnage which has left a lasting stain which Russia expiated at the conflagration of Moscow. This was the first instance of the destruction of a member of the European family by ambitious rivals: as such, it excited a profound sensation in Europe. To behold a people so ancient, so gallant, whose deeds were associated with such heart-stirring recollections, fall a victim to imperial ingratitudo, Prussian cupidity, and Muscovite ambition, was a spectacle which naturally excited the utmost indignation. The Christian world was penetrated with grief akin to that felt by the civilized nations at the fall of Jerusalem. The

poet, says Alison, has celebrated these events in the immortal lines:—

"Oh bloodiest picture in the book of time!
Sarmatia fell unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms nor mercy in her woe.
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
Closed her bright eye and curb'd her high career:
Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
And freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell."

The spoils of Poland fatally attracted those armies of Austria, Russia and Prussia which should have stopped the career of the avenging Nemesis of France. Six years of bondage and an enormous tribute, the complete humiliation of Austria and Russia on the very exact territories of Poland, remind one of the vineyard of Naboth and the blood of Ahab's race. Twice passed the victorious French armies through the city of Vienna. "History," says the historian of these times, "would be worse than useless if it did not signalize this memorable instance of a just retribution, for the eternal warning of mankind." Prussia had stood by, the willing spectator for ten long years, in selfish neutrality, anxious only to secure her share in these ill-gotten gains of infamy. Russia was compelled to sue for peace in the field of Naboth. It was the Imperial trio who had laughed, made merry, and divided the spoil, upon whom the thunderbolt of France fell with fury.

It was all in vain that the cry of Poland had been echoed through the civilized world. Isolated and hemmed in by devouring wolves, no help could then reach her. She could only be avenged. And what a cry!

"Muscovite despotism in the middle of the nineteenth century presents a spectacle of atrocity unknown in the annals of barbarous times. The deceitful mask which covered Russia has fallen off, and the barbarous Mongol re-appears in his hideous nakedness. The cruelties of Tamerlane and Ivan the Terrible pale before those of Russia, who has launched her most savage hordes against Poland. The war is now a horrible carnage, pillage and burnings. Priests in their sacred robes are delivered to the hangman. Neither age nor sex is spared.

The Muscovite tramples down divine and human laws under his feet, and henceforward there is an abyss of blood. Will Europe suffer that humanity shall thus be insolently outraged, and a war of extermination prolonged, to the shame of the present century?

“People of the West hear the cry of alarm which this martyred nation raises. It is over its body that despotism hopes to force its way to the heart of civilization.”

Enormous numbers of prisoners were knouted, and sent to die in frozen Siberia, where the thermometer reaches 100° below freezing point. Many were sent to Kronstadt; and about one hundred and thirty, refusing to take the oath of allegiance, were obliged to run the gauntlet and receive 6000 strokes with the rods of the soldiers placed in rank and file so as to form a lane of torture mitigated only by the final insensibility of the reeking victims. The victim was tied to the back of a marching soldier.

Finland.

The secret treaty of Tilsit, between Napoleon and Alexander in 1807¹, enabled these august personages to confer amicably together. Among other things, Napoleon said, “Take you Finland as a compensation for the expense of the war. It won’t do to let your Russian beauties hear the sound of Swedish cannon; Sweden may be an ally; but it is geographically your enemy. If the Turks resist we must divide their dominions, but how? You may keep besides Bessarabia, Moldavia, Wallachia and Bulgaria to the foot of the Balkan. France should have the maritime provinces. The consent of Austria will be easily obtained by giving her Bosnia and Servia.”

By this treaty these imperial robbers had agreed upon the exact share of each in the spoliation and the mode of bribing a consenting spectator. In return for these compliments, France had engaged to permit Russia at once to begin with

¹ Fully authenticated by M. Thiers (*Hist. du Consulat*) as taken from the will of Napoleon.

Finland. Alexander, encouraged with this *carte blanche*, immediately put his nefarious design into execution. "The cabinet of St Petersburg had long beheld with covetous eyes this Finland, and Sveaborg, its noble fortress, the northern key of the Baltic (within a short distance)." Russia lost no time. On the 11th of March, 1808, she declared war against Sweden, and on the 28th, within little more than a fortnight, an Imperial Ukase was issued at St Petersburg—(of great simplicity)—

"We unite Finland, conquered by our arms, for ever to our empire, and command its inhabitants forthwith to take the oath of allegiance to our throne."

Such was the audacious and unblushing effrontery with which Sweden was dismembered, before any treaty had been signed. In 1809, the severe frost enabled the Russians to gain the advantage of crossing the Gulf of Bothnia on the thick ice and complete this shameless annexation, which extended from this Gulf almost to the frozen ocean by the river Joki.

Now it should be particularly pointed out that the Swedish Government had scrupulously abstained from giving offence to their gigantic foe. Yet during the whole winter, troops were continually passed forward towards Finland. At last, when the Autocrat of all the Russias was compelled to assign a reason for this infamous war, the fatal fruit of Tilsit secrecy, he could affirm nothing better than that the Swedish monarch had not acceded to his proposal to join his forces to those of Russia, and was desirous of preserving his neutrality in the coming war !!

But worse than this, the Russians, without declaring war, entered Finland, with *proclamations to the effect that the territory was entered with no intention of hostility, but solely to preserve them from the horrors of war !!* a promise instantly dishonoured by the occupation of the whole provinces and universal establishment of Russian administration. The King of Sweden bitterly complained of this invasion without a declaration of war as no better than a huge burglary; and also he complained of Russia perseveringly instigating his subjects to revolt.

It is quite plain that Russia practises precisely the same arts to-day as she did then. She steals into possession under the guise of friendship. What is the correct expression whereby to brand such transactions?

No sooner, however, did the Emperor Napoleon apply the same system of spoliation to Germany which he had recommended to Alexander in the case of Finland, than Alexander experienced an indignant reaction of the most poignant kind. From that moment all intimacy between these well-matched monarchs wholly ceased. The one had seized the enormous eastern tracts of Sweden, the other had subjected a neighbour, too near to be pleasant.

CHAPTER XI.

RUSSIAN OCCUPATIONS. THE CAUCASUS.

THE flight of a nation, driven at the point of the bayonet into the sea, or rather into the valleys leading to the sea, is a spectacle with which Russia alone has favoured the wondering world, and this in recent times. She knows that destruction or displacement of the dwellers in the land is the surest way to find homes and homesteads, estates and granaries for her starving hordes. The invaders must live: the natives must go or perish.

“It is apparent,” says Lord Napier, writing on the 23rd of May, 1864, “that the Russian Government have long taken an absolute resolution, at any risk, to remove the whole of the mountaineers still in arms from their native places. The system pursued has been for two years past to move the troops and the Cossack forts and settlements slowly but surely up the valleys which pour their waters northwards to the basin of the Kouban, dispossessing the indigenous inhabitants at every step, until at length the highest fastnesses have been reached, and the people inhabiting the watershed have been pushed over the valleys sloping southward to the Black Sea, and have carried the sequestered people of those regions in masses to the coast.” From this coast they flew by tens of thousands across the sea, to perish by famine and disease under the kind yet clumsy help of Turkey.

But next came the turn of the Crimean natives. Immediately after the peace they were forced to depart wholesale. The estates were thus easily appropriated without a price, and now Russia enjoys a sunny southern court!

In 1861—62 the Kouban Tartars, in the line of the *Indian*

route be it observed, were ordered to leave at an early fixed date, no time being given them to sell their lands, houses, or homesteads. No price could be obtained. They landed in the midst of sleet, snow, and rain ; and soon it was not possible to walk in Constantinople without meeting numerous little coffins containing the perished victims of this sympathising champion of suffering Christianity.

The true and clear object, however, of this gigantic and compulsory exodus of a people in the midst of winter was really to clear a road to central Asia, Khiva, Turkestan, and secure a station one stage nearer to our Indian frontier. The brave Caucasians for ages had proved an insurmountable obstacle in their mountain passes to all the strength of Russian armies. We must measure the importance of this step by its *cost*, which was enormous.

But there is nothing new in all this. Catharine expelled the Kalmucks from the Volga, their native seat, to seek refuge in the far East. Consisting of about 28,000 tents, or 140,000 souls, they reached at last the confines of China, the shattered remnant now only numbering one-fourth of their number. More than 100,000 had perished on the tremendous route to the East.

The Government could hardly plead an excuse for these Caucasian barbarities. Humanity is in general credited for some care and solicitude even for a conquered nation, at least in modern times. But here the deportation of a whole nation was no longer a specious plea for introducing civilization and Christianity. It was merely a new application of the old Russian principle of exile, with this difference, that it drove them down to the sea, where a pitying power, though an enemy to Russia, harboured the scattered nation. Spain did the same thing with her Jews ; and Russia had done it before with the Poles.....

Russia, the new claimant for the Tartar Steppes and the Circassian strongholds, was now emboldened to finish the absorption of Poland. An exasperating conscription at Warsaw, a well planned and forced insurrection, and in consequence a wholesale driving of herds of vanquished Poles on their long

march to the Siberian mines or wastes, completed her Christian mission. Europe stood still. And for this witnessing attitude, and for this cold-blooded acquiescence in a nation's wrongs, she may yet receive her due.

It was quite impossible at this time to divine the ulterior reasons why, after the peace of 1856, Russia should so long persist in her extravagant expenditure of men and treasure for the apparent conquest of barren mountains, and of such impoverished inhabitants, who possessed no power whatever of attacking her in her own dominions. But brought now into the light of modern history, Russia was pursuing her darkling policy, now as clear as the day—Revenge on England. Appropriating in the East her commerce in Central Asia, blurring the prestige of her name in her Eastern Empire. Russia had obtained Georgia by fraud. The queen-mother and her son-king, George XIII., were induced to visit St Petersburg. The Tsar, Paul, surrounding them with the promises, representations, and blandishments of a court, seduced King George to surrender the sacred inheritance of a long line of kings, and the independence of his country. In 1801 Georgia was thus annexed. But the picture of Russian life, as given by Sermouloff's *Life in the Caucasus*, is not very flattering to the divine mission of Russia. This life “equals in iniquity the worst of French novels.” The road to India could not be opened till all these nations were swept away by the tramp of Russia's advancing hosts. The passes of the Caucasus were necessary for the security of the Russian bases of operation. It was by these surprising substitutions of her own people for the expelled Caucasians that Russia has now been able to open another road to the Garden of the East. The treaty of Paris ignored the Circassians, while protecting the principalities. Russia had an open path to victory, for England's Cabinet had closed its ears to the last despairing cry of a perishing people. These people addressed a petition to the Queen. But it was disregarded; Russia had too many friends. Numbering a million of souls, they prayed for protection against extermination. These Caucasians said in their petition to the Queen:—

"The tyranny of the Russians was not confined to capturing our cattle, burning our dwellings and temples, and other unheard of atrocities, but in order to starve us on the mountains they destroyed all our growing crops on the plain, and captured our land....."

The policy of Russia is exploited just the same—in Poland, and in Circassia: she gets rid of the rightful owners of the soil. It is recorded that a Russian Consul remarked to Said Pasha when talking of these Circassians: "If a man steals a horse, or a cow, we call him a Tcherkess." The Pasha instantly rejoined, "Yes, and if he seizes a whole province, then he is called a Tsar!" Had SCHAMYL indeed been victorious, his unsullied fame would have ranked him with a patriot, William Tell, the saviour of his country. But, alas, languishing a pensioned prisoner in the hands of his bitterest foes, he perished in Russian obscurity. Did Russia here forget for once her holy Christian mission? Smarting with the defeat of her plottings against Turkey, she turned once more to her Indian war path. Nor has she forsaken the trail. Nature, in the form of heat, cold, thirst, and sandy deserts, myriads of hovering hordes, physical exhaustion, was all disregarded, and alike deterred her not. The hunted Circassians, hunted from home and country, have already been reckoning with Russia, but the account is not yet closed.

Schamyl's followers are thus described by a German-Russian officer, of the invading force, present at the exchange of ransomed prisoners, who therefore cannot be suspected of flattery. "Behind him appeared Mürids splendidly mounted, equipped and armed. There was a grace in their proud and military bearing, which was enhanced by a dash of half-savage wildness. They carried their long guns cocked, and resting on the thigh. Their stern dark faces, and wiry forms, the richness of their arms glittering with gold and silver, the beauty of their fiery little horses, combined with the background of the surrounding landscape, offered a coup d'œil, the like of which I never remember to have witnessed¹." He describes Schamyl. "His pale

¹ Written by a Prussian officer (Berlin, 1855) serving in a crack Russian Regiment de chasseurs de S.A. le Prince Woronzow.

regular handsome face is bordered by a carefully tended black beard. Mind and feeling beam from his large dark eyes. There is a stamp of deep melancholy upon his features, and in his expressive eyes, proceeding possibly from the consciousness of the hopelessness of all his endeavours to assure their independence.....After the defeats of various Russian corps,—to any one who has beheld the formidable defile of Dariel, a bold stroke against the Russians, conducted by a master head and hand like Schamyl's, would seem no impossibility.....He rose at six, his prayers and ablutions lasted till seven, when Shoanette, his second wife, brought him a cup of tea, mixed with milk. His entire morning was then devoted to writing, giving audiences, and general business. At one he dined, in the afternoon resumed business, supped at nine, and invariably retired to bed at eleven."....." His title was, Imam of Daghestan."

"It was in the natural fortress of Guinib that Schamyl, in 1859, made his last stand against the Russian forces. For thirty years Schamyl, at the head of the Circassian tribes, successfully defied the whole strength and power of Russia. But in her obstinate determination she kept during these thirty years in Circassia two hundred and fifty thousand soldiers, on the average. Only thirty or forty thousand were employed on the frontiers of Turkey and Persia; the services of more than two hundred thousand being devoted exclusively to subjugating the mountain tribes, under the leadership of Schamyl. It would be difficult to see the exact reason why Russia should expend such enormous sums of money and so many valuable lives, year after year, for a conquest which could prove only a barren acquisition. For thirty years Schamyl managed to keep open his communications...Prince Baryatinski surrounded the mountain with an enormous force...The Russians climbed up the mountain 2000 feet...The Mussulmans preferred death, with paradise, to surrender." *Travels in the Eastern Caucasus*, by Lt.-Gen. Sir A. Thurlow Cunynghame, 1872, p. 193.

CHAPTER XII.

THE PRINCIPALITIES, SERVIA, BOSNIA, AND BULGARIA.

THE Principalities, instead of being benefited by Russian protection, have withered under its shadow. When a Chief Prince is once Russianized, subserviency to Russian interests is the only rule of promotion. From the highest to the lowest, Russian dictation, through its Consul, is paramount. All liberal reforms of known evils, desired by the thinking classes, are strangled in their birth. Serfdom continues. Trade and development languish. With vineyards producing a thousand tuns of wine, with granaries for the whole Turkish Empire, ruled by nobles magnificent in wealth and luxury, the people sunk in abject wretchedness—such are some of the peculiar combinations which, nevertheless, subsist under a hopeless Russian Protectorate.

It was Peter the Great that first seduced these Principalities. The Treaty was most attractively worded.

‘The Prince of Moldavia was to pay no tribute.

‘To keep 10,000 soldiers paid for by Russia.

‘Russians shall never interfere in the affairs of the country, and no Russian shall marry and purchase lands there.’

A similar method detached the Prince of Wallachia. It was thus Peter, with his usual wiliness, commenced his attack on Turkey.

In 1774 an article was surreptitiously introduced into the Treaty of Kainardji of a most subtle and dangerous import.

The Porte consents, that according to the circumstances of the

*two Principalities, the Ministers of the Imperial Court of Russia may speak in their favour: and promises to take into consideration such representations conformably to the amity and respect which it has for the Powers*¹.

Here we witness the unmasking of Russian intrigue. Subsequently, Russia got by treaty one half of Moldavia and the whole of Bessarabia². 1812.

Russia considers a Protectorate of immense importance: for this she supremely laboured. The very document in which the acknowledgment of this appears is the work of her own agents³. But this gives no sovereign rights.

Servia.

The history of Servia is full of a keen and touching interest. Its second Tsar was Stephen Dūshan, whose wildest dream embraced the Constantinopolitan Crown. To defeat this a Greek Emperor had the fatal imprudence to call in the aid of the Ottoman hosts.

Dūshan, however, died of fever in 1355; and, on the summit of a mountain looking towards the Servian and Turkish realms, with his expiring breath exclaimed, "I weep not because I am about to leave the countries where I have made good roads, and builded good bridges, but because I must leave them without taking the City of Empire. I see the gate open by which the enemy of the land will enter." Then they wrote the words of the Tsar, that his son Urosh and the Servian nation might remember.

It is said that Urosh was murdered by the Regent, who, beaten back by the Turks, fled to a place of security, and there, when quenching his thirst at a spring of water, accidentally displayed his guilt. The insignia of the Golden double Eagle worn by the murdered Urosh fell from his vest. His standardbearer in wrath slew him on the spot. They elected Lazar as their Tsar: and in the battle of Kossovo, in 1339, both

¹ Marten's *Recueil de Traité*s, tom. II. 304.

² Marten's *Nouveau Recueil de Traité*s, tom. III. 397.

³ Vattel, *Droit des Gens*, Liv. I. chap. 16. § 192.

Tsars died upon the battle-field. The sons of each prosecuted the war. One was Bajazet, named the Lightning, and proved too mighty an antagonist. The Serbs, deserted by their nobles, who sought refuge in Croatia and Dalmatia and the rocks of Montenegro, and crossed the Danube, paid tribute thenceforth to the Porte.

For the last hundred years most of the religious books have been printed in Russia. She had indefatigably insinuated Russian priests and monks. Servian language is distinct from Slave. Servia has her *literati*, and these have strenuously opposed the Panslavic fusion, and exposed the shallow pretence that Serbian is similar to Russian. The Servians have their own distinct national language, in which their religion is embalmed: their laws, their poetry, and their church-services, are all in this ancient tongue. It is true that a Servian abbot was made Archbishop of Kieff, and transported thither a store of Servian manuscripts for northern libraries, which Russia would be imprudent to resuscitate, lest the Russian claim of brotherhood should lose its principal force. The *Monumenta Serbica*, lately published, presents a store however of such documents chronologically arranged, which completely exposes the modern Russian sham of the Russo-Slavic sympathies with Servia as Slavic.

The laws of Dūshan finely exhibit the stern character of the man. The following are some of them:

The Church alone was to decide in Church-matters.

Converts to the Latin faith from the Greek Church were to be punished with death.

A nobleman who violated a married woman was punished by the loss of his hands and nose.

A married woman was similarly punished for the offence with loss of nose and ears.

Drunkards who made a riot, or committed an assault, were to have their eyes torn out, and one hand cut off.

Church-property was not to be alienated.

Belgrade, occupied by the Austrians in 1739, was by treaty restored to the Porte, whose limits were to be defined by the Danube and the Save. But in 1788, Russia and Austria com-

bined in a war, in which Servia did good service against the Porte. Servia was, in fact, delivered from the Turks; but the old jealousies, about the partition of Turkey, were fatal to the cause of Servia once more.

At last, after many vicissitudes of peace and war, the Porte consented to make Milosch a Prince of Servia, on the condition that the Servian nation shall never act in any manner contrary to the duties of faithful subjects, nor contrary to the submission you owe to the Sublime Porte¹.

Black George, or Kara George, had been murdered whilst asleep, by the orders of Milosch. This Milosch was deposed in 1843, and a son of Kara George elected Prince—Georgevich. During the Crimean War this Prince exercised a strict neutrality. But Milosch was recalled, and restored. He was succeeded by his son Michael Obrenovich III. in 1860. Turkey having bombarded Belgrade to avenge a quarrel, a long diplomatic game was played out between England and Austria with Turkey and France against Russia and Prussia siding with Servia. At last Turkey agreed to evacuate the Servian fortresses. Michael armed his nation. He obtained muskets from Russia. He was assassinated at Belgrade, June 1868. The Sublime Porte permitted the Servians to elect a Servian Prince.

In Servia the Mussulmans say their prayers in an unknown tongue—Arabic. But the bulk of the Christians in Turkey use one and the same liturgy and Bible, in the ancient dialect of Servia.

Austria by her sharp lessons in war has often proved the best of friends in Servia's distress. From her it learned war. Austria always restored to Turkey the possessions acquired, giving back both land and people.

Russia however, with her never-failing astuteness, had forced, by the occupation of the Danubian Principalities, a solemn promise, that none of their princes should be removed without her consent: and she, like Peter, also reduced the Turkish tribute. In 1804, the first Russian cannon presented

¹ Herstlet's *Map of Europe by Treaty, 1814—1875*, Vol. II. p. 933.

by the Tsar drew forth the grateful tears of the Servians: and forthwith these worthies succumbed to Russian blandishments. The Porte, alarmed at the prospect of a Russo-Servian Alliance, at once mitigated the condition of these subjects, and agreed to a tribute of £60,000 per annum; conceded native government and native garrisons, but placed 150 Turks at Belgrade. Under this fear the Porte conceded everything asked by Servia. In this game of war, however, Russia found it necessary to paralyze Austria by sending the army into these Principalities. Austria now refused to join Prussia and Russia in their alliance against victorious France. Servia was now again aided by Russia. Kara George, the Servian hero, bears witness to the valour of the Russians in their cause. In 1809, drawn closer than ever by the Russians who had crossed the Danube, they feared desertion by Russia, and would fain seek Austrian assistance. Russia, in her own masterly style, at once checkmated this move by proclaiming the Servians to be children of one family and of one creed, and promising them support.

To trace the course of Servia¹ would be too great a task. But to be brief—Servia, the sport of Austrians, Russians and Turks, has been, as it were, the football of Europe. Her Greek religion has been the sheet-anchor in every Russian manœuvre. Flattered with the idea of resuscitating the grand old Serbian Rule, and the championship of the Slave, she has been led, through disaster and defeat, ever to lean upon her great Northern Patron. A convenient arsenal for Russia, almost impregnable, like Russia, when her passes are blocked with the snowdrift, itself mountainous and teeming with choice positions of defence, this power once established there, with the Danube to bring supplies, could defy all the power of Asia to oust her from her eyrie. Forming a huge semi-circular redoubt abutting into Turkey, the military situation for establishing her troops is of surpassing advantage. Well might the Powers forbid Russia trespassing *openly* on these domains. Well might Russia again seize the waters of the

¹ See Ranke's *History of Servia*.

Black Sea, and set the English ministry at defiance for this daring outrage of the Treaty of Paris. It was the closing of the Black Sea to armed Russian vessels that was the crowning result of the siege of Sebastopol. Next the safety of the mouths of the Danube, by removing northwards the boundaries of Russian ambition. But alas! the novel experiment of thousands of Russian troops kindly despatched with the knowledge and consent of Russia, with passports in order and armed to the teeth, whilst she herself is negotiating peace! formed a spectacle which violated the conscience of Europe. Freebooting on principle has become a profession in arms. The desolation of a nation forced to die in the front, against its will, seduced by pious frauds, to civilized Europe is a stain on the century in which we live. The spectacle of the friendly invaders, filling all the posts of honour and defying the prince of the soil, is one of the manifold phases of unprincipled ambition. "Woe to a nation whose prince is a child, and whose servant bears rule." Should Russia quite overwhelm Servia with her troops, she would acquire a base of operations exceedingly strong, and practically be a thousand miles nearer to her realized dream.

The population in 1872 was 1,100,000 souls. At the next census we shall probably be able to ascertain the slaughter unnecessarily accomplished by the atrocity-mongers and hysterical politicians of gullible crowds, who have filled Europe with sardonic smiles.

There can be no doubt that both Austria and Russia equally dread in Servia a well-established, progressive and liberal government. "The Servian nation has so decided a mistrust, if not hatred of Austria, that the entrance of the Austrians into Servia would be considered by every one as so imminent a danger, so great a misfortune, that all the proceedings of the Servians would be directed against Austrian troops. . . . They saw," the Servians declared, "in the threatened occupation (by Austria) of the Servian territory, who under pretext, &c. . . . created for herself the means of invading Servia and causing by her unjust and oppressive behaviour, that very

disorder and confusion, that very desolation, which it is the interest of the Ottoman empire to prevent.

How poignantly this protest, now twenty years old, describes the very situation to which Servia has been brought by the recent sympathies of Russia! Servia has been completely exhausted by her friendship.

Bosnia.

Population, about 1,200,000.

Bosnian Mussulmans, 442,050.

Christians of Greek Church, 576,756.

Austrian subjects, 5,000.

La Bosnie est de toutes les provinces turques celle où la civilisation a fait le moins de progrès.

"The most barbarous of the provinces of Turkey in Europe; . . . the mass of the people are ground to the dust under the present *regime*. . . . There is no development of the immense material resources of the country, no means of employment which might enable the poor to meet the ever-increasing taxation, the extortions of the officials and the heavy exactions of their own clergy. The chief town, Serajevo, does not possess a single bookseller's shop¹."

Bulgarians.

That the Bulgarians are not Slaves is strongly asserted by another writer².

The Bulgarians, a people whose origin, according to ethnologists, is Turanian, according to Russian authorities number 1,800,000 souls. They live in a compact mass in the countries enclosed between the Danube and the Balkans. They also occur in scattered groups in the northern parts of Thrace and Macedonia. They are thus, as it were, astride across the Balkan mountain range.

¹ *Provinces Danubiennes*, par MM. Chopin et Ubicini, p. 239.

² The Bulgarians migrated from Boulgar on the Volga or Boulgar, the capital of which was destroyed by the Tartars.

Russian policy has long been at work to lay a broad foundation for the creation of a huge Slavic Principality embracing both sides of the Balkans, and thus placing this magnificent barrier to Russian ambition in the hands of a race, already persuaded, by Russian priests, consuls, and emissaries, to join their hearts and hands to that protector of their rights. Since 1830 she has incessantly plotted this result: her campaign in 1829 had already shewed her the position of the true gate to Constantinople.

The means which, during the time from 1830 to 1876, have been somewhat complicated, though saturated with that subtle wile, so perfectly elaborated in the Frozen North, are as follows :

- (1) Extension of Panslavism in these districts.
- (2) Inoculation of the Bulgarians with Panslavic ideas by incessant excitement.
- (3) The enormous spread of maps, contrived in Russia, but introduced innocently by the European publishers into every possible market, displaying the Panslavic kingdom completed.

It was M. Schafarik, a Panslavist of note, who first drew up this map, and artfully got German map-sellers to scatter it. Moscow and St Petersburg are the great Slavic centres, and here the learned authorities reside. Here emanate the fictitious histories unquestioned by Europe, who knows nothing of these matters except as manufactured for them.

Adroitly have the Panslavic committees engrafted their all-powerful idea upon an ignorant public: who unwittingly publish these things, so equal in boldness to the forged decretals of the Catholic Church. The Bulgarian mind had also long been worked by paid Russian ecclesiastical emissaries. Fawning upon these ignorant Bulgarians, and dallying their children upon the Russian knee, in time these little darlings, when full-grown, return home, the most efficient tools for seducing the Bulgarian mind to Russian policy. They return, some as monks, others as consuls. 'In 1862 she created a hundred bursaries, and ordered its consuls to discover a great number of

children of promise and ability, and forthwith to send them to Russia to be educated in her spirit and aspirations. They returned as schoolmasters and priests. Under these new pioneers Bulgaria put on a new appearance. This was the very time when the Emperor Nicholas conceived the plan of becoming Religious Protector of the Eastern Church, with a view of erecting a Panslavist hierarchy which should be wholly independent of the Patriarchate at Constantinople, and even form a fulcrum for exerting irresistible pressure on the Sultan. Almost immediately after Russia's defeat in the Crimea, she set to work with her secret committees at her two principal centres to mysteriously propagate the spirit of Panslavic unity amongst not only Russian, but Austrian and Turkish subjects. These soon were increased by other secret boards at Kazan, Kieff, and principal cities in Austria. A grand Slavic empire was a bold idea; but after what a deluge of blood only could such an idea be realized! Doubtless the Emperor dreamed a dream of Slavic might, wearing himself the mighty crown. But having raised this war demon, it now threatens to devour its master.

Passing already beyond Russian control, the deep ramifications of this secret conspiracy penetrate too deeply the Russian soil to be now eradicated. If the Emperor is Panslavic to the full, he may perhaps guide the bark of the state sweltering in these billows of national furor: if not, who knows what victims may be cast upon the raging waters?

But in Bulgaria, notwithstanding at this time the low ebb of Russian influence at Stamboul, the extraordinary sagacity of Ignatieff¹ hit upon a masterly expedient of profiting by the

¹ *Distinguished Persons in Russian Society*, translated by F. E. Bunnett, Smith, Elder and Co. "Nothing can be more melancholy and hopeless than the impression which this sketch of General Ignatieff leaves upon us of the aims and methods of Russian diplomacy in the East—so utterly selfish, unprincipled, and wicked it is—deliberately and systematically perpetrating any fraud, and sacrificing any national interest for the promotion of his own venal lust of conquest. If ever a man justified Johnson's definition of an ambassador, 'a person who goes abroad to lie for the good of his country,' it is General Ignatieff; who by his unblushing mendacity has earned for himself in Constantinople the sobriquet of 'father of lies.' The history of his

hostility of the Porte to his country. The Bulgarians were struggling against the voracity of the Greek priests and Greek supremacy. He took care not to encourage the latter. He warmly embraced the opposite side. The Porte took the bait. Indignant at this interference in her affairs (in spite of the treaty of 1856), and this Russian attempt at assuming the protectorate, once for all she established a Bulgarian Church independent of the Patriarchate. This adroit move has given Russia a new footing, who now claims to occupy that Bulgaria, which is defined by having a purely independent Bulgarian Church.

The Porte crowned the joy of Russian policy by creating a Bulgarian nationality, consisting of mixed populations, on both slopes of the Balkans, the glorious dream of Russia for forty years. The commission for this grand change was wholly inspired by Ignatieff, the trusty agent of the Tsar. Russia had obtained well defined territorial limits for the Greek Church. In the clear light of this fine transaction we now see the tremendous meaning of a military Bulgarian occupation. Wherever the Bulgarian Church could be shewn to exist, there would Russia plant her hoof. At one swoop nearly the whole of Northern Turkey would be absorbed.

Now when it is considered that the population in Bulgaria is purely a peasantry, without literature, history, or even a pure language—for the Russians are busy at Moscow making them one—with traditions devoid of interest, with no chiefs except those of legends, whom northern friends are transforming into kings, with no deeds of arms in the past and no hope in the future, except the meteoric splendour of Russian Slavism before them; entirely ignorant, and betaught and beschooled in a Russian sense, and enjoying no middle class; how is it possible these simple beings can resist the blandishments of their only supposed benefactor?

The grand idea of union with Russia as Slaves, and becoming the children of the Tsar, the universal father, their god upon earth, are the principal articles of faith dunned

successes and methods as here detailed is as humiliating as it is portentous."
(*British Quarterly Review*, 1874.)

into their ears from childhood. The pupils of the Moscow schools are distinguished with an "oglori," a "vitch," or an "off," at the end of their Bulgarian names. The name of Slave to these young aspirants is music and magic combined. The Greeks have long dismissed the fond idea of Russia's love for them in the name of a common religion. No, it is the Tsar who is the head of the Church; that Church which, more than any other spell, has enslaved so many nationalities. To this worship do the Bulgarians, by every religious feeling, unhesitatingly turn. Bulgaria, once occupied, would soon, like so many other states, melt into the all-devouring mouth of one Holy Russia. Mr Forsyth, M.P., says in his most interesting work, *The Slavonic Provinces*, that this country reminds him of the Sussex downs without their smiling villages.

Schafarik¹ declares that the unquestionable evidence of language proves that the Bulgarians were originally altogether different from the Slaves. The Bulgarian proper is particularly distinguished for honesty, and may be trusted with large sums of money with perfect security. Dr Walsh says, "Of all the peasantry I have ever met with, the Bulgarians seem the most simple, kind, and affectionate. They are still more distinguished by their countenance and demeanour; the first is open, artless, and benevolent, and the second is so kind and cordial that every one we met seemed to welcome us as friends. Turkish women we never saw; the Bulgarian women mixed freely with us in the domestic way, and treated us with the unsuspecting cordiality they would shew to brothers. Their houses are built of wickerwork plastered, and are clean and comfortable in the inside." M. Robert, who travelled much, greatly praises the Bulgarian virtues. "They are industrious, persevering, and temperate, and although the most oppressed of all the subject races, misery has not debased them." The fertility of Bulgaria in producing corn makes it the chief granary of the Ottoman Empire. What a prize this would be to Russia, whose vast dominions are mostly incapable of growing cereals, a military "occupation" very intelligibly declares.

¹ A Panslavist of note, and the designer of the new Russian Map of Europe.

The Bulgarians through long centuries had various fortunes. In 967, Peter their king fell under the displeasure of the Russian Sviatoslav for not preventing the incursions of the Hungarians into Greece, who appeared on the Danube with a fleet of 60,000 men, vanquished them, and besides taking immense spoil, demanded rewards from the Greek Emperor Phocas. But this expedition nearly cost him the loss of his capital at Kieff, and of his mother Olga. Later he brought a new army, including Hungarians, Bulgarians and others, and ravaged the country right through to Adrianople. The Greeks and Russian allies mutually exhausted each other with surprising valour: and at last agreed to a treaty of peace. The treaty was ratified with invocation of the curses of the gods they adored:

“Puissons-nous devenir l'objet de la malédiction des dieux que nous adorons, de Peroune et de Volosse. Que nous alors jaunes comme de l'or et que nous périssons par nos propres armes.” (Karamsin.)

The ancient Eastern Bulgaria lay west of the site of Moscow and of the Volga; through it ran the White river, and on its eastern side it touched the Ural mountains. Modern Bulgaria, as most people know, lies to the south of the Danube, on both sides of the Balkan range, and faces the Black Sea towards the east. But even so early as 559 A.D., the Bulgarians established to the south of the Danube made so many incursions against the Greek Empire, that Anastasius built a wall between Servia and the Black Sea to stop their inroads. United with the Slaves, the Bulgarians threatened Constantinople so fearfully that Justinian and his grand Senators took up arms to defend the wall of Theodosius, the last rampart of the Capitol. A prince of the Bulgarians, a friend of the Romans, in 655 broke the Tartar yoke of the Avars. And in 679 was founded a royal Bulgarian kingdom. The Slaves were chased from this kingdom and a good many of them passed over into Russia, Hungary and Poland. The Byzantine writers shew that the Slaves in the Sixth Century were living near the Danube.

The origin of the Bulgarians seems to have been Turc. The ancient names of their kings were Turc, and even that of their costumes. According to the olden eastern chronicles, they dwelt anciently on the banks of the Volga, i.e. in the sixth century: between that river and the Don, and one historian declares they were called Bulgarians or Volgariens, from their ancient seat upon the Volga. And the old Arabic writers call the Volga the Boulgar. This ancient people were driven from their country by the Sabires, who soon spread over the Caucasus.

One point is worthy of notice. The Grand Russian prince was so charmed with the position, fertility and advanced civilization of Bulgaria as compared with the infant Russia or the province of Kieff, that he erected a city there, and nearly lost his Russian seat by this attachment.

The desire of Russia for Bulgaria is thus attested by Nestor, as early as 967, the date of its conquest by Sviatoslav. There is no part of Russian history more romantic and audacious in daring than this very conquest displays,

Some idea of the appearance of an ancient Russian Prince 900 years ago may be formed by the following description here translated from Karamsin.

“Sviatoslav was of middle height, his countenance sombre and ferocious: he had a broad chest, thick neck, long moustaches, a light beard, on his head

the tail of a horse as a mark of nobility, and one of his ears was ornamented with a ring of gold set with two pearls and a ruby. He was the first prince who took the Russian name. When his mother urged him also to become a Christian, he had replied, 'Must I then alone adopt a religion in order to become a laughingstock to all my companions in arms?' The Rivers of the Don, the Volga, and the Oka were the first scenes of his triumphs. The sons of his wives, after his death, by their mutual wars and jealousies delivered over Russia to the attack of her external foes."

CHAPTER XIII.

TURKESTAN THE GARDEN OF THE EAST.

THE enormous stretch of country reaching from the Caspian Sea eastwards to Mongolia in China, enclosing the celebrated Khanates of Khiva, Bokhara, and Khotan, dotted on the map with the famous cities of Kashgar, Samarcand, and Yarkand, and the strategical points Merv, Balk, Kunduz, &c.—some of them within 250 miles of British Indian possessions—is called Turkestan. To this bourne have Russian footsteps been perseveringly bent for centuries. Along the Black Sea, and skirting the Caucasian mountains, crossing the Caspian, and wending along the deserts, the old caravan routes to the East, and particularly to India, took this course. Communications between Russia and the far east and the south east, have been carried on from the olden time. But no very ancient accounts are preserved of Russian expeditions to Khiva. Mr Michell of the Indian office, however, kindly furnished Mr MacGahan with translations from the Russian, describing them, and are given at page 237 of his interesting work¹, and he mentions several. The Ural Cossacks undertook an expedition to Khiva. Their chief seized and married the favourite wife of the Khan, converted her to Christianity, was overtaken, routed, and having slain, rather than surrender her, died sword in hand amidst a heap of Mussulmans slain around him.

Another expedition succeeded in carrying off a thousand women for wives, but these also were overtaken by the Turkoman horse, and nearly all slaughtered to a man.

¹ *Campaigning on the Oxus*, by J. A. MacGahan, correspondent of the *New York Herald*.

Again, a fresh expedition was equally unfortunate. They were arrested half way, and perished in the desert by the attacks of the Khivese horse.

Peter the Great, in 1714, was informed that the country of the Amu River, Turkestan, abounded with gold sand; that this river had been diverted from its old bed by the Khivans from running into the Caspian, to discharge itself into the Aral sea. But that a dam being destroyed, the river would return into its old bed, which would then be a ready means of reaching Khiva.

The primitive ideas of the inhabitants of this garden of the East is well told in the *Ride to Khiva*.

"Which do you like best, your horse or your wife?" "That depends on the woman," I replied;....."in my country the women are never locked up." "What a marvel," said the man; "but if one of them is unfaithful to her husband, what does he do?" "He goes to our Moullah, whom we call a judge, and obtains a divorce and marries some one else." "What, you mean to say he does not cut the woman's throat?" "No, he would be hanged himself if he did." "What a country! we manage things better in Khiva." Later on I took out my breechloader. "Ah!" he said with a sigh, "if we only had been armed with some of your guns, the Russians never would have got here." The Khan's arms were useless in comparison. "Mine," he said, "takes five minutes to load, and a minute to fire. Indeed, before I can shoot once, the Russians, with their rifles, can kill twenty men." Alas! for Khiva!

Mr Schuyler says, "A short time before we were at Kasala the Khivan embassy arrived, bringing the Russian prisoners who had been enslaved there, and for whose delivery the war was nominally begun. There were twenty-one. At Khiva they had been placed in the Khan's gardens for his private use as gardeners, and he treated them kindly."

The object of the war was the release of these prisoners ostensibly. How far it was justified by the massacre at Khiva we shall leave to the judgment of our readers.

The fatal words of Peter had long been stamped upon the heart of the Russian explorers. Astrakan had fallen. Peter,

on a visit, exclaimed, "Although these Kerghizes are a roaming, fickle people, their steppe is the key and gate to all the countries of Central Asia." The opportunity was not lost. It occurred in this way: a khan of "the smaller horde" sought the protection of Anne of Russia¹. *She immediately advanced the frontier southwards.* Every resistance furthered these successive enroachments. In a hundred years Russia had reached the sea of Aral! The story of the possession of this sea and the surrounding countries is too long to be attempted here. In the list of works to be consulted the conscientious reader may probably gratify his curiosity; but a sketch is inserted here for the convenience of the reader.

But to return from this digression. Peter, desirous of confirming this intelligence from Turkestan, sent Prince Bekovitch to explore the Caspian, and the ancient bed of the Oxus, as also to build forts on suitable points. Bekovitch² spent three years in these surveys, and reported favourably. It is only fair to Peter, to state, that in 1700 he had received from Shah-Niaz, the Khan of Khiva, an envoy asking Russian aid against his rebellious subjects, and Peter, incessantly occupied with extending Russian commerce with Asia, accepted the invitation seventeen years later. A force of 4000 men was organized by the prince, which left Gurieff, on the mouth of the Ural, early in June, wound round the northern shore of the Caspian, struck the old caravan route, and started across the Desert. But this time, the season of the year chosen proved a fatal mistake. They travelled over 900 miles of this barren, superheated, waterless desert, in sixty-five days, and reached the delta of the Oxus in August, 100 miles below Khiva; three-fourths died on the route. Prince Bekovitch sent forward a letter, assuring the Khan he had not come to make war, but only on a friendly mission from the Russian Tsar. But in the interim, since 1700 the old Khan had died, and there was a new Pharaoh, who knew not Joseph. He imprisoned the messengers, hastened with a numerous army to attack the Russians, who had just

¹ Began to reign 1730.

² His full title, Prince Bekovitch *Tcherkassky*, shews that he had been employed successfully in the Caucasus.

reached the oasis where life was possible. The Khivans, after two days' attack, were unable to drive back these brave Russians. The Khan resorted to subtlety; he negotiated. The Prince kissed the cross, and the Khan the koran, who then invited the Russian leader and his men to Khiva. Bekovitch, prostrated with the anxieties and fatigues of the desert, besides the loss of his wife and two daughters drowned, his mind becoming weakened, fell into the snare. Devoid of proper suspicion, his troops were quartered in five different places, keeping a small escort for himself. Thus divided, the Khivans suddenly rose *en masse* and slaughtered the whole force at a given signal, except forty, among whom were the Prince's brothers, all of whom after a long time, were ransomed at a huge price.

Russian aspirations appeared to slumber for a century. But the Cossacks and Khivans kept up their ancestral game of mutual plunder. And the latter got the upper hand, plundered the caravans, their lawful prey in the desert, as they always believed, and carried off Cossacks and Russians prisoners into slavery. This commerce was almost annihilated. This was too much. In 1839 these forays became intolerable. Russia organized, under the command of Perovski, an expedition of 5000 men, 20 cannon, and 10,000 camels. Profiting by the dreadful experience already gained, she decreed the start for December. The mercury was frozen in the thermometer; a deep snow and exhaustion, in the steppe, destroyed the camels daily, half died quickly. The soldiers, four abreast, marched and remarched to beat out a track, both cavalry and infantry, who shovelled the snow. Terrible *burans* or snow-storms caused perpetual halts, when 19000 packages had to be unloaded from the camels, and fires lit from roots dug out of the frozen snow. At two in the morning the march recommenced; the men's clothes remained unchanged for the most part. Covered with vermin and dirt, the force was reduced to 2000 effective men. Five hundred miles still remained to be done. The camels died, 100 daily.

This expedition under General Perovski was forced to beat a retreat. Haggard, dispirited, and utterly broken down, the miserable remnant reached Fort Embo on the 20th February,

and there awaited the return of spring. Thus ended the fifth expedition to Khiva.

In all these expeditions Russia had failed for want of sufficient geographical knowledge, and the astronomical determination of distances and positions. It may be as well here to state, to assist the general reader, that two great rivers now run into the Aral or Blue sea, situated in the midst of a sandy desert. The one, the ancient Jaxartes, fed by numerous branches from the mountains of Turkestan, runs in a very irregular course eastwards, to the northern coast of the Aral; the other river, the Oxus, passes from Fairabad by an immense course, to the Aral at its southern shore, passing near BALK, BOKHARA, and KHIVA and KUNGRAD. These water-ways have been high roads of Russian enterprise, and by these have her conquests been now effected.

1841. Notwithstanding the failure of Perovski's unfortunate expedition, Captain Nikiforof was sent on a mission to Khiva immediately afterwards, with only an escort of a dozen Cossacks. By adopting a bold bullying bearing, browbeating the Khivan officials, and treating them in a rude and brutal manner, he succeeded in inspiring them with respect. He simply declared, in face of their prolonged negotiations, what the Russian government would henceforth consider as her frontier, and that every person found trespassing on the other side of it would be put to death. This, says Mr Schuyler, occurred immediately after the murder of two pliant English envoys in Bukhara (Bokhara).

The Jaxartes, or Syr Daria river, opened the treacherous gate into the Paradise of the East. The Russians forced this gate by building from time to time a series of forts. At its opening into the blue sea of Aral, Fort No. 1 (Kasala) was built. This was succeeded by a series in order, properly ticketed and labelled in the Russian Chancellerie. "Watering with its numerous affluents in the upper parts of its basin, one of the most fertile and delightful countries in the world, and fringed throughout its course with the richest cultivation, it debouches below the town of Turkestan upon a saline steppe." In all history the lower basin is totally unreclaimable from the

desert: and the town of Otrav, the scene of the great Timour's death, is close by. Russia with the perfected practice of many a century of Asiatic conquest, was at no loss for means of penetrating the vast solitudes which barred her pathway to the south.

A chain of forts well supported behind, the hostile races entirely crushed into a trembling subjection, a line of continuous supply, established security for men and war material—such have ever been the simple but effective means of advance. By wholesale massacre, deportation, fire and pillage, she has made her name a terror and a scare.

But in order to accomplish the gigantic feat of taking a slice of two thousand miles of country, proportionately vigorous measures were for a very long time employed. It required an army of 100,000 men to conquer the heroic Schamyl, the guardian of the Caucasus.

Another motive with Russia was founded on the extravagant notion, that she, and she alone, had a right, from her position, to the exclusive trade of central Asia. Her caravanic bales always preceded exploding bombs. The almost super-human energy and toil by which she had at length planted one foot on the Crimea, and the other on the Jaxartes, seemed in her view to have confided to her the sole right to the markets of Bokhara, and the commerce of Khiva, Samarcand and Yarkand. She desired for the present, at least, merely to establish her merchants safely in the oases of the desert, right up to the northern base of the snow-capped Tian-shan range. England forty years ago justly dreaded Russia's absorption, by treaties or war, of those historic countries extending from the Caspian Sea to the Indus, and England, with this object, defended Herat against Persia. Lord Keane's expedition "was to establish a permanent barrier against schemes of aggression on our north-west frontier." Orders were given, in case Fort No. 2 could be erected, for the commander (afterwards displaced by General Ignatief) to rule the country only through a Kirghee nominated by Russia. A lineal "WHITE BONE" descendant of the great Zenghis Khan would have exactly answered this purpose. Some of the pe-

cular tactics of this wedge driving blow after blow into the heart of Turkestan came clearly forth with touching distinctness from the following programme recently published:—

To conceal the real object of the expedition, and to give out that it is merely a scientific one for the Sea of Aral.

To postpone the expedition till English affairs in Afghanistan are settled. England being then satisfied with her campaign.

To replace the Khan of Khiva by a trustworthy Kazzak Sultan.

To assign 425,000 silver roubles for the Expedition.

That Khiva and Turkestan, of which it is the capital, has, for a long period, been the premeditated prize and gate to India, is almost demonstrated from the particulars just stated. But if we add to this, that when Russia coolly violated the Treaty of Paris, which forbade the navigation of the Black Sea to her war vessels, Lord Granville demanded explanations regarding Khiva. The Emperor sent a special agent direct, Count Schouvaloff, assuring the English Cabinet, ON HIS WORD OF HONOUR, no annexation was contemplated. The fall of Khiva, and the massacre of the Yomuds, attest how irresistible was the attraction of this prize to Russian greed—that even the plighted honour of an Emperor could not restrain him from the possession of a country—so long mined and sapped, and so long secretly plotted for. The Russians can now well laugh at our simplicity. The Sea of Aral, or Blue Sea, is an immense inland lake or harbour for Russian ships. At extravagant cost they transported materials of war overland, even bringing coal. Nothing prevents any amount of stores being accumulated. The Syr Daria conveys them up the interior some hundreds of miles. Captain Terentyeff, an officer of the Russian service, makes no secret in his book of the ulterior aspirations for India. He says these Central Asian provinces are of no use whatever, except as stages for further advances—an *étape* where we can rest and gather fresh strength. "*Merv, Bulkh, and Kashgar, are splendid bases for operations against Hindostan.*" Captain Burnaby's Ride to Khiva has given us some pleasant news. The Russian Cabinet resisted his visit.

The English Embassy said, "Go to KHIVA!! You might as well try to get to the moon!! The Russians will put the screw on our Foreign Office. They will stop you: they are as suspicious as Orientals." At St Petersburg the Captain was refused an interview, but permission was accorded to him to pass through Central Asia *only*. Throughout his whole journey, he says, war with the English in India was ever the uppermost topic. He shews how carefully Russia has provided for such a move. Everything is buried in secrecy. No English are allowed to travel to Khiva. No paper reveals the facts: what transpires is intended to mislead. A base of operations is being formed within 250 miles of our frontier. Depôts in Samarcand, Khiva, and Merv, would render invasion easy. If it were not for the Emperor, he declares, the Russians would already be on our Indian Frontier. In the "mutiny" it is difficult to see what would have prevented Russia, with such a base, siding with the mutineers. If Central Asia does not pay the expenses of occupation, why does Russia so energetically push onwards towards India? Russia, by the difficulties thrown in Captain Burnaby's path, is evidently not desirous the English should know too much of her doings on her Indian Route.

Fortunately for the Russians (who had ascertained the fact) the whole route of the *Black Sand* Desert, about 200 miles in length, along the north-east portion of the Blue Sea, was well supplied with water for considerable parties of men and camels: and the road hard enough for the boilers, steam engines, and heavy armaments of war steamers. All were put together at Fort No. 1¹—Fort Aralsk. A flotilla was organized. Two Swedish steamers came via Petersburg and Samara on the Volga to this fort: they were launched in 1852 and completely equipped for £7,200. The Kirghiz, in consternation at these preparations, exclaimed, "If the Russians were to drink the waters of the Syr Daria (Jaxartes) with them they could no longer exist."

It was only in 1840 that this sea had been mapped and surveyed: and it then became known that it contained an area

¹ Forts No. 2 and No. 3 were built afterwards. Fort No. 3 was abandoned in 1855. Fort No. 1 was removed to the head waters of the Kassala.

of 23,000 square miles: whence also it was discovered that boats could ascend the Jaxartes for hundreds of miles. The Russian Geographical Society had enthusiastically explored the region, and Colonel Blaramberg was now instructed to ascend the river from the first Russian fortress No. 1, on the Blue Sea, right up to the native fortress Ak Mechet, built by the natives to arrest the Russian invaders. Accompanied by a small force, his orders were, "If it lies within the Russian limits, to rase it." What these limits could mean to the Russian invaders is best known to themselves. This expedition being repulsed, after some success, a fresh one was organized and sent the next year, with increased confidence and experience. It was now easy, with this flotilla, to ascend the river 400 miles, right up to the native fort Ak Mechet. The Chief of the Russians now despatched the following summons to the Khokan defenders:—

"By order of my Sovereign, the Emperor of all the Russias, I am come to take Ak Mechet, erected on Russian territory!!"
(Was this so?)

"THE RUSSIANS HAVE COME HITHER NOT FOR A DAY, NOR YET FOR A YEAR, BUT FOR EVER. THEY WILL NOT RETIRE¹!"

In less than a month the fort was mined, women and children blown up into the air, and the whole of the inmates of the fort massacred. "All were killed to a man." August 8th, 1853.

The Russian historian, with a very pretty naïveté, innocently remarks: "Meanwhile the Khokanians could not look with indifference on the establishment of the Russians on the right bank of the Syr Daria, and determined at all hazards to recapture Ak Mechet." The pretext of building a fort on Russian territory no doubt must have been highly satisfactory to the natives. It was 400 miles up the valley, away from the Sea of Aral and Fort No. 1. How therefore the natives could have built a fort on Russian territory must have greatly puzzled the patriotism of the native defenders of their soil. Now this very fort had been constructed by them and named the WHITE

¹ *The Russians in Central Asia*, translated from the Russian by John and Robert Michell, Lond. 1865, p. 338.

MOSQUE in 1817!! Her old frontier of the River CHU we suppose was moved by UKASE to a more advantageous base: a most ingenious mode of decreeing absorption—which, like the law of the Medes and Persians, we very much fear altereth not: the Russian Bear never having been known to relax the hold of her claws once firmly fixed. It was not till 1853 that the capture of the fort was accomplished:—230 bodies were counted in the ditch and the same number in the breach. A small force, detached from the Russian main body, ascended the Jaxartes 100 versts, about 66 miles, and the fort of Julek was destroyed. On Dec. 14, 1853, the natives lost 2,000 men in a battle before Ak Mechet. However for eight years no further advance was made. Turning eastward, the Russian forces captured Fort Vernoé, on the site of an old Mongolian city, and by 1854 a chain of fortresses was established westward from this point, and four or five thousand Russian colonists introduced and protected. Russia shortly hoped to extend her empire, proudly to look down from the Celestial Mountains on one hand and upon China and Turkestan—the celebrated Paradise of the East—on the other. She thus constructed a continuous line of outposts to the south of the great Steppe. The Russians, if ever they had any scruples at all, now openly laid them aside and pursued their conquest of Turkestan to satiation and ennui.

This invasion, so grave a violation of her principles solemnly professed, excited the serious consideration of England. The Emperor of Russia had declared, *that her imperious necessities had reached their limit.* The Khokand and Bokhara measures have, however, given particular force and poignancy to the solemn Russian assurances of a finality in conquest.

“Such are, Monsieur, the interests..... of our August Master in Central Asia, *such is the final end that the orders of his Imperial Majesty have traced for the action of his Cabinet.*” (Gortschakoff’s despatch.)

Now the ink was hardly dry with which this manifesto was written, when hostilities had been resumed on the Jaxartes with greater bitterness than ever. The Petro-Alexandrovsk Russian fort, built on Khivan soil, is the crowning proof of

Russian duplicity. It is within 35 miles of the City of Khiva, and on the right bank of the Oxus. The Territory of Khiva is really a part of Turkestan, and adjoins that of Bokhara. The fort is in the shape of a semi-star, and garrisoned by about 1,500 men. It has a parapet twelve feet thick, eight feet high; a dry ditch is thirty broad and twelve deep. This is the territory on which the Emperor of Russia pledged his honour by a special messenger, Count Schouvaloff, that he would not annex. The treaty sealed Sept. 28 (O. S.), 1873, contained these right honourable words:

Art. 1. ALL the Khivan Territory on the right bank of the Amu Darya being now annexed to the Russian Dominions, the former frontier..... is abolished.

In contrast with this the despatch of Earl Granville, dated Jan. 8th, 1873, after the interview with Count Schouvaloff (shuffleoff) contained these ASSURANCES sent direct by Alexander from St Petersburg :

“NOT ONLY WAS IT FAR FROM THE INTENTION OF THE EMPEROR TO TAKE POSSESSION OF KHIVA, BUT POSITIVE ORDERS HAD BEEN PREPARED TO PREVENT IT, and directions given that the conditions imposed SHOULD BE SUCH AS COULD NOT IN ANY WAY LEAD TO A PROLONGED OCCUPATION OF KHIVA.”

The peculiar correspondence of the promise with its performance has formed the theme of English journalism for several years. In the following accounts we shall see how promises of peaceful intentions culminated in some of the most unprovoked and horrible massacres on record.

The Russians evidently enjoy a very keen sense of the gullibility of John Bull. The Khan, knowing what elaborate preparations Russia had year after year been making, and bearing in mind the many expeditions undertaken for the conquest of Khiva and the chain of forts constantly encroaching on his territory, at last in despair sent a mission to India beseeching help. Nothing could be more clear and honest than the declaration of the Khan. He complained that from the beginning of the world there never has been an instance of one sovereign reassuring another sovereign, and for the well-being of the sub-

jects of a foreign power, to erect a fort on his territory and advance his troops. The fine irony of this declaration no doubt must have pierced the mailed Russian conscience, but only like a spur to a willing steed to accelerate his pace. Beyond the faintest suspicion of a doubt everything had long been ready except a pretext for the advance on Khiva. Matters were brought to a crisis by the old, old story, extortion of a forced Russian tribute of 150 kopecks on each nomadic tent. But the Kirghiz having hitherto paid taxes to the Khan at the rate of only fifty kopecks, great dissatisfaction prevailed. The Russians had just the same right of levying this exorbitant tax there as upon the Chinese. This was in 1869. The Khan naturally backed up his tributaries against this shameful demand. A Kirghiz tribe now destroyed a Russian convoy. The pretext was complete. In the beginning of 1872 the Khan of Khokand despatched two embassies, the one to St Petersburg, the other to Calcutta. The first was arrested at the Caucasus. In the meanwhile, the Imperial word having been pledged to the English pro-Russian Cabinet (Gladstone and Granville) that no permanent occupation of Khiva was intended, the English nation was so completely befooled and hoodwinked as to believe this Imperial Russian solemn assurance, and in consequence to refuse aid to the Khan. The Tsar, now absolutely certified that England, having swallowed the opiate, was tranquillized, knew that the Khan must now of course succumb to the forces long prepared against him. The words of the Khan's appeal for English aid are so forcibly descriptive of the "situation" (1872), that no excuse is needed for the following extract from his Letter to the Viceroy of the Caucasus :

" Harmony has existed between the two Governments. How then has it happened that during the last year your troops have landed at Chelekin on the shores of the Bay of Khaurism, under the pretext of commercial objects, and that recently a small detachment of these troops was advancing?.....Besides this, Russian troops have advanced from Tashkent and Ak Mechet (Perovski) as far as the well of Min Bulak, which is situated within our hereditary dominion."

Relying upon Russian faith, our Russ-loving Government

thus allowed this splendid country (Turkestan) to be annexed. Of course Russia, feeling her way by the violation of the Black Sea, against which the English Cabinet raised not a finger in protest, foresaw at once that she could annex Turkestan by any plausible representation, however hollow and absurd. She has annexed it. She conquered Khiva by three expeditions starting from three different points. So soon as Balk, Merv and Bokhara are engulfed, and Samarcand being also seized, as well as Kashgar, Russia will be at easy invading distance from British India from three different routes for concentrating her forces. At Yarkand she would be only 250 miles from British territory.

Forces employed for the annexation of Khiva:

Camels, 19,200: guns, 54: mortars, 6: Cossacks, 3,750: mitrailleuses, 2: rocket divisions, 5.

“Indeed,” says Capt. Burnaby, from whose pages this list is taken, “it would appear that the Russian commander-in-chief had borrowed a leaf out of the book of a sick patient. The latter, when desired by his doctor to limit himself to three glasses of wine a day, had some glasses constructed which would each contain a bottle. He thus kept within the exact letter of his promise to the medical gentleman. Schouvaloff declared that only $4\frac{1}{2}$ battalions would be employed, its object being only to punish brigandage and release certain prisoners. A battalion comprises 900 men; four and a half battalions would be 4,050 men. Compare this pretended strength with the foregoing table and we have a beautiful illustration of the Russian inner consciousness¹.”

In the end a war indemnity of 2,200,000 roubles² was imposed on the Khan. This episode is particularly suggestive of the parable, “Pay me that thou owest.” We had forgiven Russia about £100,000,000 as war indemnity justly our due for the result of the Crimean war. Behold Russia with her hand on the throat, “Pay me that thou owest (not).” We cannot certainly accuse her of excess in those bowels of compassion usually ascribed to the best side of human nature.

It seems the Tashkent division of the Russian hunt were not

¹ *Ride to Khiva*, by Captain Burnaby.

² £40,000.

able to be in at "the death." The Orenburg column had alone gathered the "brushes" of the day. However, Kaufman no doubt felt extremely well fortified with the noble sentiments expressed in a despatch from Gortschakoff—

" You express your conviction, produced by experience, that in an intercourse with *Asiatics* the grand secret of success consists in *unchanging veracity* and firmness, combined with a decided attitude of peace. I too am the more firmly convinced of the correctness of this view, since it has invariably served as a guide in my political action and intercourse both east and west."

Noble sentiments. These fluent moralities form an exquisite text for the Kaufman atrocities so soon to be committed in the name of unchanging veracity and unshaken firmness (voracity, by a slight orthographical mistake, might be readily inserted here).

Tcherniaieff, immediately after the capture of Chemkent in Turkestan in 1864, had seized a favourable occasion, when its garrison was weakened and its ruler dead, to attack this city, sixteen miles in circumference, with 2,000 Russian troops and ten cannon. The city enclosed a population of 100,000. By treachery and panic on the part of the inhabitants Tcherniaieff succeeded in capturing this city with only a loss of 25 killed and 117 wounded. This remarkable general made a most favourable impression on the natives. On the very evening of the surrender of the town he rode through it, attended by only two Cossacks, took a native bath and drank a native bowl of tea !

Kaufman was already established at Tashkent when the scheme of taking Khiva was developed, and formed a line of attack thought essential to success.

General Kaufman having spent two years in preparing for the attack on Khiva, went to St Petersburg and obtained the Emperor's permission. Kaufman had already been in possession of Tashkent as early as 1864. Several generals were only too ready to claim the honours of conquest; and after all Kaufman was the last to reach the long coveted prize: this disappointment may, perhaps, hereafter, afford some clue to the

ferocious massacres in Khiva which have acquired so much notoriety.

Four leaders were appointed for a service which had defied for ages all the powers of Russia. No one could say which route would be most successful. For this reason three converging lines of march were chosen:

From Tashkent—General Kaufman.

From the Caucasus—Colonel Markasoff.

From Orenburg—General Verëvkin.

From Kinderly Bay—Colonel Lamakin.

It was the two latter who really conquered Khiva. The second never reached Khiva at all. Thermometer rose to 149° F.; the men were dying of thirst; also the animals. The column got within 120 miles of Khiva, and then was forced to retreat just as Markasoff had reached the eastern shore of the Aral Sea. The Orenburg and Kinderly detachments arrived before Khiva, while Kaufman was some ten miles distant. But such a concentration along converging lines through such difficulties as we shall now describe casts a halo of military glory upon these bold adventurers.

The Kinderly column was intended to meet the Orenburg column at Lake Aibugir consisting of 1800 men, ten cannon and a rocket battery. The major succeeded in capturing in the Kirghiz Steppe

380 camels,

110 horses,

3000 sheep and goats.

In the journey through a waterless desert in a blasting temperature burning like a furnace, the camels and horses died by the hundred: the sand was scorching and blinding in the extreme. On the 24th of April, they reached Kaundy. Another sixty miles brought them to Senek, where the water was as black as ink, nauseous and foetid. In one afternoon 150 camels died. Sunstroke, dysentery and prostration, and almost general fever, attacked the troops. They built a small fort to surround six wells. On the 10th of May, it seemed as if the whole party must die of thirst: the soldiers began to sink and hung on

to the horses; all sunk hopelessly down on the burning sand. One well was discovered which saved them from death. Proceeding, all wells had been poisoned by putrefying corpses thrown into them by the Turkomans. For three days there was no water to be had. On the 22nd Kungrad was reached. A part had been left behind, utterly exhausted, lying on the sand.

About ten o'clock they came in sight of the fortress—not unlike Windsor Castle. The Khivans admitted them. Kaufman told the chief dignitaries and Mullahs, that if they submitted quietly their lives, property, and women, would be respected, that he had not come to conquer Khiva, but only to punish the Khan. They received this information with marked satisfaction. Thus Hazar-Asp, a place really stronger than Khiva, submitted without a blow¹. The reason for this doubtless was the knowledge that the Orenburg and Kinderly expeditions were already on their territory; and these, indeed, ultimately, did all the chief fighting for the fall of Khiva.

The Orenburg column started from that place on the 27th February, and consisted of three divisions which were to unite at the foot of Emba, 400 miles deep in the Kirghiz Steppe. The cold was intense.

5000 camels,
1600 infantry,
1200 Cossacks,
4 mortars,
8 cannon.

But while these land forces were converging through these tremendous difficulties, the flotilla of the Sea of Aral, under Admiral Sitnikoff, was sent from Kassala down to the mouth of the Oxus. In May 1853, it attacked and destroyed the Khivan fort Ak-Kala. The Khivans, however, had so obstructed the river that it could ascend no higher, and was of no use in the campaign further than conveying stores and securing the forts.

The Grand Duke Nicholas marched with the troops from Kassala. In skirmishes a few rockets and live grenades scat-

¹ *Campaigning on the Oxus*, by J. A. MacGahan, p. 197.

tered small bodies of Turkoman horse. Arrived at Khojuli, the inhabitants sued for mercy. The troops remained peaceably there two days refreshing themselves. Nearer Manghit, the Khivan horse spread themselves out eight miles and attacked the Russians on all sides in vain. They retired behind the town. The Russians advanced through it. A few on the roofs shot at the Russians: enraged at this the soldiers reduced the town to ashes, and slaughtered every man, woman, or child they could lay their hands upon. The Russian losses were nine killed and ten wounded¹.

General Kaufman could not reach Tashkent in time to be present at the bombardment of Khiva. Kaufman marched from Tashkent, but the difficulties of the road continually increased. In a single day they passed from confidence to utter desperation, their situation was hopeless. The thermometer was 100° F. The men, horses, and camels were without water—all were utterly exhausted. Kaufman offered 300 roubles for a flask of water. A guide galloped off, found a few wells, and the column was saved. One failure or one mistake, and the Russians would have been destroyed. Their prestige saved them from attack. "They were believed to be infallible, and they had been found to be invincible." The Russian discipline was excellent, many of the men were mad with thirst, but when the Oxus was reached not a man broke rank without permission. Kaufman declared there were no other soldiers in the world capable of doing what they had done. As the men were splashing about in the river, dragging the artillery and shouting madly to each other, tumbling the baggage into boats, Kaufman sat on a camp-stool encouraging them with "Molodsti" (brave fellows). The Russians proclaimed on reaching Khiva, (promising payment for supplies brought,) the people would not be molested if they stayed quietly at home; but, that if supplies were not brought the Russians would forage, pillage, and burn every empty house they should find. The Khivans at first refused Russian paper-money which they did not understand. The column moved forwards unopposed. For three miles the

¹ *Campaigning on the Oxus*, p. 219.

skirmish was maintained by Turkoman cavalry. I think, said the Grand Duke, turning to me laughing as we rode along, I would like to forage a little. The orders are to bring in everything in the way of sheep and cattle for which there are no owners. Will you come along? There were plenty of cows, sheep and horses, but the moment we seized any an ill-advised owner put in an appearance. We therefore delivered up our captured prey." Once the Grand Duke seized the most hideously ugly donkey I ever saw, over which he went into ecstasies. "Quelles oreilles, mon Dieu, regardez donc! my arms are nothing to them (his ears) and his eyes! what an expression. It's enough to put us all out of countenance—the very impersonation of obstinacy and *entêtement*. He must be 500 years old. *Charmant, charmant!* If he only let me hear his voice!... The Grand Duke Nicholas and the Prince Eugene of Leuchtenberg were both very simple and unassuming in their manner." The Turkomans were the most useful of the Khan of Khiva's warriors, and with Eastern ingratitude he denounced them to Kaufman as robbers, yet they had even been his best allies. The Turkomans among all the Eastern nations are the only people who can be relied upon to keep their promises: are far better, braver and nobler than the Uzbegs. But Kaufman determined to exact the war indemnity from these Turkomans who are quite a different people to the Tekki Turkomans denounced so graphically by Vambéry. These people had never paid any taxes at all. Kaufman seized twelve Yomuds of this race who had been sent to negotiate, and determined to take the collection of the war indemnity into his own hands, and insisted upon immediate payment which was evidently impossible to a nomadic tribe: and made preparations for attacking them without giving them the time. "What he did he did with a full knowledge of the case, and upon his own judgment. "They could not," he said, "be relied upon to keep the peace, until they should be completely crushed." Beside this he wished to conciliate the Uzbegs, who would only be too rejoiced to see their turbulent neighbours conquered, and reduced to submission. In addition to all this, they were an independent people who flouted all authority—the unpardonable sin in the eyes of the

Russian Government. It was necessary to make an example of them.' (MacGahan.)

"He was severely criticised for adopting this course by some of his officers. He knew very well, they said, it was not possible for the Turkomans to pay in the specified time."

Five weeks after the fall of Khiva an army with mitrailleurs, cannon and rockets advanced to the Yomud territory at Hazavat. General Golovatchoff rested his troops there a day, it was thought, to give the Yomuds more time for escaping. The Cossacks separated and scoured the country, while the infantry marched forward. In an incredibly short time these Cossacks had fired every roof they could find, which, made of dry straw, flashed up like powder. New wheat ricks nicely thatched equally blazed. "It was a strange, wild spectacle. I spurred my horse to the top of a little eminence and gazed about me. In an incredibly short space of time flames and smoke had spread on either side of the horizon, and advancing steadily forwards in the direction of our course, slowly enveloped everything. Through this scene moved the Cossacks like spectres. Torch in hand, they dashed swiftly across the country, leaping ditches and flying over walls like very demons, and leaving behind them a trail of fire and smoke. They rarely dismounted, but simply rode up to the houses, applied their blazing torches to the projecting eaves of thatch, and the stacks of unthreshed grain, and then galloped on. Five minutes afterwards sheets of seething flame, and darkling smoke showed how well they had done their work. The entire country was on fire. In half an hour the sun was hidden and the sky grew dark." A drizzling rain rare in Khiva had set in, driving down the smoke, causing it to hang in sullen masses over the trees, forming a lowering background to the blood-coloured flames. "This was war such as I had never before seen, and such as is rarely seen in modern days. It was a sad, sad sight—a terrible spectacle of war at its destructive work, strangely in keeping with this strange wild land." P. 359.

Some horsemen appeared and halted to parley. "He wished to know why the Russians were invading their country. They had never made war on the Russians, why were the

Russians making war on them?..... Several times the officer in command of the advanced guard sent back a messenger, asking for permission to begin the attack. General Golovatchoff (greatly to the honour of his humanity) hesitated a long time. Among the people in front were women and children in great numbers."

"About two miles away to the south was an undistinguishable mass of men, women, and children, horses, camels, sheep, goats, and cattle, all rushing forward in wild, frightened confusion. There were two or three thousand, perhaps in all—merely a detachment of the laggards from the main body, which is a few miles farther on. In two or three minutes they had disappeared over the brow of the hill and were lost to view." Thus ends Mr MacGahan's second chapter.

"I follow down the marsh. Twenty or thirty women and children up to their necks in water, trying to hide among the weeds and grass.... A few yards further on are four Cossacks hacking at him, with their sabres. Weapon he has none. A woman sitting by the water, weeping over the dead body of her baby. Suddenly my ears are stunned with a sharp, shrieking, rushing noise.... It is only a rocket. Another and another: and mingled with the shrieks of the women and children, the hoarse shout of the Cossacks, bleating of sheep and goats and howling of cattle running wildly over the plain, made up a very pandemonium of terror."

"As we had left the infantry far behind, and were consequently in no hurry, we stretched ourselves on the grass under the trees, some to sleep, some to watch the flames, whose hot breath scorched and withered the trees and sometimes reached us in hot angry puffs. The heavy black smoke hung in thick columns, and settled down over the trees, half hiding the Cossacks, gleefully making their tea, and the horses picketed in line and feeding luxuriantly on the rich wheat of the Turkomans. Above all rose the Banner of Russia, seen indistinctly in the smoke, flapping lazily like some vulture gloating over the sinister scene."

But a night attack on the Russians by swarms of Turkoman horse nearly took a deep revenge. For the graphic details

of this night battle, the reader is referred to the singularly interesting account of the Oxus campaign by its talented author.

The principal part of the war extortion was paid by the women in ornaments of pure silver, heir-looms of mothers, grandmothers, and great-grandmothers. Kaufman had it all weighed: twenty-five roubles were the standard for a pound of silver. The poor women's bracelets were often very wide and thick, and shaped like a letter C. Ten days took up the weighing. The commission got £20,000 booty. Kaufman found it impossible to extort more. Another year was granted for the remaining £20,000!!

Schuyler's account of the Russian massacre in Khiva may be abridged as follows (p. 356, Vol. II.):

After demanding the 300,000 roubles from the seventeen elders, to be paid within fifteen days, General Kaufman was guilty of the first breach of faith in retaining 12 elders as hostages.

The very next day Kaufman despatched orders to Golovatchoff to march and attack the Turkomans in the following words:

“GIVE OVER THE SETTLEMENTS OF THE YOMUDS AND THEIR FAMILIES TO COMPLETE DESTRUCTION, AND THEIR HERDS AND PROPERTY TO CONFISCATION.

“At the least attempt to migrate, carry out my order for the final extermination of the disobedient tribe.”

Mr MacGahan was present, and states he heard the general give the orders when they were about 25 miles from Khiva, viz.:-

“This expedition does not spare age nor sex. Kill them all.” The old Colonel—from the Caucasian triumphs—said, “Certainly, we will do exactly as you say.”

“We burned grain, houses, everything we met; cut down every person, man, woman and child. They were generally women and children whom we met.”

Now, as the Yomuds had agreed to pay this enormous exaction, or submit to this unpretending robbery—for it was nothing else—within the fourteen days, they had no suspicion

that the very next day the troops had orders to murder them all. They therefore could not be migrating: to stay was death; what could the women and children do? So soon as the troops charged they fled in despair. "But the Cossack had his blood up and seemed to revel in the bloody shambles he had created. They seemed inspired with demoniacal fury," said this eyewitness.

For these cold-calculating murders of the women and children of a whole tribe, without giving them time to collect the extortions, according to solemn agreement, what punishment did Kaufman receive from his Tsar? The decoration of the Cross of St George of the Second Class. This expedition cost about 7,000,000 roubles.

A fitting episode in this infamous cruelty and treachery, worthy alone of pure Tartar blood, was the affair of 8,800 camels, which were bought by the Russians with promises of payment. It so happened these nearly all died. They repudiated payment by the following exquisite piece of chicanery. The former owners *were forced* by threats and violence to sign a petition begging to be allowed to present this magnificent present to their insidious invader, the Prefect of Perovsky! Polite robbery indeed.

After the attack and bombardment of Khiva, Said Emir was selected to negotiate the submission. He was an opium eater, whose open mouth and hanging jaw consequent upon the practice, gave him an idiotic appearance. Through such a thick dust that the rider could not see his horse's head, they marched into Khiva to meet General Kaufman, who had entered on the other side of the city. He soon rode into the grand square, followed by the Grand Duke Nicholas, Prince Eugene, and the staff, where he was greeted with cheers. They all mounted the steps of the grand hall of justice, where the Khan had administered it to his subjects—Kaufman, Golovatchoff, the Grand Duke Nicholas, Prince Leuchtenberg, staff officers and all, and threw themselves down to rest. "One of the Khan's ministers brought ice water, cakes, apricots and cherries, with which we merrily proceeded to refresh ourselves. So fell Khiva, the great stronghold of Islamism in Central

Asia, after a succession of disastrous expeditions extending over a period of 200 years" (page 236).

In this modern and deeply concealed invasion, so well devised and pushed forwards to such gigantic results, one episode which rather wickedly exposes the Russian policy is worth describing:—

Kasimof had instigated, with daring infamy, the Russianized Kirghizes to revolt. Beaten and driven to the south, he was at last taken by the Russian Kirghizes who remained faithful (!). Flayed and then boiled alive in a caldron, this patriot was thus put to death. Noman, the leader of the victorious Kirghizes, and who had seized him at last, was made a Lieutenant-Colonel, and twelve others, presented with twelve gold medals, were thus rewarded by the Russian Government, as a striking proof of their disapproval of such atrocity.

Mr Schuyler's book has recently been passed by the Censor of the Russian press without alteration for Russian perusal.

The loss of Tashkend gave a final blow to Khokand independence. The Khanate of Khokand stretches like a noble principality north and south from the Kirghiz steppe to the mountains of Badakshan, and west from the Blue Sea of Aral to the border of Kashgar, the northern capital of Chinese Turkestan. It was in this highly favoured region of Turkestan that the tremendous hordes of the conquering Zenghis, Timour and Baber, nursed their nascent powers. From these regions burst the mighty avalanches of armed horsemen, who marked their devastating progress in streaks of ashes, blood and horror. It may be, hence in future times, that the swarming colonies of Russia, accumulating strength and courage, may once more break the barriers of the mighty steppe and pierce the ancient passes, to carry war on a new scale into the heart of the supine nations which surround their gigantic foe in the fancied security of repose.

The Oxus formerly flowed into the Caspian. By the embankments formed on the mouths of the Volga, and the conquests of the territory between the Caspian and Black Sea, Russia

was brought 2,000 miles nearer to India. A railway is formed from Moscow to Theodosia on the Black Sea; another is being formed from Poti on the south-east corner of that sea to Tiflis, and from thence to Baku on the Caspian, about 300 miles; from thence a steam flotilla on the Caspian can convey the material of war to the naphtha island so anciently celebrated. The Oxus near this place in former times used to debouch upon the Caspian. The new Russian railway connecting the Black Sea with the Caspian will open out the ancient caravan routes from the East. Pliny tells that the merchandise in ancient times used to come to Balk, descended the Icarus as far as the Oxus, and thence went down to the Caspian. It then crossed that sea to the mouth of the Cyrus, ascended that river, and was then transported by land five days to the banks of the Rion, where it embarked once more and was conveyed down the Euxine (Black Sea). Nicator 2000 years ago projected a canal between these seas. Even now the greater part of the walnut-wood used for furniture goes from Mingrelia and Imeritia in the Caucasus to the Caspian, then up the Volga and by a cross railway to the Don, and down to the Black Sea by that river. This wood is no longer to be found in Europe for the Paris cabinet-makers. At Poti Mr Mounsey saw in 1865 as many as 750 soldiers working at this new railway, which was expected to be open to the Caspian in six years. Should Russia turn the Oxus into its ancient bed, the old war path of ancient times would be reopened to her regiments.

The conquest of India by Russia could never be attempted until the latter had secured not only an impregnable base of operations but a line of march fully protected from a flank attack. Afghanistan and Persia would undoubtedly form the most direct route. The facility with which ancient armies passed from Turkestan to India is no strong argument for modern times. These armies were chiefly horsemen who carried their simple wants upon the saddle. A cumbrous artillery and commissariat are now indispensable. It would only be attempted when England should be already hard pressed elsewhere. Besides this, the deadly antagonism between the Muslim and Russian Christian would form a stern obstacle to Russian

intrigue. In addition to this the Russian rule in Central Asia cannot compare favourably with the benign and almost maternal rule of the English Empress Queen. It is true that Paul excited the ridicule of Napoleon when he proposed to him the invasion of India by concentrating 25,000 regular troops and 2,000 Cossacks in Astrakan, France on her part sending 35,000 men down the Danube to the Black Sea, thence by ships to Taganrog, whence they were to march to the Volga and sail to Astrakan *en route* for Astrabad. Paul imagined that the combined armies could march from Astrakan to the Indus in forty-five days; and indeed that the Don Cossacks alone could accomplish the feat. To them Ataman (or General) Paul wrote: "All the wealth of India will be your reward for this expedition." The route selected for them was a different one—from Orenburg to Khiva and Bokhara, and thence by easy marches to the Indus. The Cossacks, actually prepared for the attempt, were to start in May, but Paul died the previous March.

The Court of St Petersburg must, it would seem, in their far-reaching schemes towards the Hindu-Kush with so much toil, at so heavy a cost, seek some richer recompense than is to be found on the shores of the Jaxartes and the Oxus. Russia's policy does not confine itself to the possession of the plains of Bokhara, Khokand and Khiva.

"The conquest of Khiva or Bokhara would," says the *Quarterly Review*, "doubtless very sensibly affect us in India by creating a vague impression in the native mind that our Asiatic supremacy was about to be challenged." (Vol. 113, p. 579, 1865.)

At present the Russians have sufficient occupation in keeping the Central Asia populations in subjection. But when a railroad is laid from Samara to Samarcand the question will assume a very different aspect. Suppose stores to have been collected at Samarcand, in advance, an army of 100,000 might by means of a railroad be concentrated at Keoki in thirty days. From Keoki to Keneduz, along the valley of the Oxus, is only 250 miles; and from Kunduz to the summit of the Hindu-Kush only 100 miles; and an army might make this distance

easily in twenty days. The annexation of Bokhara and the occupation of Keoki would be the next step in the advance of Russia on India. Bokhara is completely under Russian tutelage; and I believe no existing agreements between them and the English Government prevent them from occupying that country. And Bokhara occupied, the Russian frontier would be 150 miles from Cabul¹.

Before leaving Khiva Kaufman constructed a fort 25 miles from Khiva on the right bank of the Oxus and in the midst of a fertile country, where the heat and cold are not extreme. It was thought 1000 infantry and 200 Cossacks were sufficient to leave in the country; the remainder of the troops marched homewards by the same routes by which they had arrived. Mr MacGahan, on his return route, reached with fresh horses Orenburg in 14 days, which had taken six weeks previously for the opposite journey.

¹ *Campaigning on the Oxus, and the Fall of Khiva*, by Mr MacGahan, p. 426.

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<i>Dobson</i> on the Ox	38	—— Subterranean World.....	22
<i>Dove's</i> Law of Storms	18	—— Tropical World	22
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<i>Elements of Botany</i>	23	<i>Helmholz's</i> Scientific Lectures	19
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—— Galatians	30	<i>Herschel's</i> Outlines of Astronomy	18
—— Pastoral Epist.	30	<i>Hinchliff's</i> Over the Sea and Far Away ...	33
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<i>Evans'</i> (J.) Ancient Stone Implements	23	<i>Hume's</i> Essays	12
—— (A. J.) Bosnia	33	—— Treatise on Human Nature	12
<i>Ewald's</i> History of Israel	30	 	
—— Antiquities of Israel.....	31	<i>Ihne's</i> History of Rome	5
 		Indian Alps	32
<i>Fairbairn's</i> Application of Cast and	27	<i>Ingleow's</i> Poems	37
Wrought Iron to Building....		 	
—— Information for Engineers.....	27	<i>Jameson's</i> Legends of Saints and Martyrs .	26
—— Life	7	—— Legends of the Madonna.....	26
—— Treatise on Mills and Millwork	27	—— Legends of the Monastic Orders	26
<i>Farrar's</i> Chapters on Language	13	—— Legends of the Saviour.....	26
—— Families of Speech	13	<i>Jeff</i> on Confession	30
<i>Fitzwygram</i> on Horses and Stables.....	38	<i>Jenkin's</i> Electricity and Magnetism.....	20
<i>Forbes's</i> Two Years in Fiji.....	33	<i>Jerram's</i> Lycidas of Milton	35
<i>Francis's</i> Fishing Book	37	<i>Jerrold's</i> Life of Napoleon	2
<i>Freeman's</i> Historical Geography of Europe	6	<i>Johnston's</i> Geographical Dictionary.....	17
<i>Freshfield's</i> Italian Alps	33	<i>Jukes's</i> Types of Genesis	31
<i>Froude's</i> English in Ireland	2	—— on Second Death	31
—— History of England	2	 	
—— Short Studies.....	12	<i>Kalisch's</i> Commentary on the Bible	30
 		<i>Keith's</i> Evidence of Prophecy	30
<i>Gairdner's</i> Houses of Lancaster and York	6	<i>Kerl's</i> Metallurgy, by <i>Crookes</i> and <i>Röhrig</i> .	27
<i>Ganot's</i> Elementary Physics	20	<i>Kingsley's</i> American Lectures	13
—— Natural Philosophy	19	<i>Kirby and Spence's</i> Entomology	21
<i>Gardiner's</i> Buckingham and Charles	3	<i>Kirkman's</i> Philosophy	11
—— Thirty Years' War	6	<i>Knatchbull-Hugessen's</i> Whispers from	
<i>Geffcken's</i> Church and State	10	Fairy-Land ...	35
German Home Life	13	Higgledy-Piggledy	35
<i>Gibson's</i> Religion and Science	29	 	
<i>Gilbert & Churchill's</i> Dolomites	34	<i>Lamartine's</i> Toussaint Louverture	36
<i>Girdlestone's</i> Bible Synonyms.....	29	Landscapes, Churches, &c. by A. K. H. B.	14
<i>Goodeve's</i> Mechanics.....	20	<i>Lang's</i> Ballads and Lyrics	36
—— Mechanism	20	<i>Latham's</i> English Dictionary.....	15
<i>Grant's</i> Ethics of Aristotle	11	—— Handbook of the English Lan-	
Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson.....	14	guage.....	15
<i>Greville's</i> Journal	2	<i>Laughton's</i> Nautical Surveying	19
<i>Griffin's</i> Algebra and Trigonometry.....	20	<i>Lawrence's</i> on Rocks	22
<i>Grohman's</i> Tyrol and the Tyrolese	32	<i>Lecky's</i> History of European Morals.....	5
<i>Grove</i> (Sir W. R.) on Correlation of Phy-	19	—— Rationalism	5
—— (F. C.) The Frosty Caucasus	32	—— Leaders of Public Opinion.....	8
<i>Gwilt's</i> Encyclopædia of Architecture.....	26	<i>Lee's</i> Kesslerloch	22
 		<i>Lefroy's</i> Bermudas	33
<i>Harrison's</i> Order and Progress.....	9	Leisure Hours in Town, by A. K. H. B....	14
<i>Hartley</i> on the Air	19	Lessons of Middle Age, by A. K. H. B....	14
<i>Hartwig's</i> Aerial World	22	<i>Lewes's</i> Biographical History of Philosophy	6
—— Polar World	22		

<i>Lewis</i> on Authority	12	<i>Mills</i> Dissertations and Discussions	9
<i>Liddell and Scott's</i> Greek-English Lexicons	16	— Essays on Religion &c.	29
<i>Lindley and Moore's</i> Treasury of Botany	23	— Hamilton's Philosophy	9
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Old and New St. Paul's	26	Modern Novelist's Library	36
<i>Loudon's</i> Encyclopaedia of Agriculture	28	<i>Monsell's</i> 'Spiritual Songs'	32
— Gardening	28	<i>Moore's</i> Irish Melodies, illustrated	26
— Plants	24	<i>Morant's</i> Game Preservers	22
<i>Lubbock's</i> Origin of Civilisation	22	<i>Morell's</i> Elements of Psychology	11
<i>Lyra Germanica</i>	32	— Mental Philosophy	11
		<i>Müller's</i> Chips from a German Workshop	13
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— (J. S.) on Liberty	9		
— on Representative Government	9		
— Utilitarianism	9		
— Autobiography	7		

<i>Reynardson's</i> Down the Road	37
<i>Rich's</i> Dictionary of Antiquities	15
<i>River's</i> Rose Amateur's Guide	23
<i>Rogers's</i> Eclipse of Faith	30
— Defence of Eclipse of Faith	30
— Essays	9
<i>Rogel's</i> Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases	15
<i>Ronald's</i> Fly-Fisher's Entomology	38
<i>Roscoe's</i> Outlines of Civil Procedure	10
<i>Rothschild's</i> Israelites	30
<i>Russell's</i> Recollections and Suggestions	2
<i>Sandars's</i> Justinian's Institutes	10
<i>Savile</i> on Apparitions	13
— on Primitive Faith	30
<i>Schellen's</i> Spectrum Analysis	19
<i>Scott's</i> Lectures on the Fine Arts	25
— Poems	25
— Papers on Civil Engineering	28
<i>Seaside Musing</i> , by A. K. H. B.	14
<i>Seeböhm's</i> Oxford Reformers of 1498	4
— Protestant Revolution	6
<i>Sewell's</i> Questions of the Day	31
— Preparation for Communion	31
— Stories and Tales	36
— Thoughts for the Age	31
— History of France	3
<i>Shelley's</i> Workshop Appliances	20
<i>Short's</i> Church History	6
<i>Simpson's</i> Meeting the Sun	34
<i>Smillie's</i> (Sydney) Essays	12
— Wit and Wisdom	13
— (Dr. R. A.) Air and Rain	19
<i>Southey's</i> Doctor	13
— Poetical Works	37
<i>Stanley's</i> History of British Birds	22
<i>Stephen's</i> Ecclesiastical Biography	8
<i>Stockmar's</i> Memoirs	7
<i>Stonehenge</i> on the Dog	38
— on the Greyhound	38
<i>Stoney</i> on Strains	28
Sunday Afternoons at the Parish Church of a University City, by A. K. H. B.	14
Supernatural Religion	32
<i>Swinburne's</i> Picture Logic	11
<i>Taylor's</i> History of India	3
— Manual of Ancient History	6
— Manual of Modern History	6
— (Jeremy) Works, edited by <i>Eden</i>	31
Text-Books of Science	20
<i>Thomson's</i> Laws of Thought	11
<i>Thorpe and Muir's</i> Qualitative Analysis	10
<i>Todd</i> (A.) on Parliamentary Government	2
<i>Trench's</i> Realities of Irish Life	13
<i>Trollope's</i> Barchester Towers	36
— Warden	36
<i>Twiss's</i> Law of Nations	10
<i>Tyndall's</i> American Lectures on Light	20
— Diamagnetism	20
— Fragments of Science	20
— Lectures on Electricity	21
— Lectures on Light	21
— Lectures on Sound	20
— Heat a Mode of Motion	20
— Molecular Physics	20
<i>Ueberweg's</i> System of Logic	II
<i>Ure's</i> Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines	27
<i>Voltaire's</i> Zaire	36
<i>Walker</i> on Whist	40
<i>Warburton's</i> Edward the Third	6
<i>Watson's</i> Geometry	20
<i>Watt's</i> Dictionary of Chemistry	25
<i>Webb's</i> Objects for Common Telescopes	18
<i>Weinhold's</i> Experimental Physics	19
<i>Wellington's</i> Life, by <i>Gleig</i>	8
<i>Whately's</i> English Synonymes	15
— Logic	11
— Rhetoric	11
<i>White and Riddle's</i> Latin Dictionaries	16
<i>Wilcock's</i> Sea-Fisherman	38
<i>Williams's</i> Aristotle's Ethics	11
<i>Wood's</i> (T. G.) Bible Animals	22
— Homes without Hands	21
— Insects at Home	21
— Insects Abroad	21
— Out of Doors	22
— Strange Dwellings	21
— (J. T.) Ephesus	33
<i>Wyatt's</i> History of Prussia	3
<i>Yonge's</i> English-Greek Lexicons	16
— Horace	37
<i>Youatt</i> on the Dog	38
— on the Horse	38
<i>Zeller's</i> Plato	6
— Socrates	5
— Stoics, Epicureans, and Sceptics	5
<i>Zimmern's</i> Life of Schopenhauer	7

